

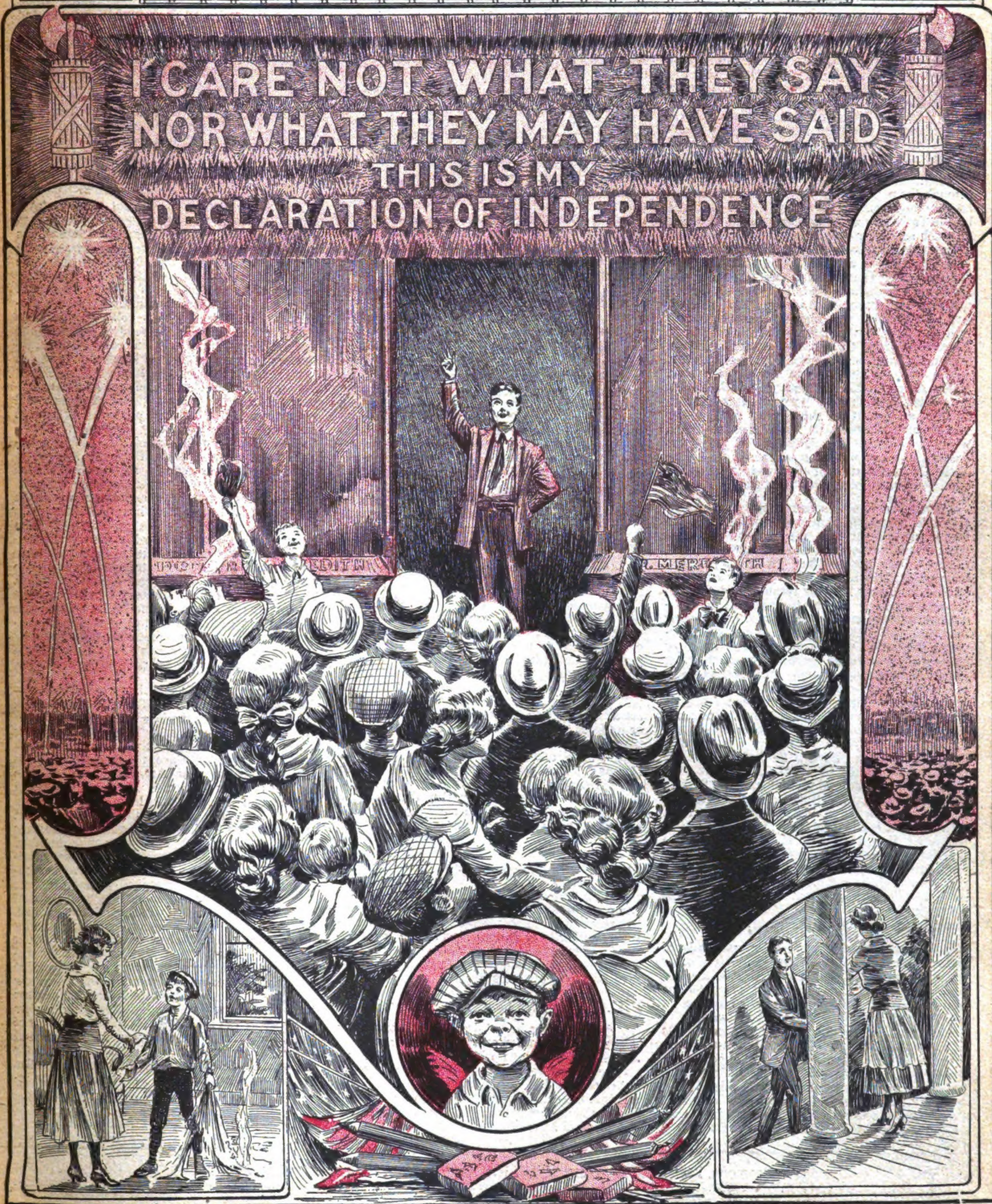
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COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

JULY
1920

I CARE NOT WHAT THEY SAY
NOR WHAT THEY MAY HAVE SAID
THIS IS MY
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



See Story on Page 3.

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Why Congress Will Decline the Armenian Mandate that Europe Is Trying to Wish on America

SCANT time was allowed our country to sense the relief vouchsafed it from entanglement in the League of Nations snare ere it was confronted with another insidious attempt to involve the United States in the vexatious international disputes that for centuries have been a fruitful cause of wars in Europe and Asia and to a large extent are responsible for the present state of turmoil that is still harassing those continents. It came in the form of an urgent request from Great Britain, France and Italy that the United States accept a mandate over the newly created Republic of Armenia, and was communicated on May 24th in a special message by President Wilson in which he asked Congress to authorize the assumption by our Government of this difficult and burdensome task.

Armenia has attained world-wide notoriety through the newspaper reports of frequent massacres and other forms of cruel oppression inflicted by the Turks on the Armenians, which is about as much as most people know of that ancient and at one time powerful country. Its history runs back into remote antiquity long antedating the Christian era. The Armenians are Christians and assert with great pride that the Armenian Church was founded by one of the Apostles. Ancient Armenia occupied the high tableland extending from the Caucasus mountains south to Mount Taurus, including the sources of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, and reached from the Black Sea on the west to the Caspian Sea on the east. Mount Ararat, 17,550 feet high, on which Noah's ark landed, is in this territory, and it is believed by Bible students that the Garden of Eden also was situated in Armenia. Aside from tradition, which accords it the distinction of being the cradle of the human race, it is known to be one of the oldest countries on earth and to have had a checkered and for the most part troubled career.

Though at one time risen to a status of considerable power and influence, Armenia had the misfortune to lie athwart the pathway of all the great Oriental conquerors and lacked the strength to successfully oppose their victorious progress. Consequently she has been the prey successively of these numerous military tyrants, and through the ages has been unable to maintain an independent national existence except at intermittent intervals. Of all the foreign oppressors of Armenia the Turks, who conquered this unhappy country some centuries ago, have proved the most cruel and murderous, due in part to religious differences; the Turks being fanatical Mohammedans while the Armenians have continued steadfast Christians in spite of the most terrible persecution because of their faith. Another reason for the Turks' hatred of the Armenians is that the latter, like the Jews, have a natural aptitude for trade, and thousands of them, having left their old homes and scattered throughout the Turkish dominions to engage in trade or in the mechanic arts, have prospered to a degree that has excited the envy and jealousy of the Turks who are no match for the Armenians in business or in the practice of the arts, crafts and professions. They regard the Christian Armenian who is absorbing a considerable share of the wealth of the community as a heretic and profiteer, and consider it the privilege, if not the duty, of "the faithful" to rob and murder the wealthy unbeliever.

For centuries this persecution, not only of the Armenians but also of the millions of other Christian and Jewish subjects of the Sultan, has been going on in Turkey, and it is a notorious scandal that the great Christian nations of Europe, which by uniting in issuing word of warning to Turkey could have put an end to these outrages at any time, have failed to act because of their jealousy of each other. The case of suffering Armenia was similar to that of the Balkan states which formerly were under Turkish misrule but were liberated years ago because of persistent persecution of their Christian inhabitants. Ever since their separation from Turkey these little

Balkan kingdoms have been the subject of endless intrigue and a hotbed for propagating European wars. It will be remembered that it was Germany's support of Austria's aggression against Serbia (one of the Balkan kingdoms) that precipitated the World War. And one of the worst indictments against Germany for cruelty in the conduct of the war was based on her allowing and even encouraging wholesale massacres of the Armenians by Turkey, her dependent and servile ally.

The World War brought decisive action on the matter of Turkey's abuse of her Christian subjects, and when she surrendered the Allies required her to give up her Christian provinces. As these liberated Turkish provinces were not strong enough to stand alone they were to be placed respectively under the protection of one or other of the Allies. This assumption of guardianship was called a mandate. France accepted the mandate over Syria and is having so much trouble over it that she is sick of the job already. Great Britain has undertaken the mandates over Judea and Mesopotamia, in both of which she has interests of her own to protect. But the toughest, dirtiest job of all, the one that no European Power is willing to undertake is the mandate over Armenia, and so they all join in asking Uncle Sam to shoulder this burden.

Our acceptance of this mandate would mean that we should have to maintain a naval force in the Black Sea, five thousand miles away from home, and send over and keep a standing army in Armenia to preserve order within the country and protect it against attacks from without by the Turks on the one side and the Russian Bolsheviks on the other. This would be an expensive job, adding hundreds of millions to our taxes which already are excessively burdensome, and it might result in involving us in a war with Turkey or Russia or both, the possible consequences of which are horrible to contemplate. Above all we should decline this mandate because its acceptance would be a departure from the steadfast policy of the United States since the time of Washington to keep out of European intrigues and entanglements.

Just what territory is to be included in the new Armenian republic is as yet an unsettled question. A part of Armenia is in the possession of Russia, having been taken from Turkey some years ago, and here the Armenians are fighting for freedom from Bolshevik Russia. The rest of it, which has no definite boundaries, remained a part of Turkey, and just how much of this is to be set off will have to be settled by agreement with, or by force of arms against, the Turks. Here is a nice pickle to step into at the outset—a dispute with Russia and another with Turkey. It is Europe's job, not ours, to get together and settle the Armenian question. We have unsettled problems in the Mexican situation that have too long been shirked; they require our immediate attention. The first duty of our Government is to our own citizens, and until it can stop massacres of Americans by Mexicans its endeavors should be directed in that direction rather than to distant Armenia. As these views have been expressed by prominent Senators and Congressmen, and the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has reported a joint resolution respectfully refusing authority to accept the mandate over Armenia there appears to be little doubt that our Government will mind its own business and leave it to Europe to settle its disputes in its own way.

U. S. Mandate Over Mexico Possible

MEXICO was in a state of almost continuous revolution and anarchy until about forty-five years ago when President Diaz assumed control and soon brought order out of chaos. He was a man of great ability, absolute integrity and strong character, and made his administration respected at home and abroad. The terror of his swift and sure justice kept the

lawless element in subjection and made life safe and property secure throughout the land, so that foreign capital dared to come in and develop the great natural resources of the country. He built the national railroads and lifted the national credit of Mexico out of bankruptcy to a position second only to that of the United States. During the thirty-five years that Diaz was undisputed ruler the population increased and the wealth and prosperity of the country grew amazingly. But ten years ago, when President Diaz began to show the weakening effect of old age, a wealthy and ambitious young man named Madero headed an insurrection to forcibly depose him. Some good but misguided people were among Madero's followers, but all the bad men and would-be brigands flocked to his standard of revolt against the man who had forced them to abandon the practice of their evil ways.

The insurrection was successful in so far as it drove Diaz out of the country and enabled Madero to make himself President. But his triumph was literally short lived, for he was assassinated within a few weeks by one of his own followers, General Huerta, who immediately set himself up as ruler of Mexico in place of his murdered chief. President Taft refused to recognize Huerta's government. President Wilson followed the same course and went further by sending our army and navy to Vera Cruz to help the other Mexican Insurrectos drive Huerta out of Mexico. Thereupon Carranza, another of the Insurrecto chiefs, set himself up as president in spite of President Wilson's protest and solemn threat that he would not recognize any man as president of Mexico who was not duly elected by the people. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilson did accord him official recognition and support when Carranza seemed to possess the force to sustain his position, though a number of Insurrecto leaders, notably Villa, denounced him as a usurper and waged a guerrilla warfare against him that has kept Mexico in continual turmoil until his recent fall. Like Madero he was murdered by his former supporters. He misgoverned as much of Mexico as came under his power and was a treacherous enemy to the United States, and a secret ally of the Kaiser. The leaders of the successful revolt against Carranza have chosen Adolfo De La Huerta (not the former president) to act as provisional president until a new government can be elected by the people. In this there is a ray of hope that a better element may control the destiny of Mexico.

Coincident with these latest events comes the report of the Senate Sub-Committee on Foreign Relations which has made a long and thorough investigation of affairs in Mexico. The report states that, as a result of the lawless condition that has prevailed since the beginning of the Madero revolution, 461 Americans and a large number of other foreigners have been killed in Mexico, and 126 Americans have been murdered on the American side of the Mexican border, while the property losses incurred by Americans in Mexico is placed at more than five hundred million dollars. The Committee expresses sympathy for the Mexican people who have been reduced to a deplorable state of poverty, distress and famine by the ravages of ten years of civil war that have killed a third of the population, and blames our Government's vacillating policy for allowing such a barbarous condition to exist at our very door. The report concludes by recommending that, unless a stable and responsible government capable and willing to restore law and order and to compensate American citizens for their losses suffered through Mexican disorders is set up by the Mexicans, it will be the duty of the United States to intervene in Mexico and police the country with our army and navy for the purpose of accomplishing that result in justice to our people and to other nations and in the interests of distracted Mexico.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Their Declaration of Independence By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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HAVERVILLE was divided against itself upon the broken engagement of Ralph Meredith and Alice Herbert.

Ralph was proprietor of the general store of Haverville and now and then made trips to Chicago for the purpose of stocking up. On the occasion of his last trip, he had come to a cabaret and had danced with a rather gay little lady who patronized the place. There was nothing really wrong in the matter, nothing that he need blush for, and as a matter of fact he thought nothing of it after it was all over, looking upon it as a chance incident, for he had been taken to the place by one of the salesmen of a general merchandising firm who had invited him out to lunch.

The salesman claimed that he knew the young woman and Meredith had no reason to believe differently, so everything would have been well had not a rival agent happened in Haverville a few weeks later. This man mentioned that Mr. Meredith was quite another man when away from home, and then related the incident quite colorfully.

Honest as he was, Meredith admitted the dance, but some were pleased to put a different angle to the story, and as it was bandied about, the upshot was that Miss Herbert broke the engagement—and Haverville became divided.

"Alice Herbert did right in breaking her engagement with Ralph. Any man who will act as he did ought to be ashamed of himself. If she marries him, how can she ever trust him when he makes trips to the city?"

That was one premise.

"Ralph was a fool if he made up with Alice. The idea! Breaking her engagement just because he danced with a strange girl at a cabaret. If that's the way she trusts him, she'd better not marry him."

That was the other premise.

As each faction saw it, their favorite was doing right so long as he or she lived up to what the faction thought was right.

The couple were at the mercy of public opinion.

And there you are!

All this happened in early Spring. Summer approached, and soon all the boys of Haverville began to count the days to the glorious Fourth.

Haverville had not adopted the "Sane Fourth" idea. While everything may be said in favor of it, argue as you will, there is in every boy's heart that yearning for a slam-bang, old-fashioned Fourth of July. It is right and proper that for the sake of the casualty list which appears every morning of July Fifth, that the rest of mankind should be bereft of fireworks, but Haverville was a town that had not yet seen the error of its ways.

In the matter of fireworks, Ralph Meredith was incorrigible. Each year he always laid in a tremendous stock of nerve-racking, slam-bang pyrotechnics. As a boy they had been his passion, an incentive to patriotism, a reminder of those stirring days of the Revolution, and when the World War came on, he quickly found a place in the ranks. The smell of powder, the rockets and bombs that he saw in active service, all kindled his blood and gave him the sensation of viewing a never-ending Fourth of July.

Now he was home again, a civilian, dealing in general merchandise, but instead of having been cured, he determined upon a more elaborate celebration on Main Street than ever before for his exhibitions had always been the wonder and envy of every small boy in town.

Every day before his big show windows, the lads congregated, discussing with avidity, the wonderful display.

"Gee, I wonder if Mr. Meredith will let us shoot off some of the stuff?" exclaimed one with glowing eyes and hopeful heart.

"I bet he will. He always used to. Let's ask him," for just then Ralph came to the door of the store.

Ralph was a lovable chap. Rather slender in build, yet well set up, with dark eyes beaming from a face that was always smiling, sympathetic or kind, he unconsciously drew one to him. No one ever saw him in a passion or any-

thing but good-tempered. However, he possessed a great deal of pride, pride in his character and in the reputation he enjoyed, and as he seemed to have inherited a natural inclination to right for right's sake, that pride of his had been hurt that Alice should suspect him of double-dealing. He loved her devotedly, but after all he was just human and as each has his little weakness, Meredith was not without his, and now he stood upon his pride and made no attempt to right the wrong that idle chatter and an honest confession had caused.

Ralph looked down the street, then smiled and winked knowingly at the cluster of urchins at the window.

"Hello, Mr. Meredith," came the chorus, and then one, braver than the rest, spoke up. "Are you going to let us shoot off some of the fireworks this year?"

"Surest thing you know," he responded, heartily. Then suddenly his smile faded.

He had espied Alice Herbert.

"If she would but give some sign," he murmured, half audibly. He leaned against the window sash, folded his arms and was lost in thought.

For some time the lads discussed the fireworks, then, some other attraction claiming them, they moved away—all but Stubby Hicks, the lad who asked the question with regard to the fireworks.

Stubby had heard Meredith sigh, but he gave no sign. In his heart, though, there was a wistful sympathy for the handsome young merchant, for Stubby knew of the broken engagement and mourned it. Personal reasons swayed Stubby to a certain extent for many had been the errands he had run for Meredith to Miss Herbert's home, since she lived on the street next to his and their back-yards joined. So it was convenient for him and there was always a dime and sometimes a quarter in it for him. But he mourned the matter for Meredith's sake, too, for he really boyishly loved the man who always was kind to him.

On several occasions, Stubby wanted to ask Mr. Meredith about the broken engagement and he dared it not.

"Mr. Meredith, why don't Miss Herbert talk to you any more?" he queried.

Meredith looked at him. The genuine camaraderie in the lads' eyes made him answer, half seriously, half in jest:

"Why, Miss Herbert thinks I did something dreadful while I was in Chicago the last time, that's why."

"What dreadful did you do?" Stubby asked.

"You didn't steal or kill anybody, did you?"

Meredith, with tender compassion, laid a gentle hand on the lad's head.

"Let us hope that it will be a long time before you know any other of the evils men do in this world," he thought. But he replied: "No, but Miss Herbert chose to believe something which was not true."

"Well, why don't you go to her and tell her that it ain't so?" demanded Stubby.

"I can't, Stubby."

"Why? You ain't afraid?"

Meredith nodded his head. "I am," he returned.

"And you was a soldier!" exclaimed the lad with disgust.

Meredith laughed merrily, then he quieted down.

"Yes, in spite of having been a soldier. But, Stubby, there are some things which are harder to face than gunpowder, and some things harder to conquer than an enemy. Some day when you are a man, you'll understand."

Stubby wondered what Meredith meant and deeply pondered it. What could be harder to face than gunpowder or an enemy? He thought about it, but gave it up. Grown people were so queer. Why didn't they fight things out like boys did on the street and be good friends again instead of scowling at each other forever and ever? Why didn't Mr. Meredith go and tell Miss Herbert that he didn't do anything dreadful? She ought to believe him, when he said he didn't!

Thus his innocent boyish mind meditated upon the matter until it neared bedtime, and he decided to go home.

Before he went into the house, however, he climbed to the loft of the big barn (which now did service as a garage) to look over his stock of fireworks. Stubby had a considerable lay-

out, for he was not a poor lad—his father was one of the well-to-do men of Haverville. Mr. Hicks, however, did not spoil his son with too much spending money, but allowed Stubby to earn whatever he could.

Stubby lit a bit of candle and then lovingly fingered the precious things, the sky-rockets, the Roman candles, cannon-crackers, pin-wheels and the rest of the conglomeration.

He meant to be cautious. Perhaps he was; perhaps he wasn't. Somehow or other, he couldn't explain how, that light connected with the fuse of a sky-rocket. There was a sudden trailing s-s-s-s-z which ended in a gentle "tock" and he saw the rocket sail through the big loft doorway and right across intervening space into the open window of Alice Herbert's home!

In horror, Stubby sprang up and beat out the sparks which lay about. But his subsiding terror again took an upward bound when he saw that the dainty curtains which hung in Miss Herbert's windows were burning.

With a bound, he almost fell down the loft ladder and rushed across the intervening space and scaling a tree, he swung himself into Miss Herbert's room. The flames were licking about and spreading to the other curtains, but with his wits about him, he seized a small rug and again beat about and here too he succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

So busy was he that he did not notice Miss Herbert standing at the door until she said in a gentle voice:

"That was nobly done, Stubby."

Stubby's cheeks burned as he stood abashed before the sweet gray eyes. He blurted out:

"Twasn't, Miss Herbert. It was my fault. My sky-rocket got set off some way and shot right 'cross from our barn into your window."

"Yes, it was, Stubby," she reiterated. "And more so since you might have taken the glory of putting out the fire without revealing yourself as the cause. That is a moral courage that is greater even than meeting an enemy—and we all do not possess it," she finished as an afterthought.

Stubby was impressed with her words.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "that's something like what Mr. Meredith said tonight. He said something about not being afraid to face gunpowder but was afraid to do something else."

"He said that?" Miss Herbert observed, and there was something in her tone that made Stubby feel as if he ought not have repeated Mr. Meredith's words. So he nodded but said no more.

Miss Herbert then dismissed him and he went home and to bed.

The next evening found him with the rest of the congregation before Meredith's store. After a bit, he joined Meredith as he often did, and told him of the incident and naturally, of what Miss Herbert had said.

Meredith listened.

"Stubby," he began, with a sudden determination in his voice, "will you see that Miss Herbert comes to the celebration on the Fourth of July? I'm sure she'll accept your escort."

"Sure," said Stubby.

"All right. Because I shall have a 'set piece' which I want her to see," Meredith said.

The next day Mr. Meredith went to Chicago and shortly before the Fourth, some mysterious freight was delivered.

Finally the long awaited day came.

From dawn there was a smell of powder in the air. All the lads of Haverville were up betimes. The small crackers snapped and the air was punctuated with long rolling booms as giant cannon crackers were ignited.

The sun crawled up to the zenith and looked down upon a town in holiday array for flags and bunting floated everywhere.

Toward afternoon, most supplies were exhausted and a little quietus came upon the town, broken now and then by a distant boom. The time then was beguiled by the young folks with ice cream, lemonade and like cooling refreshment while they dwelt in blissful anticipation of the glories soon to be shown.

Dusk advanced and soon was illuminated by soaring rockets and popping Roman candles and then as the darkness deepened, great colored lights of blue, green and red lit up and made everyday things objects of wonder.

When dark night had fallen, most of the towns-

people gathered in Main Street near Meredith's store from which Mr. Meredith had taken all his surplus stock for the edification of the youngsters.

What a time they had! Meredith invited crowds of youngsters before the store and placed Roman candles in their hands, and they twirled away merrily as the bright globes of fire left the narrow tubes. Among the very little folks he distributed the seemingly indistinguishable "sparklers." When these were finally exhausted, the youngsters were shoed away to a safe distance and great rockets, which flew up into the air with a roar like a steam engine tearing away from the depot, were set off. Then came the wonderful bombs, the "flower pots," etc., and then the "set pieces" of war heroes in colored fire were ignited.

Meredith moved among those helping him to set off the pyrotechnical display with a sense of reliability that was comforting. But when he approached the final "set piece" one might have noticed that his hand trembled just a little.

He applied the torch. There was a sudden sizz, then the powder began to burn and the outline of a man and a girl, the man in the act of kissing her, formed. And below in letters of colored fire burned the words:

"I CARE NOT WHAT THEY SAY NOR WHAT THEY MAY HAVE SAID. THIS IS MY DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE."

There was a great round of applause and laughter as the gathered audience looked upon the piece. They all thought it a bit of comedy—a new comedy angle to the immortal words, "Declaration of Independence."

For some time it flared and burned, the colored fire constantly changing hue, then the powder burned low; one after another the sparks extinguished until only here and there bits of fire flamed up as they ignited stray bits of powder. Then came a succession of rockets and bombs which made the heavens golden, and the exhibition was finished.

A final cheer went up and all the lads crowded around their hero. He answered their numerous questions haphazardly, but when he got to Stubby he asked whether he had fulfilled his promise. Stubby replied:

"Oh, yes. But I told my daddy to take her home because I want to stay with the boys yet."

Meredith laughed, and as he saw no sign of Miss Herbert, he started for her home.

He found her on the porch where Mr. Hicks and his wife had just set her down. She was leaning against a pillar. A shaft of light from the open window touched up her face. Her eyes were thoughtful.

"Alice," he called softly, "Alice."

She did not repulse him. He grew bolder.

"Alice," he repeated again. "Alice. You understood? You got my message? You were not offended?"

She turned her head so that her face was in the shadow. Then she said:

"I did not realize until now the necessity of a Declaration of Independence—to absolve myself from all allegiance to—public opinion. You have made yours. It was a fiery declaration," she punned.

Her words encouraged him.

"You, too, will make a declaration—and forgive me?"

She hesitated a moment.

"I forgave you almost immediately after I had condemned you, because I knew I was wrong and had been influenced only by public opinion."

"I, too, had been foolishly swayed that way and allowed my pride to stand in my way. But we shall not listen to any talk further, shall we?"

"We have voiced our Declaration of Independence," she said.

That was a sufficient answer.

With a bound he sprang up the steps with arms extended. She ran to him, one arm under his, the other resting on his breast and shoulder.

"You weren't as brave as Stubby," she chided. "He wasn't afraid to acknowledge that he nearly set the house on fire."

"The little trump!" Meredith exclaimed. "It was he who first gave me courage to make my declaration," and he renewed his clasp on his re-won treasure.

Reported Missing in Action

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PART II.

HE offered honorable marriage but he insisted on forcing himself into the presence of the two helpless women.

It was only the constant threat of the older woman of retaliation on the part of her countrymen in case they were not treated as honorable prisoners of war that kept him at his distance; and further, the man was actually in love with the beautiful American girl, and had a sort of sense of honor after a fashion.

"You may capture Paris," said Mrs. Joyce, always in a dignified manner, "and you may even capture the channel ports and invade London perhaps. But the United States is a vast and powerful country, and she cannot be defeated. She will come overseas in greater and greater numbers. You might as well try to stop Niagara as to stop her; and some day she will defeat you—will crush your Fatherland, and then, then if you have not treated us two as ladies, they, our brothers and fathers, will come to take their revenge."

She little knew how nearly she was guessing the truth; but yet the rising respect of the German officer seemed a thermometer of American victories in the field. In August the two women suffered less annoyance than in June or July. In October, they were permitted the freedom of the village, and the officer who had been stationed there while a wound was healing, was hurried with all his men to the front. There were no more men and very few young boys left in the town.

Then in November it came suddenly, the debacle, the complete downfall of the Germans. The two women did not hear of the armistice, but got their news or a strong surmise of it all in a tragic fashion. On November fourteenth, the officer, Major Kampfnelt, came to them by night and without warning.

"Get ready for a long journey," he ordered. "At midnight you shall get into my automobile for a journey into the interior."

"I demand the right to talk with the mayor first," asserted Mrs. Joyce.

She was permitted to talk with the mayor, but he only shrugged his shoulders and said he could do nothing. They must do as the major said. The two women, wholly unarmed and at the mercy of the man who commanded them, got into his auto. They were whirled across the country. Two days later they arrived at a castle, they could not guess where. They had not been permitted to ask any questions, and they could not speak the language. But by day they saw hundreds of men in uniform but without arms, and guessed that something momentous had taken place. They believed that there was a revolution in Germany.

At the castle, they were given an elegant suite of rooms, and two women servants were placed

at their command. Major Kampfnelt renewed his addresses to Jewell, but always in the most entreating and respectful tones. It was a battle of wits between him and the girl and between him and the older woman. The two tried to bribe the servants to tell them the state of things in Germany, but it was of no use. Day after day and week after week they remained in gilded captivity ignorant of all that was passing around them.

It was at this time that the mind of Jewell reverted oftener and oftener to Harold. She had never ceased to believe that when he was found he would be found alive. She dwelt upon him so constantly that he seemed to her like a third member of her party.

Came Christmas, a sad Christmas indeed for the two prisoners. The major tried to do everything he could to make the day a glorious success. He ordered a grand dinner, but besides two other officers who seemed to be under his orders no guests were present except them and the old housekeeper.

At dinner he proposed a toast: "Here is to the Madame Joyce and to the beautiful Mademoiselle Joyce, who one week from today shall be my bride. I swear it. On New Year's Day she shall be mine."

"On New Year's Day?" inquired Mrs. Joyce in her usual dignified tone. "But why, my dear major, do you not invite more of your friends to the festivities? Why, pray, are you here, far from the firing line? Is it that the Vaterland no longer needs your service? You say you have won against our allies. Then why be so secret about this wedding—why not announce it to all the world? I think your country has broken up into revolutionary groups, and that you are hiding in your castle from those who would execute you if they had you at Berlin. Is it not true, what I say?"

At this speech the major flew into a typical German rage.

"Drag those two women out of here and put them in the dungeon, keep on bread and water. I have wooed like a gentleman and they cannot understand that. Well then, I shall show them I am here all powerful. I will show them if I am a revolutionary, if I am in hiding." He gave an order in German, and three common footmen in soldier uniforms leaped forward and dragged the two frightened women from the room.

In the cell, a damp cell in the basement of the castle to which they were confined, they were literally fed upon bread and water, and every day the major sent a mock polite note asking Jewell if she would not honor him by becoming his wife, but always reminding her in brutal terms that on New Year's Day she should become such.

"There is nothing for it but to pray for deliverance," said the girl. "That and the hunger strike for me. You eat my portion, Mother, and keep up your strength so you can demand revenge for me. I—perhaps will be dead by New Year's Eve. I have lived too long already."

So the girl ate nothing and daily became weaker. Then came New Year's Eve and the two spent the entire night in prayer.

At dawn of New Year's Day, as they two sat shivering in their cell they suddenly heard the sound of firing.

"Hark," said Mother Joyce. "It is as I surmised. He is a member of a revolutionary group and his enemies are attacking."

Her words were cut short. Suddenly the cell door was flung open. The major, haggard, perspiring, his hair and clothing in wild disarray, stood before them.

"You spoke the truth on Christmas Day," he panted. "My country is defeated. You spoke the truth all along with your Niagara talk. The Americans have long since come. I was in hiding, but not as a revolutionary, always I am true to the Kaiser. Now they think to rout me out. But I swear I will not be cheated of my prey. When I go, you two go with me. Come."

The two trembling women were dragged from the cell and forced into the automobile once more.

"Today you marry me, understand?" said the excited major, thrusting his unshaven face into Jewell's. "Kiss me. You have never done so. You shall kiss me once before we die together."

He said no more. There was a shout. "Yar-ar-ar," a prolonged, demoniac yell. Then they saw such a sight. A mob of pale men, white almost as the field of snow across which they ran, came toward where the auto stood in the great parade ground before the castle gate.

"Yar-ah-ah." Their rifles were at the ready. But not a shot was fired as they bore down in a great lessening semicircle toward the auto. The chauffeur and the soldiers in attendance upon the major fled back toward the castle gate. Then the shots began to patter round them, a staccato of sharp sound on the frosty air.

"They are Americans, Americans and English, I do believe," cried Mrs. Joyce.

The major followed the example of his men and leaped from the car and started at a run. He was shot squarely in the back.

In another moment the attackers had come up. Then such a sight as the two women saw! The leaders were ex-prisoners one and all, and following them and helping were a number of German soldiers. And in the forefront, running like mad in spite of his weakened condition, was Harold Joyce.

"Alive!" cried Jewell, and fainted dead away to be caught in his encircling arms.

"Yes, alive," cried Harold. "The hope of this reunion has kept me alive. But what a meeting! Only three days ago, we who have been buried twenty miles from here ignorant of everything, were released by these revolutionaries. Only last night we heard that you two were buried here. We made a forced march all night, and—here we are—and, Mother, oh, Mother, the war is over, and we are reunited at last."

The Champion Bonehead



THE world's champion bonehead has been discovered. He lived about 3,000,000 B. C. in the vicinity of what is known as Red River, South Alberta, Canada.

In the towering cliffs above the river gorge a remarkable collection of ancient fossil remains of reptilians has been discovered. Among them is a scientific mystery, a crested dinosaur. It is an herbivorous monster that waded in the Cretaceous marshes some 3,000,000 years ago. Not only was it very

bone imbedded in the rock, but most of its hide, which beats the record of the Siberian mammoth of 50,000 years ago, with skin preserved in ice.

He was thirty-five feet long. When standing on his hind bird-like feet he could lift his head fifteen feet above ground and browse on tree foliage, practically his sole occupation. His structure was light and froglike. On his head was a great crest. His skull was shaped like a Corinthian helmet, and, as it was evidently not meant for thinking, may have been used as a battering ram, like that of a goat now, to butt its enemies, and next to break down trees to get at their juicy leaves.

The tall rounded skull stood thirty inches high above the neck and had a diameter of forty inches. Attached to it was a huge duck bill some twenty-seven inches long. In the big jaws were seventy rows of teeth, arranged in batteries, totaling over two thousand teeth. The animal was covered with plate scales, some round and some square, averaging one and one half inches long and one and a quarter inches wide.

This monster was four times as long and twice as tall as the biggest elephant that ever lived. And he never had an idea.

Measuring the Earth

The circumference of the earth is measured in the following manner: Suppose two astronomers, A and B, stationed on the same meridian or line, a certain distance apart, should make careful observations of a star the exact instant it crossed the meridian, and A should find it 16 degrees south of the zenith or point directly overhead, and B, who is 415 miles south of A, should find it only 10 degrees south of the zenith, there would then be a difference of six degrees between the two places; and, as they are 415 miles apart, one degree must be one sixteenth of 415 or 69 1/4 miles.

Now if one degree is the 360th part of the earth's circumference, and expressed in miles equals 69 1/4, then the whole circumference must be 360 times that or 24,900 miles. If it were possible for a train going 50 miles an hour to travel in a straight line around the earth, it could complete the circuit in 20 days and 18 hours.

Driven Apart

by Julia Edwards



"A regular little spitfire Mr. Preston" said Marm Kinney.



"You would interfere with me, Would you?" he hissed.



"Miss Lee!" he cried "What has happened?"



A moment later and he was swallowed up in the blackness

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CHAPTER XXXII. A PRISONER.

BERYL revived from her swoon as from some sense-destroying trance. When her thoughts became active, even before she opened her eyes, a moan of anguish burst from her lips. Neil was not there—had never been there! Berdine had wrought this wicked treachery. She would have longed to die, but that her great love for Neil strove in her breast and inspired her to live—to live, not for herself alone, but for him.

And then Tonita, dear, unselfish Tonita! She, also, had been caught in that net of deceit. Beryl must struggle to live for her sake as well. Then, under the spell of these thoughts, the great violet eyes opened and gazed fearfully around. Beryl was lying on a couch, and the old crone, feasting her eyes on the girl's perfect beauty—apparently intensified by her pallor and distress—was crouching near. Berdine was not to be seen.

"Where—where is that monster?" cried Beryl, starting up.

"There, now, my little queen o' hearts!" croaked the old woman, "don't talk that way about your rich an' handsome lover—"

"He is not my lover!" Beryl almost screamed. "I hate and loathe him!" She ran to the door and wrenched at the knob with trembling hands. The door was still locked. Dismayed with a feeling of abject helplessness, she turned to the old crone. "You are a woman!" she implored. "Surely you have a heart to pity me in my distress? Oh, let me go, and Heaven will reward you!"

"I couldn't let ye go if I wanted to, my pretty blossom," the hag returned. "I was jest outside the door, an' the minute ye went into that faint, Mr. Preston called me right in. I rubbed yer temples and yer teeny hands, an' brought ye to. Calm yourself now, do! Any girl ought to be proud o' makin' a conquest o' Mr. Preston."

"He is not Mr. Preston!" cried Beryl, stamping her little foot. "He is a wicked scoundrel, and his name is Berdine! If you do not let me leave this house at once," she added, "you will rue the aid you are giving that villain! I shall appeal to the officers of the law—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a low, taunting laugh. Another moment, and Nicholas Berdine, his handsome malignant face still flushed with triumph, stepped from behind a curtain draping an arch that led to another room. "So you would appeal to officers of the law, my girl? You would have your trouble for your pains, if you did. See those bars at the window? Note them well; observe their massive strength. Marm Kinney, who owns this house, allows people to come here and smoke opium; and the windows are secured so that if frenzy comes upon the opium smokers, they cannot fling themselves to the ground. This is a safe nest for you, my darling, until such time as I can remove you to the yacht which I have waiting for us off Sausalito."

The term of endearment which he made use of in his mocking way brought a gasp of impotent anger to Beryl's lips.

"You will be sorely punished for this!" cried Beryl, her eyes flashing as they sought the black orbs of the master scoundrel. "My husband will find me, and you cannot escape his vengeance!"

Berdine stepped to the entrance and pushed the key into the lock. With a wild cry, Beryl dashed for the door. Before she had gone far the hag caught her and threw her with cruel force into a chair.

"A regular little spitfire, Mr. Preston," said Marm Kinney.

"Leave us!" scowled Berdine. "Be quick!" The door opened and closed; and when the scoundrel again faced his captive they two were alone together.

"Understand me, once for all, my lady," said he, his tones pulsating with passion, "I am not to be trifled with. Escape from this room is impossible, and you may as well content yourself to remain in my power. Tonight a carriage will call here, and you and I will be taken to a launch; we will then proceed across the bay to Sausalito, board the *Gloriana*, and put to sea. Yield to my desires, become my wife, and all will be well. I will do all a man can to make you happy. You do not love me now, but in time—"

"Oh, cease this insulting language!" cried Beryl. "I am the bride of Neil Preston, who will come for me, and take me—"

"Your old lover will not come for you," interrupted Berdine. "You were a bride, if all I hear is true—the bride of an hour. Do not delude yourself with false hopes."

There was that about the man which filled Beryl with the conviction that he was insane. How could any one but a madman do the terrible things that he had done, and was doing? Her fears were in no wise calmed by the reflection, but rather increased.

"What do you mean?" she asked, starting from her chair.

"I mean that your husband is dead!" he brutally answered.

"No, no, no!" she cried, clasping her hands. "It is not true; it cannot be true!"

Her anguish, which seemed to be crushing her frail form down before him, brought a demoniacal smile to his lips.

"I shall prove it to you, my Beryl, before we leave this house," he answered. "You do not know how much I have at stake in this matter; and you do not know how resourceful I can be when not only my happiness but my fortune hangs in the balance."

"Your despicable plans will never succeed!" she rejoined, calming her tortured feelings with a fierce effort. "If necessary, I will follow them by taking my own life!"

She said this with so much quiet determination—as though all her wrongs had centered in that one resolve—that Berdine was startled.

"What has happened to my friend who came to this house with me?" demanded Beryl. "Your evil plots can have nothing to do with her."

"Nothing whatever," returned Berdine, with an insolent smile, "but the fact that she accompanied you here makes it necessary for us to detain her. Perhaps, too, you would like a companion of your own sex on our yachting trip? If so, although it will inconvenience me somewhat, we will take your friend along."

In that hour of trial, in that supreme moment when all seemed lost, it was wonderful what a fund of desperate courage came to the aid of the poor, persecuted girl. As she stood before the man, more beautiful and more alluring than he had ever seen her, her very defiance awed him and held him at bay.

"I shall take no yachting trip with you," said Beryl, "nor shall I remain in this house for very long. When I leave, either you will set me free, and thereby save yourself, or another will fly to my relief, and you will pay for your wickedness to the uttermost. You tell me," she added, with fiery words, "that my husband is dead, and I answer that you speak falsely! Between you and me, Nicholas Berdine, there is a gulf you cannot pass! I am safe, for the Power that protects the pure and the innocent is ranged on my side and will protect me from you!"

Like some prophetic of old, she raised one of her small white hands and leveled a finger at him.

"Have a care, Nicholas Berdine!" she said deliberately, "for your sinful soul is hovering on the brink of eternity! Go!" and she swerved her pointing finger imperiously toward the door. "If this wretched place is to be my prison, let it be so. If you are content to wait and abide what the future has in store, so am I!"

There was a moment's silence, broken finally by a scornful, half-hearted laugh from the man. "You are disposed to be tragic, I see," he sneeringly returned, "but I am not to be frightened by your heroics. Here you are, and here you shall stay until nightfall. This is an obscure spot, and I feel perfectly safe from outside interference; nevertheless, you will be constantly watched. If you attempt to scream, we may find it necessary to bind you and smother your voice with a bandage."

He passed to the door, gave her one swift, menacing look, then let himself into the hall. The door closed, the key turned in the lock, and she heard his retreating steps in the hall and on the stairs.

When the steps had died away into silence, a moaning cry came from her, and she threw herself upon the couch.

CHAPTER XXXIII. NOT IN THE RECKONING.

Tonita, drawn into this web of deceit by her friendship for Beryl, had no sooner entered the room to which she was directed by Marm Kinney than she was quickly seized by Gorsline and Hargreaves. While one clasped a rude hand over her tender lips to prevent outcry, the other grasped her hands so that they could not help her in her struggles. Then she was dragged to a chair, cords were brought, and her delicate limbs were firmly secured to the framework.

The outrageous act was quickly done; so quickly that Tonita was taken at a disadvantage from pure bewilderment. Then it flashed over her that again had Beryl been lured into the power of her foes. Tonita was wild with rage and indignation, yet thinking more of her hapless friend than she did of herself. While a cloth was being bound over her lips, she managed to give vent to the stifled scream which Beryl had heard. When all was done, and the two scoundrels drew away, she was entirely helpless.

"She's a rare one for a greaser," remarked Gorsline, shooting a look of bold admiration at the captive. "So help me, if I had any idea of gittin' spliced, I reckon I could go a good ways farther an' fare a heap worse."

"What's the use of tormenting her?" spoke up Hargreaves. "We've got her where she can't do any harm, and that's enough."

The valet might have been an honest man had he served a different master. He was not in love with the work that had fallen to him, but he was in the grip of Berdine, and it was to his interest to do his master's bidding.

"I'll not muzzle myself to please you, or any man!" flared Gorsline. "If I want to make remarks about the gal's good looks, I'll do it; and if I want to make love to her, I'll do that, too. Keep your remarks to yourself, Hargreaves. You size up a good deal like Trenwyck; an' I'll have a bone to pick with him one o' these days."

There was a bottle of whiskey on the table, set out for Gorsline's use by Marm Kinney when she served Berdine the evening before. Gorsline poured himself a drink and tossed it off at a gulp. Hargreaves, not caring to have a clash with his confederate, withdrew himself to the couch at the other side of the room. While he sat there he kept vigilant watch of Gorsline's actions.

Tonita, unable to implore or threaten or ques-

tion the two men, had to bear her apprehensions on Beryl's account as best she could. What a bitter, bitter disappointment this would prove for poor, fated Beryl!

As she sat in the chair to which she had been secured, she strained her ears to hear as much as possible of what was taking place above. The grating of a key came to her, and she heard Berdine call out: "This way, Marm Kinney! The girl has swooned!"

Then the door was closed again, and Tonita's heart sank with its weight of fear. The slow minutes dragged by. Gorsline took a chair, tilted it against the wall behind him, and sat there, his head bowed. Occasionally he would lift his head to throw a leering glance of admiration at the helpless girl, or a look of anger at Hargreaves.

Instinctively, the girl knew that Hargreaves would prevent any insulting treatment on the part of Gorsline. Although a prisoner, yet Tonita felt that she was comparatively safe. It was about Beryl that this net had been woven; she was the one for whom alarm and anxiety must be felt.

Presently voices were once more heard from the second floor; Beryl's voice and the old woman's. This much Tonita knew, although it was impossible to distinguish what was said. Then, in a little while, came the voice of Berdine. The door opened and closed again, and Marm Kinney descended the stairs and entered the room.

"A purty vixen!" mumbled Marm Kinney, with a jerk of her head in the direction of the upper floor; "but she's found her match in Preston or Berdine or whatever ye call him. He'll tame her! Trust him to make her see things as he wants them!"

She drew close and stood surveying Tonita. "Another fine bird!" the hag cackled. "They seem to be flyin' in pairs about the eagle's nest. Did she fight much?" and Marm Kinney turned to Gorsline.

"She hadn't time," scowled Gorsline; "we was too quick for her. Before she fairly knew what had happened, we had her in the chair with a rope about her pretty ankles and another around her small wrists. To my thinkin'," he added, "she's a fairer prize than t'other one."

"Oh, you men, you men!" muttered the hag, moving off to a chair, and beginning to roll a cigarette.

Tonita paid little heed to these remarks. She was straining her ears to hear what was going on overhead. Beryl's voice was borne to her ears, calm, even, defiant. The Mexican's heart leaped in her bosom. Beryl was meeting her trying ordeal with courage, and how Tonita longed to be at her side, to cheer and strengthen her.

The minutes passed, and Berdine, scowling blackly, descended the stairs and entered the room. He was about to speak, but before a word could pass his lips, a loud rap fell on the door.

Everyone in the room, with the exception, of course, of Tonita, gave a startled jump. Significant glances were exchanged.

"Go," said Berdine sharply to Marm Kinney, and see who is there!" He turned to Gorsline as the old woman shuffled out of the room. "If it's Preston," he hissed, "be ready for him, both of you!"

"I'll be ready for him, never fear!" growled Gorsline, between his teeth.

Presently Marm Kinney returned.

"It's a woman," said she, "an' she asked for Mr. Preston."

"A woman!" A puzzled look crossed Berdine's angry face. "What woman could be coming here to find Preston? Did she give any name?"

"No."

"What does she look like?"

"She wears a heavy veil, an' I couldn't see. Shall I bring her in?"

Marm Kinney half started back toward the hall.

"I'll go to the door myself!" growled Berdine. "Stay here, all of you."

He whirled on his heel and passed out into the hall. Opening the door, he beheld the strange caller, just as described by Marm Kinney. Her face was covered with a black veil, so that it could not be seen.

"Do you want to see Mr. Preston?" asked Berdine.

"Are you Neil Preston?" came the response, in a voice that was plainly disguised.

"Yes," Berdine answered.

The woman pushed through the doorway. Berdine fell back before her, but barred her path to the room where Tonita was held captive.

"I felt positive there was something wrong with that notice I saw posted up in Golden Gate Park," came the woman's ringing voice, this time with no attempt at disguise. "You are up to your old tricks, Nicholas Berdine, but you have reckoned without me!"

The veil was torn aside. An imprecation of dismay fell from Berdine, and he recoiled.

"Irma!" he cried.

"Yes, Irma!" mocked the woman.

In a twinkling, Berdine's hand was thrust under his coat. When it showed again there was a revolver gripped in his tense fingers.

CHAPTER XXXIV. TREACHERY.

Berdine had, indeed, reckoned without Irma Lee! A bolt from a clear sky could not have surprised him more than her sudden appearance

on the scene. Throughout all her persistent interference with Berdine's plans, the woman had so skillfully concealed her movements that not the slightest breath of suspicion had reached him. Now, as by the sudden lifting of a curtain, he understood many things that had before been dark.

Who was it that could have implanted the seed of mistrust in Beryl Grayson's mind, if not Irma? Who was it that had maneuvered to let Preston know that Beryl was hidden away at Sunset Ranch, if not Irma? Who was it that had managed to help the girl out of that Sutter Street house, if not Irma? Here, then, was the one person who had constantly nursed Berdine's plans and all but brought them to naught. Here, too, at the very climax of his efforts, she had come to him.

His love—if the term may be used in connection with such a man—and his fortune hung upon his power over Beryl, and the success or failure of his designs. These things meant more to Berdine than life itself, more than Preston's life, or Irma's.

The far-reaching effect of those slips he had caused to be posted in the various refugee camps was coming home to the cunning and reckless plotter. As he stood gazing at Irma, her power to vex and turn aside his schemes loomed large in his eyes. Guile and trickery flew to his aid; although he inwardly raged, yet he forced a smile of seeming pleasure, and put away the weapon which, on the impulse of the moment, he had drawn from his pocket.

"Well," he muttered, "this is, indeed, a surprise, my girl. Why, I thought you were in Denver."

She was expecting fierce words, brutal actions. His mood worried and perplexed her.

"Could I remain idly in Denver when the man I love is seeking to woo and win another?" she flashed. "Do you think I have no heart, and that I can forget all that has passed between us, and yield you up calmly and without a pang? If you think so, Nicholas Berdine, you are woefully mistaken. You belong to me, and I shall have you—or no one!"

"Let us go in here," said he, opening a door leading to a room in the front part of the house. "We can talk with more privacy, and this is a matter entirely between ourselves."

She shot a suspicious look at him, but his plausible manner took her off her guard. She passed into the room, and he followed her.

"Who else is there in this house besides ourselves?" she demanded.

"As yet," he lied, "there is none but ourselves and the old hag who owns it. But she has sharp ears."

"You put up those notices in the parks and squares, didn't you?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"I imagined as much!" she cried, with jealous fury. "You would cast me aside for this wax doll, this baby-faced creature who hates and despises you! But I—"

He indulged in a low laugh.

"Do you think that for a moment, Irma? Is it possible that you imagine, for one fleeting instant, that I would be so base as to throw you overboard for this young girl? Bah! I thought you had more confidence in me than that."

"But you intercepted letters that came to her at Denver from her lover!" exclaimed Irma, in an exasperated voice. "I saw some of them in the desk in your Denver office."

He frowned darkly; but the frown disappeared as quickly as it had come.

"But that is not all," she went on; "for you put yourself out of the way to be nice to the girl. For anything I know, you had her taken in at Sunset Ranch. And I have it on good authority that you hired Gorsline to go to her with a lie about her lover's death. Why did you do all these things, Nicholas Berdine? You have been heartless in your treatment of me, too. What inference was I to draw?"

"As you put it, Irma," said he blandly, "it does look as though I was proving treacherous to you. And yet, the explanation is simple when you have fully realized one point."

"What is that?"

"I had not thought to speak of this to any one, for it is a subject in which my fortune is concerned. But I see I must be frank with you. Every dollar I have, Irma, could, under certain circumstances, be taken from me by this young girl. I have realized it for months; so I have been more than kind to her, in order that I might safeguard my interests."

"At the time of the earthquake and fire, I had a trunkful of extremely important papers in my room in a Frisco hotel. An attempt was made to get this trunk, which was in charge of my man Hargreaves, away from the hotel. The trunk, with many others, was abandoned in the street; a falling wall wrecked the trunk and scattered the papers. Preston—and a curse on my unlucky stars for bringing him there!—found the trunk and secured a packet of papers. Hargreaves saw him turn the trick, and reported it to me. Do you know what that means, Irma? It means that, unless I can get that packet of papers from Preston, I am a ruined man; all my wealth will be swept away!"

Irma Lee had listened with intense wonder. Could it be, after all, that her jealousy had led her to do Berdine a wrong? His plausible manner deceived her—even her, who knew him so well!

"How do you intend to secure this valuable packet, Nick?" she asked, her voice softening.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

"THE time hath come," the wailus said, "to talk of many things"—but not of "shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbages and kings," though they are all worthy of discussion, but of a matter or two that should be explained.

Firstly—only this isn't to be a sermon—names and addresses of the writers of letters in the Sisters' Corner are not given to anyone, not even when a stamped envelope is sent. For instance, a woman from a little town in, say, Texas, writes to this Corner and in her letter tells a part of her life or family troubles that not even her dearest friend is aware of, and asks for advice. To her are forwarded many letters of sympathy and also comes many requests for her address, some reading like this: "Please send me So-and-So's address. I think I know her." Well-meaning souls but terribly inquisitive, and they don't get the address.

But these requests are forwarded to the person in question and whether they are answered or not depends upon the person to whom they were sent. COMFORT has done its duty in the matter and this explanation is made in answer to the complaints received daily. You will agree with me, I know, that this is the only fair way to do.

Secondly—I have no personal likes or dislikes among the sisters—I like all of you—but when I receive a letter like this, "If there isn't anything helpful or interesting in this letter I won't mind if it isn't printed," and another, "I hope you will be more favorably inclined when you read this letter than you were when you read my other two; you didn't print them," well, I leave it to you sisters, which would make you feel the better? All the letters are interesting, to me, but I endeavor to select for print the ones that will be most helpful and interesting to the majority of readers and with the scarcity of print paper I have dozens and dozens of worthwhile letters that there isn't room for. I wish there were; in fact, I'd like to have at least half of our paper for our letters and then that wouldn't be space enough. So now please don't think I have a personal grudge against you if your letter isn't printed but try again.—Ed.

GRIFFON, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

COMFORT is a great help to me and I never pick up the paper without getting some good advice from it. I always try the recipes and find them very good. Most of all I enjoy the letters from the sisters telling



NANNIE MAY WADE.

how to bring up children. We have one little daughter, one year and a half old. She has been walking about four months and is a comfort to us. Her name is Nannie May. I am sending her picture and if there is space for it in COMFORT I should like to see it there. We live in a prosperous community and have splendid neighbors; we are one mile from the railroad.

My husband is one of the good men of whom we read. We have been married three years and he is as kind and loving as at first. Sisters, it is the way you start that makes them what they are.

Love to all.

MRS. JESSIE WADE.

CALIFORNIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Mrs. Wheeler, by all means tell your children they are adopted. I think the best time would be just before they start to school. My aunt and uncle adopted a baby boy when he was only a few days old but never told him he wasn't their own child. Then when he was seven years old and commenced school, some girls, between fifteen and seventeen years of age, told the little fellow that Mr. and Mrs. — were not his parents and that he had been taken from a home when he was a baby. He came home that night and threw himself into his mother's arms and sobbingly told her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

OF all the delightful uncertainties of life—and preserving—jelly making seems to lead and we so often hear the questions, "Why doesn't my jelly harden?" or, "What makes my jelly candy?" from housewives, experienced as well as inexperienced. The easiest way to answer this is to explain in a perfectly knowing manner that the fruit juice and sugar were cooked too long a time or that the trouble was in the condition of the fruit. Undoubtedly this answer is correct, so far as it goes, but it doesn't help the inquirer or tend to improve her disposition. If she has followed the same rule before, with good results, she wants to know what caused this particular failure, and how to prevent its recurrence.

To give the entire process of jelly making would involve much time and space so this explanation will be brief.

In ripe, or nearly ripe, fruit, along with water, flavors, vegetable acids and sugar is found a substance called pectin, a carbohydrate similar to starch. When equal quantities of fruit juice and sugar are combined and heated to the boiling point for a few minutes this pectin in the fruit gelatinizes the mass. Therefore, the point to be considered is when pectin is at its best which is when the fruit is just ripe or a little before. Pectose and pectase exist in the unripe fruit and as the fruit ripens the pectase acts upon the insoluble pectase, changing it into pectin, which is soluble. If the jelly is cooked too long or the fruit juice ferments, the pectin loses its power of gelatinizing, so the fruit in addition to being fresh should be just ripe or a little underripe and the sugar and juice should not be boiled too long. Hard boiling causes jelly to crystallize. When the syrup is boiled rapidly, particles of it are thrown on the upper part of the preserving kettle where they form crystals which are stirred into the syrup and cause it to crystallize. The only safe and sure way is to use a syrup gauge, which should register 25 degrees, no matter what kind of fruit is used.

APPLE JELLY.—Stem, wash and wipe the apples carefully, taking care to clean the blossom end thoroughly. Cut into quarters and put in the preserving kettle. Merely cover with cold water and cook slowly till the apples are soft and clear. Strain and proceed as in currant jelly.

Crab Apple Jelly is made the same as plain apple jelly.

VANILLA SPONGE WITH CURRANTS.—One tablespoon of gelatine soaked ten minutes in quarter of a cup of cold water and dissolved in quarter of a cup of boiling water; add three quarters of a cup of sugar and one



VANILLA SPONGE WITH CURRANTS.

teaspoon of vanilla and stir until mixture is blended and thickened, and then add the beaten whites of two eggs and continue beating until quite firm. Mould in cups and serve on a platter with ripe currants.

CURRANT JELLY.—Carefully pick leaves and large stems from ripe or nearly ripe currants, put in preserving kettle, crush slightly and heat slowly, stirring frequently. When thoroughly hot crush with wooden vegetable masher and strain through double square of cheese-cloth, by letting it drain, but do not use pressure. Later the cloth may be put over another bowl and squeezed and this second juice used for jelly of second quality. The clear juice may be made into jelly at once or strained again if desired. Measure the juice and for every pint of juice allow a pint of granulated sugar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, place over fire and watch till it boils up; then draw it back and skim; do this three times, then pour into glasses that have been taken from hot water and placed on a hot cloth in a sunny window, but where there is no draught. As soon as jelly is set, cover with a thick coating of paraffin, or better still, have ready disks of thick white paper, size of glasses. When the jelly is set, brush the top lightly with brandy or alcohol, dip the paper in the spirits and put over top of jelly. Then put on covers, but if you have none, cover with disks of paper about an inch larger than the top of the glass and wet with beaten white of an egg, mixed with a tablespoon of cold water, pressing the paper down well to make them stick to the glass. If paraffin alone is used, the coating should be a quarter of an inch thick.

Raspberry and blackberry jelly are made the same as currant jelly.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVES.—Hull berries, pick over carefully, wash and drain; then weigh. Fill glass jars with berries. Make a syrup by boiling three-quarters weight of berries in sugar with water, allowing one cup of water to each pound of sugar. Fill jars to overflowing with this syrup and let stand half an hour, then add more fruit to fill jars. Screw covers on and place jars on trivet in kettle of cold water, heat to boiling point and keep just a trifle under that for one hour.

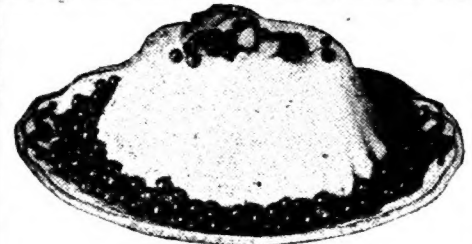
Raspberries may be preserved in the same way.

SPICED CURRANTS.—To eight pounds carefully picked and washed currants add five and one half pounds brown sugar, one pint of vinegar, and spice made by tying three tablespoons cinnamon and one tablespoon of cloves in a bag. Bring to a boil and cook slowly an hour and a half, stirring often enough to prevent burning. Turn into jelly glasses and cover with paraffin.

GOOSEBERRY CATCHUP.—Remove bloom and stem ends from eight pounds of gooseberries, put into preserving kettle and mash thoroughly, using a wooden potato masher for the purpose. Add a small amount of water and let come to the boiling point and rub through a medium coarse sieve. To this add three and one half pounds brown sugar, one pint of vinegar, and let cook slowly for nearly two hours, then add a spice bag made by putting three ounces of stick cinnamon and two ounces of cloves in a muslin bag, and let simmer an hour longer.—N. E. LEIGHTON, Manchester, N. H.

PRESERVED GOOSEBERRIES.—Cut the stem and bloom ends from berries and wash and weigh and allow equal weight of sugar. Put berries in kettle with just enough water to cover and after the berries have boiled about fifteen minutes add the sugar. Boil slowly, stirring frequently, until the mixture thickens. Let cool a little and put into sterilized jars.

CURRANT BLANC-MANGE.—One half box of gelatine, one quart of sweet milk, one half cup of sugar, flavor

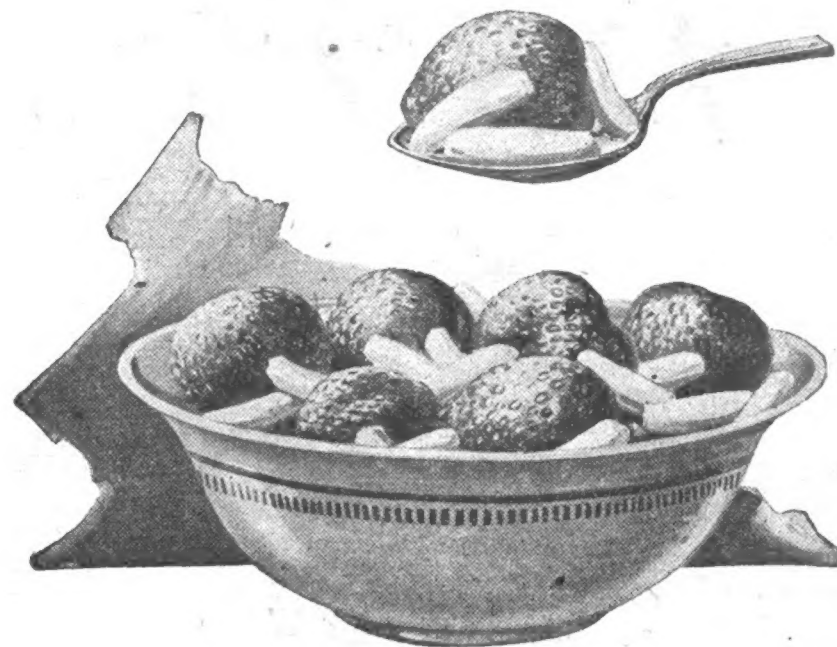


CURRANT BLANC-MANGE.

to taste. Mix milk and sugar together and let it boil, strain through a sieve, add the gelatine and vanilla, place into a mould, serve with a ring of currants and top with same.—MARY HARROD NORTHEED, Salem, Mass.

SPICED GOOSEBERRIES.—Prepare six pounds of gooseberries and add four and one half pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar and one tablespoon each cloves and cinnamon. Cook slowly for two hours and turn into jelly glasses and seal with paraffin.

CANNED RHUBARB.—Select choice stalks of rhubarb and wash and wipe carefully, being careful not to remove the skin. Cut the stalks to fit the jar, or into inch-long pieces, and pack into sterilized jars. Let cold water run into jars to overflow, adjust rubbers and covers and set in a cool place.



Foods to enjoy in summer

With strawberries mix Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. They add as much as the cream and sugar. The grains are flimsy, crisp and flaky, and they belong to berries as crust belongs to shortcake.

In every milk dish float Puffed Wheat. These are whole-grain bubbles, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size.

The grains are enticing. Never was a wheat food half so inviting. And they make whole wheat wholly digestible, for every food cell is exploded.

For breakfast serve with cream and sugar—the Puffed Grain you like best.



Wheat bubbles
In the bowl of milk



For dinner scatter Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs on the ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

At playtime crisp and douse with melted butter. The children then have food confections.

All day long

Puffed Grains taste like tidbits. Children revel in them. To millions every day they bring an added joy.

Yet they are grain foods—two are whole grains. They are the best-cooked cereals in existence.

You can offer children nothing that is better. In summer have them handy all day long.



Like flimsy nut meats
On ice cream

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

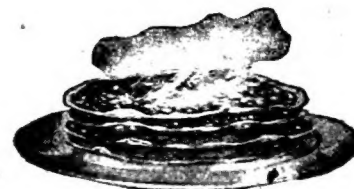
Corn Puffs

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Puffed Grains are Prof. Anderson's inventions. All are steam exploded, all shot from guns. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete. All are bubble-like and toasted. They are scientific foods.

Puffed rice pancake flour

We now mix ground Puffed Rice in a self-raising pancake flour. The exploded food cells make the pancakes fluffy. And they taste as though made with nut flour. Never were pancakes so delicious. Try them.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

His Heart's Queen

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



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CHAPTER XXXV.

A FATAL TELEGRAM.

SEVERAL days previous to Violet's recapture Wallace and Lord Cameron were enjoying their after-dinner smoke in the room of the former.

They had been in the habit of dining together at a certain club-house, the privileges of which had been tendered him as a compliment during his present visit, after which they always repaired to Wallace's room for a quiet, social chat and smoke before his lordship betook himself up-town to make his daily call upon his fiancée.

Upon this occasion, instead of chatting, both young men were engaged in reading the newspaper, when Wallace suddenly looked up at his companion, remarking, with considerable excitement:

"Here is the queerest advertisement, Cameron! Listen," and he read the following:

WANTED.—Information regarding a Miss Mary Lawrence, formerly of Boston, Mass. Report immediately at No. — Wall Street.

"Well, what is there so strange about that?" asked Lord Cameron. "It seems like an ordinary personal to me—unless, indeed, you know the lady."

"She was my mother; at least, my mother, previous to her marriage, was a Miss Mary Lawrence, and she lived in Boston."

"Indeed! Then of course the advertisement is starting to you," returned his companion.

At about eleven o'clock the next morning, Wallace entered the elegant office of the wealthy banker, and asked to see the gentleman who had caused the above personal to be inserted in the newspaper.

The gentlemanly clerk conducted him to a private office, and introduced him to "Mr. Horace A. Lawrence."

Wallace made known his errand, while Mr. Lawrence regarded him with the closest scrutiny, and when the young man concluded, he asked, briefly:

"Can you give me any information concerning the person mentioned?"

"I am not sure, sir, whether I can or not," Wallace answered, smiling. "I can, however, give you the history of a Miss Mary Lawrence, whose home was formerly in Boston, Massachusetts, but she may not be the woman whom you wish to find."

"Where was she born?" Mr. Lawrence inquired.

"In Salem, Massachusetts."

"What were her parents' names?"

"William and Hannah."

"Now the year of her birth, if you please."

"January 3d, 1830."

"Correct; she is the lady of whom I am in search. She is my cousin, and used to be a very dear one," said Mr. Lawrence, his face lighting with pleasure. "Where is she living at the present time?"

"She is not living," said Wallace, sadly. "She died a year ago, last September."

"Dead! Is Mary dead?" exclaimed his companion, with visible emotion. "Ah, we were such good friends—she was such a jolly, good-natured companion—such a reliable confidante. I loved Mary Lawrence as if she had been my own sister. But tell me what relationship do you sustain toward her, young man?"

"I am her son."

Mr. Lawrence reached out and grasped Wallace warmly by the hand.

He did not doubt the truth of his statement in the least; indeed, he had more than half-suspected it from the first, from his resemblance to his mother, and he was very much prepossessed by his appearance.

"I am heartily glad of the meeting, and I believe you are a worthy son of such a mother," he said. "It is thirty years since I saw her, and she was then living in Boston. She was a girl of seventeen, and I a youth of nineteen, and we had been fond of each other from our childhood. My family moved to the West about that time, where we resided for many years. After my parents' death, I practiced law in San Francisco for a couple of years, then went abroad, and was absent five more. After my return from Europe, I established myself in the city, and then tried to learn something of my Uncle William's family. I was informed that both he and his wife were dead, but no one could tell me anything of their daughter. I supposed she had married and moved from Boston, and I was deeply disappointed in not being able to find her, for I yearned to renew the old-time friendship. Years went by, and I lost my wife, who left me one little daughter, who was sadly afflicted with blindness, and the past twelve years I have devoted wholly to her and my business."

"But," he concluded, with deep emotion, "I was not to have even one ewe lamb spared to me, and I buried my little girl only a few weeks ago."

"That was very sad, Mr. Lawrence," Wallace said, in a tone of sincere sympathy; "none escape—death comes to all of us."

"Ah, yes; and it must have been very hard for you to lose your mother. Is your father living?" inquired his companion.

"No, sir; he died more than ten years ago."

"Richardson, I believe you told me is your name? What was his business?"

"Builder and contractor."

"Did he leave your mother well provided for?"

"Excuse me if I seem curious, but my interest in my cousin leads me to wish to know all about her."

"No, sir; my father left only enough to meet his liabilities," Wallace answered, flushing slightly, "and my mother had a hard time for several years."

"Do you follow your father's business?" Mr. Lawrence asked, studying the noble face before him intently.

"I learned the carpenter's trade, but I am now an architect in this city."

"Indeed! Where were you educated in your profession?"

"In Cincinnati."

"In Cincinnati?" repeated Mr. Lawrence, with a sudden inward thrill, as it just then occurred to him that Violet's home had been in that city and that she had loved a young man named Richardson, who was an architect.

Could it be possible that the son of his cousin was her lover? Ah! no, for she had told him that her betrothed had died while she was abroad.

"Where did your mother die, Mr. Richardson?" he asked.

"In Cincinnati, sir."

Again the man was startled by what seemed a strange coincidence, for Violet had said that her lover had betrayed his affection for her as they stood together by his dead mother's casket. Still he did not like to bring Violet's name into the conversation just then.

"Have you a family?" he asked after a moment.

"No, sir; I—have been married, but—I have lost my wife," Wallace responded, in a husky tone.

"I am very sorry; this is hard for you at your age," Mr. Lawrence said, with heartfelt sympathy, and sure now that Violet's lover must have been some other architect. "Tell me more about yourself and your mother—that is, if it will not be too painful to do so."

Wallace gave him a brief account of his whole life, reserving only that portion relating to Violet; the subject of his marriage and his cruel loss was too sacred to be spoken of to a stranger, and he never referred to it to any one, excepting Lord Cameron; indeed, he could never mention his young wife's name with any degree of self-control.

"You have had something of a struggle during your short life, haven't you, my young cousin?" Mr. Lawrence remarked, with earnest feeling when Wallace concluded.

"Yes, sir, it has been rather hard up-hill work some of the time, but I believe I am all the better prepared for life for having had difficulties to conquer."

"There can be no doubt of it," Mr. Lawrence replied, heartily, while he added to himself: "He's a fine fellow—a fellow to be proud of, and I will cultivate his acquaintance."

Then he continued, aloud:

"But I trust you have reached smoother sailing by this time."

"Yes, sir; my prospects appear to be quite encouraging just at present," Wallace modestly replied; then he named the gentleman with whom he had formed a partnership.

The more Mr. Lawrence conversed with him the better he was pleased, and when their conversation was finally interrupted, he insisted that Wallace should come to dine with him that evening.

The young man accepted his invitation with thanks and then went his way to his own business.

He repaired to Mr. Lawrence's elegant residence at the appointed hour and spent a most delightful evening with his newly discovered relative.

Mr. Lawrence was so full of old-time memories that his conversation was chiefly confined to his own early life and his pleasant relations with Wallace's mother, and thus nothing was said by either to arouse a suspicion that the other knew anything of Violet Huntington's history.

"You will be very friendly, will you not, Wallace?" Mr. Lawrence said, when he parted from him at a late hour. "I am a lonely old man, and young companionship, like yours, will be very acceptable to me; so give me all of your society that you can conveniently, and feel perfectly free to make this your home whenever you like."

Wallace thanked him and went away feeling a bit the less lonely and forlorn because of his newly discovered link with the past.

Mr. Lawrence went directly to his library after the young man's departure, unlocked his safe, and drew forth a legal-looking document.

This was his will.

He made some slight alterations in it, inserted Wallace Richardson's name, as co-equal heir with Violet, and then added a codicil, stating that if the young girl should not be found within five years the whole of his property should revert to his young cousin.

"Shall I ever see the dear girl again?" he murmured, a spasm of pain contracting his brow. "I pray that I may learn something definite regarding her fate soon, for this suspense is intolerable."

A few evenings later a couple of his intimate friends called upon him, and Mr. Lawrence requested them to witness his will. This they did, and afterward their conversation turned upon the mysterious disappearance of Violet.

It was the remark of these two gentlemen, regarding the same subject, that Wilhelm Mencke overheard as he dogged their footsteps, when they left the residence of the banker on the evening of Violet's escape from her captor's power.

The next day Mr. Lawrence was called out of town upon business that would detain him for several days.

Violet felt greatly elated over her success in sending her letter to her friend, and was sure

that he would effect her release some time during the next day.

She had difficulty in preserving her self-control in the presence of Sarah, for she knew that the woman was very keen, and would suspect her secret unless it was carefully guarded.

She retired early, hoping to sleep the time away; but she was nervous and anxious, and a hundred doubts and fears about her letter reaching its destination beset her, and counteracted the influences of the drowsy god.

But she slept, at last, and when morning dawned hope reasserted itself, and she felt assured that today she would be free.

Oh! how long the hours seemed till noon, and yet no one came.

"He will surely come this afternoon," she said, trying to fortify herself with the hope; but the day waned, and no sign of any friendly aid was visible; and, as darkness came on again, her heart sank, while she started at every step and every sound so nervously that Sarah at last remarked it.

"What ails you, Miss Violet? What are you afraid of that you keep starting so?"

Violet flushed crimson, and then grew suddenly pale.

It would never do, she thought, to betray herself like this, or her captors would immediately remove her to some other place, and then Mr. Lawrence would never find her.

"I do not want to see Wilhelm Mencke again—don't let him come into the room, will you, Sarah?" she said, hoping to ward off suspicion thus.

"What are you afraid of, child? He cannot harm you. I would not allow him to harm you," the woman replied, reassuringly.

"But he makes me very nervous. I believe I—loathe him," said Violet.

"Her nerves are getting unstrung—she will get sick if she is kept cooped up like this much longer," Sarah muttered to herself, while her sympathies went out more and more toward the unfortunate girl.

Violet's nerves were becoming unstrung, and she was so terribly disappointed that her letter had not brought the speedy relief she expected, that she sobbed herself to sleep that night.

The next morning she was weak and unfreshed, and did not rise until late.

Then she had no appetite for her breakfast, and sat all day by the window looking out upon the street, watching eagerly every passer-by, and listening intently to every footfall upon the pavement and stairs.

No one came, and how interminable the hours seemed!

Night shone down upon her again, and all through its silent and lonely watches the young girl tossed feverishly and restlessly.

The third morning she was wan and hollow-eyed, and though she arose and dressed herself, she could not sit up, and went back upon the bed, where she lay white and still, eating nothing, and taking no notice of anything.

Late in the afternoon Wilhelm Mencke came to see how his captive was faring.

He was in excellent spirits, for he had that morning received a telegram from his wife, who said that everything was working favorably for her, and she hoped to be back in New York at the expiration of a week.

Sarah expressed a fear that Violet was going to be ill, and this report disturbed him somewhat, for it would materially disarrange his plans to have to nurse her through a long sickness just now.

He tried to arouse her, but she either could not or would not speak to him, and he at length went away, feeling very anxious as well as irritated.

Meantime Mrs. Mencke was meeting with the most flattering success in her schemes.

Upon her arrival in Cincinnati she had been received with great cordiality by her former friends, who, of course, had all heard of the recent fortune which had apparently fallen to her as nearest of kin to her ill-fated sister.

The lawyer who had it in charge greeted her most politely, expressing his gratification at her return, and over the fact that he would now be able to get rid of the property, which he had feared would be likely to prove an annoying incumbrance to him.

No one thought of questioning the fact of Violet's death, for both Mrs. Hawley and Nellie Bailey had been abroad at the time of the sad tragedy at Mentone, and had testified to the sad bereavement; and thus it seemed as if all business would be speedily transacted, Mrs. Mencke recognized as the legitimate heir, and the fortune of Jonas Huntington surrendered to her without a question.

She explained her recent absence in an off-hand manner, saying that she and her husband had preferred to reside in New York since their return from abroad, and that they probably would never make their home again in Cincinnati, as Mr. Mencke believed he could be more prosperous elsewhere.

Mrs. Hawley, her old friend, insisted that she should make her home during her stay in the city, and she showed her every possible attention, going with her often when she visited her former friends, and therefore Mrs. Mencke seemed like her old proud, imperious self once more.

All this was very pleasant, and the woman was very much elated, enjoying her return to social life to the utmost.

She had been absent just a week from New York when Mr. Middleton, the lawyer, informed her that he would "make a final settlement on the morrow," when all papers, bonds, money, etc., would be surrendered to her.

It seemed now as if her triumph was complete, and she was the life of a grand farewell recep-

tion given in her honor that night by Mrs. Hawley. Many people spoke of it afterward, and remarked that they had never seen Mrs. Mencke so handsome or so gay during all her previous residence in Cincinnati.

She received the congratulations of her friends upon her recent good fortune with a feeling akin to exultation in her heart, but with outward composure. Many expressed regret that she would not remain in her old home, and that they could not have the pleasure of congratulating her husband also. She thanked them in his name, but remarked that pressing business had detained him in New York.

She retired that night full of hope, and feeling that a bright future was opening out before her, while she gave not one regretful thought to the fair young captive whom she had left to the tender mercies of her coarse husband and his hireling.

The next morning she repaired to Mr. Middleton's office for the final settlement he had promised.

Her trunk was packed, her tickets purchased, and everything arranged for her return to New York on the afternoon express.

Mr. Middleton was awaiting her, but, somehow, she imagined that there was a certain constraint in his manner as he greeted her, which had not been apparent before.

"Well," she said, gayly, "I suppose my waiting is ended, and my hopes are to be realized at last."

"Ahem!" returned Mr. Middleton, with some embarrassment, "I expected that I should be able to settle everything this morning, but—"

"But what?" demanded his client, with some show of impatience, a frown of annoyance and displeasure settling upon her brow. "Haven't I clearly proved my identity, and my claim to this property?" she concluded, somewhat sarcastically.

"Your identity, Mrs. Mencke, is certainly not to be disputed, but—but I am obliged to tell you that your claim to Jonas Huntington's property is," returned the lawyer, gravely.

"Good gracious! What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Mencke, sharply, and losing all her brilliant color, while a nervous trembling seized her.

For reply, Mr. Middleton took a slip of yellow paper from his table and held it out to her.

It was a telegram, received that very morning—even within that hour.

The woman seized it with a hand that shook like a leaf, and read:

"NEW YORK CITY, March 1st, 188—"

"TO RALPH MIDDLETON, ESQ.:

"Stay all proceedings connected with the Huntington fortune. Violet Huntington is still living."

"WALLACE RICHARDSON."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE GAME IS PLAYED OUT.

A terrible shock thrilled through Mrs. Mencke's nerves as she read this significant message.

"Heavens!" she cried, with a face as white as her handkerchief, "what can it mean?"

"It means, madame, that there has either been some terrible mistake, or—there has been a great wrong attempted," the lawyer observed, sternly, as he searched the woman's colorless countenance with his keen eyes.

The message told his wretched companion a great deal. It told her that Violet had been discovered—that Wallace had found his wife, that all Wilhelm's plotting and crime had been revealed, while doubtless, he had been arrested, and she might also be arraigned for complicity in the wretched business immediately upon her return.

"The message, as you perceive, was sent from New York," Mr. Middleton continued, as she did not reply, but sat staring helplessly at the words of the telegram, "so doubtless your sister is in that city at the present time. You came from New York City here, Mrs. Mencke—did you know that she was living when you presented your claim for Jonas Huntington's fortune?"

Mr. Middleton's tone was very grave as he put this pertinent question.

Mrs. Mencke's thoughts had worked very rapidly in spite of the stunning announcement that she had just read, and she realized that everything depended now upon a cool, clear head, and assuming a bold and fearless front. She bridled instantly at the lawyer's inquiry, and turned upon him an astonished and injured look.

"What a question!" she exclaimed, indignantly, "and what a perfectly absurd statement this is," she continued, running her eye again over the telegram which she still held, "for there are scores of people who would take their oath that they saw Violet Huntington buried at Mentone."

Lord Cameron, the gentleman to whom she was engaged, identified the body; he is now in New York, and would swear to the fact if need be. My husband also saw it, and there are many others whom I could name, Mr. and Mrs. Hawley, and Nellie Bailey have all been to her grave, and now you ask me if I knew that she was living," and she concluded with a laugh of bitter derision.

"Then you do not believe that the person referred to in that telegram is your sister?" said Mr. Middleton, still regarding her face searchingly.

"I will swear that she is not my sister," positively asserted Mrs. Mencke, who was very glad that his question had been put in this form. "This is some miserable plot."

Mr. Middleton looked perplexed. Mrs. Mencke's statements seemed to have the ring of truth and reason in them.

"Who is this Wallace Richardson who sent the message?" he asked.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

INDEPENDENCE DAY DINNER



By Violet Marsh

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I was born an American, I live an American,
I shall die an American.—Daniel Webster.

OVERFLOWINGLY patriotic is the arrangement of this Fourth-of-July table. As illustrated, a Liberty bell was fashioned from light wire, covered with white crepe paper and used as a centerpiece. On each side of the bell, in red paper figures, is the year of our independence, 1776. Starting from the center top are four lines of shields extending to the edge of table. These are made from red, white and blue paper. (Some stores sell these shields by the box.) Perched on top of the white bell is an eagle, made from cardboard and covered with gold and silver colored paper. From the eagle's beak hang red, white and blue ribbons which lead to red-paper bonbon boxes. In one corner of each box stands a tiny American flag to serve as a souvenir for each guest. At each plate stands a shield outlined with silver stars.

The refreshments can to some extent be made patriotic. The beets filled with potatoes are decorative, and the torpedoes, while they won't "go off," are delicious and the paper wrappings can be made to look quite real. A beautiful centerpiece can be made by cutting a watermelon in half, scraping out the center so that a band one inch deep of the red will be left, and filling the shell with bluebells which are in bloom at that season. Cut out the melon in slices just right to serve so there may be no waste. Cakes iced in colors and mingled together while supporting tiny flags may be used.

TORPEDOES.—Shell roasted peanuts and remove the brown skin. Take an equal amount of sugar and slowly melt it without the addition of water. The sugar should be stirred frequently while melting, and then put where it is a little hotter and constantly stirred until it is a light brown color. Pour it over the nuts which have been spread in a lightly buttered pan. Break into small pieces when cold and wrap in two thicknesses of paper to resemble torpedoes. It is well to have the inside paper paraffined. If the candy is made the day before using it should be kept in a tightly covered pan or can.

PATRIOTIC BEETS.—Boil medium-sized beets, peel, scoop out the centers and fill with mashed potato. The potato should be mashed with hot milk and beaten white. Top with a single blue flower just before serving.

FOURTH-OF-JULY HORNS.—Soften one cup of chicken fat or other shortening and gradually beat in one cup of molasses and one cup of sugar. Beat until light and creamy. Add one even tablespoon of ginger, one half tablespoon of cinnamon, one salt-spoon of clove and one even teaspoon of salt. Dissolve one teaspoon of soda in one half cup of cold water, add to mixture and then stir in enough flour to make quite a stiff dough. Roll very thin and with a sharp pointed knife cut into horn shapes, and bake. These cookies are delicious and keep a long time if tightly covered.

Value Your Time in Dollars and Cents—Start the Canning

I wonder how many women realize that right in their own homes they are a part of the great labor body, and that whenever the prices of labor rise their own time is worth just that much more. Whether it be in ready-to-eat food, or in ready-to-wear clothing, the difference between the cost of the materials and the price of the finished product represents the value of your labor that has gone into the making and it will be found that labor is the highest priced commodity that we buy.

Every housewife, in justice to herself, should know how much she is adding to the family purse when she fills her shelves with jars of food for winter use; when she does all the family cooking, sewing, mending, washing, ironing and cleaning, for such information would prove that her earning capacity was by no means small, and that she fully deserved the title of "better half."

Another reason why we must avail ourselves of every opportunity to conserve food for next winter is that the high cost of labor threatens a crop shortage. Fill all the jars, glasses and bottles.

Cold Pack Canning Succeeds by Starting Right

The progress made in successful canning during the past two summers has been little short of marvelous. While we canned to help win the war, whether or not we had past experience, we can go ahead now with an assurance that counts as our reward for faithful perseverance.

To those who have not been wholly successful, I will venture to say that sufficient importance has not been placed on sterilization. Unless a jar has been made absolutely clean (and the time to do this is when it is empty), and sterilized in boiling water, the contents will spoil. Another cause may be that cooking did not continue long enough to penetrate the center of jars.

The following directions for canning will lead to success if closely followed, and will apply to further canning articles which will appear in our August, September and October issues. These will include canning of vegetables, fruit and meat; jelly, jam and fruit butter making, and pickling.

That there may be no confusion as to the meaning of cold pack canning, I will explain that it is the simple process of packing the product uncooked, and cooking it in the jars which are partly sealed. Any kind of food can be successfully canned by this process. By the cold pack method waste is unnecessary, for if just enough food is available to fill a pint jar it can be packed, set into a kettle on something that will keep it from the bottom and cooked while the fire is being used for other purposes. Many people who do not have an abundance of raw food at any one time do all their canning in this way. A lard pail that covers tightly and is high enough to admit a quart jar makes an excellent single jar outfit.

For more extensive work, a boiler with a wooden rack in the bottom that any woman can make is all that is necessary. Or a tray with four shallow sides and slat bottom is excellent. A large-size screweye is screwed into the wood near each corner, and through each is looped a piece of large wire which extends nearly to the top of the boiler and acts as a handle by which the entire tray of jars may be lifted from the boiling water at one time. Jar holders can be bought that hold each jar separately and away from the bottom of boiler.

Factory-made outfits include the hot water bath, steam canner and pressure cooker. In steam outfits the jars set in a crate above a small amount of water which gives forth a big head of steam. The pressure cooker requires less time for cooking so that a small sized one will do as much canning in a given time as a larger hot bath outfit that cooks slower.

The advantage of cooking in the closed jar is that it prevents any bacteria from getting in. When the product is cooked in the open kettle, then transferred to the jar, there is always the possibility that the jar itself, the cup, tunnel, spoon or holder has not been thoroughly sterilized. Also the texture and flavor are better if cooked in the closed jar.

Before using jars, fill with cold water, adjust rubbers and tops and test for leakage. Avoid jars and tops that have rough places around the edges as they will not properly "seat" into the rubber and leakage will result. Examine all vacuum seal jar covers, and if the gum at any point is rough or has been broken off, the jar will not properly seal.

Vegetable Canning in Hot Water Bath

Select vegetables that are sound and in prime condition to eat. Wash thoroughly in cold water. Many vegetables are improved by blanching, which means they are immersed in boiling water a given time and immediately plunged into cold water.

SNAPE BEANS.—Wash, snap each end and string at the same time. Break into even lengths. Put into white cotton cloth

bag or large strainer and hold in boiling water five minutes, remove and quickly dip into a pail of cold water. Fill cans closely, add one teaspoon of salt to each quart can and fill to overflowing with boiling water. Adjust rubber and top. If a screw top is used, turn the cover well on and then back about one half inch. This allows the steam to escape. If the patent wire top is used, place the rubber and glass top, bring the wire in place but leave the clamp up. Vacuum seal tops are held in boiling water a few seconds, placed on jars and held by clamp. Set into boiler, fill with water to shoulder of jars. If the water is quite warm it will not break the jars and hastens boiling. When the water is actually boiling (rolling), cook three hours from that time. Remove, finish sealing and set to cool away from drafts. Do not remove clamps from vacuum sealed jars until the following day. An allowance should be made for longer cooking if the beans are a little hard. This process applies to lima beans, other shelled beans, hominy, peas and vegetable combinations.

GREENS, including dandelion, Swiss chard, kale, spinach, asparagus, mus-tard greens, beet tops, are blanched fifteen minutes and plunged into cold water. Fill jars the same as for beans and cook two hours.

MY CANNED CORN.—Husk and silk the ears of corn. Hold on end in the center of a large plate and with a downward stroke cut off the corn not too close to the hull. Go all around the cob the second time with a downward stroke and it will press out the milk from the portion of the kernel remaining on the cob. Fill jars about two thirds full, add two level teaspoons of sugar to each quart jar, fill with boiling water and cook three hours.

The corn will swell and fill jars, and when opened should be as tender as fresh corn. Use only corn that is in milk. It is far better to use corn that is a little under what is usually considered right for the table than when it is too hard. It will not become tender in the cans.

WHOLE CANNED TOMATOES.—Grade for quality, ripeness and size. The perfectly ripened and



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smaller ones are best to can whole. Scald in boiling water one minute and plunge into cold water. Remove core without cutting beyond the green color with a small, sharp-pointed knife. Peel. Pack closely into jars. There is no need of adding water or syrup. Seal as directed. If the jars are hot when filled they may be put into boiling water in the bath. In this way the finished product is of finer color and flavor. Cook twenty-two minutes after the water begins to boil hard.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Use tomatoes that are irregular in size and shape and have to be trimmed. Blanch and cold dip. Peel and core. Cut into pieces and fill jars. Cook twenty-two minutes.

STRAINED TOMATO.—Prepare as for canned tomatoes, cook in open kettle until the pulp is tender. Put through strainer to remove seeds and pulp that will not go through. Many cut up the tomatoes without peeling when it is to be strained. It is just as well and saves labor. Fill bottles or jars and cook twenty-two minutes. If bottles are used, put the corks in lightly, when cooked, press in hard, cut off even with top of bottle, wipe dry and dip into hot sealing wax or paraffin.

BEETS.—Select small, tender beets. There are varied ideas about canning beets, many claiming they should be cooked in the open kettle before canning. This is true unless the beets are young. For the cold pack process, cut tops off within one inch of the beet, blanch three minutes and plunge into cold water. Scrape off the peel. Fill hot jars with beets, then with boiling water. Put into boiling hot bath and cook three hours.

CARROTS.—Proceed the same as with beets.

Canned Fruits

THIN SYRUP.—Slowly add three pints of sugar to two pints of hot water. Bring slowly to a boil, stirring only until the sugar is dissolved.

MEDIUM SYRUP.—Cook syrup until it begins to be sticky when a little cools in a spoon.

HEAVY SYRUP.—Cook syrup until it will hardly pour.

Use only sound fruit for best results. Wash with great care. Handle as little as possible.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES.—Fill hot jars with fruit. Pour over medium syrup until it fills all the crevices. Seal as directed. Cook twenty minutes.

SUN STRAWBERRY PRESERVES.—Use only ripe firm berries. Preserve the same day they are picked. Wash, hull and drain well. Spread in platters in single layers, and sprinkle with sugar. Pour heavy syrup over them and sun under glass ten hours. Window glass held about two inches above the platters is an excellent arrangement. Pack into jars as described and cook twenty minutes.

CANNED CHERRIES.—Stem and remove stones if preferred. Fill hot jars with fruit and then with hot medium syrup. Cook sixteen minutes after the water begins to boil hard.

STRAWBERRY OR CHERRY JUICE.—Use only acid-proof utensils. Unless a special fruit press is used, put the fruit in a cheese-cloth bag and heat for twenty-five minutes when the juice should freely run. It is well to frequently turn the bag with a gentle pressure during the heating. Take bag from kettle and drain. It may be necessary to strain the juice through the second bag. Too much fruit should not be handled at one time. Fill jars with juice. Put into hot water bath with water to shoulder of jars. When water begins to form bubbles it has reached the right temperature, and should be kept at this point for 45 minutes. Do not boil. Remove from kettle and seal. If odd bottles are used, place cotton stoppers in each, and at the end of cooking press cork-stoppers over the cotton; do not remove it. Trim even and dip ends of bottles in hot paraffin. Any fruit juice may be canned in this way.

CANNED PEACHES.—Peaches must be handled according to variety. Tough, leathery skins are best removed by plunging the peaches into boiling lye, which is made of one pint of wood ashes to

two gallons of water. Put peaches into a wire strainer with a bail, or a colander, so that they may be taken immediately from the lye as soon as the skins slip easily. Plunge into cold water at once, and it is well to rinse them through several cold waters to remove all taste of the lye. Tender-skinned peaches need only to be plunged into boiling water and then into cold water to remove the skins. If very ripe they may be peeled without boiling water. Put into jars whole or in halves. A few pits will improve the flavor of the whole jar. Fill jars with thin or medium syrup, according to sweetness of the fruit. Cook twenty minutes after the water begins to boil hard.

PEACH BUTTER.—Peel and remove pits as for canning. A few of the pit meats cut fine and cooked with the fruit will improve the flavor. Mash fine with pestle or put through a potato masher. To each measure of pulp add a half-measure of sugar. Cook very slowly and stir frequently until the desired thickness is obtained. If the butter is put into thoroughly sterilized hot jars, further cooking is unnecessary. Or, open-mouthed jars, large-mouthed bottles or glasses may be used if put boiling hot and covered with a half-inch of hot paraffin.

SMALL BERRIES.—The quality of the fruit has much to do with the finished product. Berries are bruised and crushed if gathered in deep containers. This causes the juice to start and become discolored before canning. All berries are canned in much the same way. The hot sterilized jars are filled closely with fruit, and sweetened with the thin or medium syrup, according to kind and ripeness. Where there is an abundance of fruit, a very superior product can be made by using the squeezed out juice in place of water for making the syrup. Cook sixteen minutes after the water begins to boil.

SWEET FRUIT PICKLES.—Weigh out four pounds of fruit. Make a pickle of two pounds of brown sugar, one-half cup of whole spice, including cloves, cassia buds, allspice and stick cinnamon, and two cups of strong apple vinegar. The spices loosely in a bag and cook the pickle slowly fifteen minutes and skim. Add fruit and simmer ten minutes, or until tender but not soft. Very carefully skim out the fruit and put into jar. Cook pickle seven minutes longer, pour it over the fruit in jar and cover. The next morning drain off the pickle with bag of spice and cook about five minutes and pour hot over the fruit. Repeat for three mornings. No set rule can be given for time of cooking down the pickle as the amount of juice in different fruits will vary, but when finished the pickle should well cover the fruit.

Value of Old Cans

Nowadays, nearly every variety of food is put up in tin cans and, since the householder can get nothing for the latter, they are simply thrown out and the number that accumulates in a large town, in a single year, is astounding. As a means of coping with the nuisance, clean up campaigns are carried on, and boys are sometimes paid a cent a dozen for bringing them to a central point. By this means, hundreds of tons are frequently collected in a few hours. The city authorities then sell them to certain manufacturers who have the means of remaking them into a commercial product. The first step of the process is to subject them to intense heat, thus melting off the solder and causing it to run together, when it can be handled in paying quantities. The dented tin is rolled flat and used by trunk manufacturers and makers of toys. The larger pieces are again made into containers for commodities like paint and polish and dye. The tops and bottoms and the scraps that cannot be flattened are pressed into a homogenous mass by large crushers and then sold to foundrymen who melt them up and make window weights of the molten metal.



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The Impressionable Age of a Child

By Frances L. Garside

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MANY states in the Union have truancy laws compelling a child to go to school between the ages of six and fourteen, while they neglect to provide kindergarten classes for the more impressionable period of early childhood when habits of life are being formed. The child who goes to school between four and six will not need the attention of a truancy officer a few years later.

In 1909 the National Kindergarten Association was organized to work for a kindergarten in every public school. This was in New York City, where there are more children per block than in any city in the United States. The society succeeded in doing such effective work that in 1913 the United States Commissioner of Education invited it to co-operate in establishing and maintaining a Kindergarten Division in the United States Bureau of Education in Washington, a proposition that was agreed to, and that has resulted in much legislation favorable to the restless tot, who, if not engaged in instructive games in kindergarten, might be learning destructive games on the street.

The objective point of the organization is better legislation in general, and to incite persons

work for his living some day. Whatever he does, in business or profession, he will depend for success on skill of both mind and hands.

Every little girl will have just as much need for skilled mind and hands, whether in a home or an office.

To give a boy and girl the best start, both hands and minds must be trained from the time they are first used—trained with regard to their powers and for the demands of child nature, not overworked but helped to be usefully active, instead of merely heedlessly active.

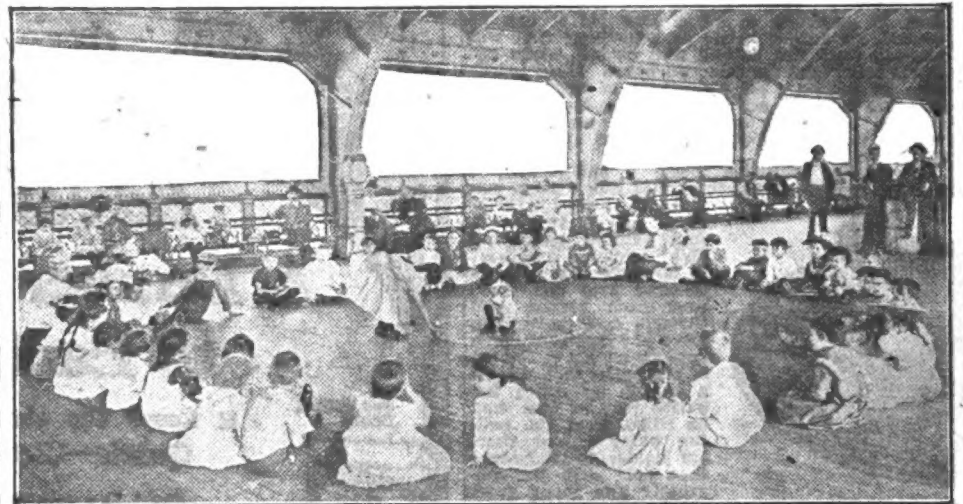
The kindergarten gives minds and hands this useful training at the time when they most need it; when they are only making ready for learning the things that take study and close application.

It turns curiosity to observation; restlessness to deftness and interest; "wondering" to understanding.

The kindergarten bridges, from the age of four to six, the sometimes difficult step from home training to school training.

The kindergarten gives a child two years' start.

The democratic kindergarten is the best influence for Americanization that we have today. To begin with, there are the greatest number of children among the foreigners, so many that every child is early deposed from his Throne, the go-cart, and compelled to toddle on wobbly legs beside the younger monarch who has supplanted



VACATION KINDERGARTEN, RECREATION PIER, NEW YORK CITY.

to open kindergartens in their own communities. Several states have what is called the Mandatory-on-Petition Law which provides for the establishment of a kindergarten upon the petition of the parents of twenty-five children of kindergarten age, living in one community.

This law had its inception in California, and before it had been in force three years the number of kindergartens in the states, as well as the number of pupils attending them, had more than doubled.

Arkansas illustrates in a striking way the demand for free kindergartens. The minimum school age in that state is fixed at six years, so that no state or county money may be used for the education of children of regular kindergarten age. Between the extremes presented by California and Arkansas there are several forms of legislation bearing on the kindergarten. Utah and North Dakota have laws that are partially mandatory. In Nevada, kindergartens are permissive on petition. Of twenty-five states the situation, one half unservedly require certification of kindergarten teachers. Only four (Michigan, South Carolina, Texas and Vermont) demand that kindergarten teachers shall have been graduated from training schools officially approved by the state educational authorities.

The last reports show that the kindergarten population of the United States is 4,386,732; with 509,112 children enrolled. Texas reports 190,471 children of kindergarten age, with only 3,536 enrolled, the state ranking forty-second in percentage of children in public and private kindergartens.

The arguments favoring the establishment of kindergartens are these: Every little boy will

him. With so many babies around her feet, the alien mother welcomes a kindergarten.

The child learns English, and with our language, our customs and ideals; absorbs American ways for doing everything that had been done before in a Syrian, Hungarian or Italian way. His mother goes to the kindergarten where she meets other mothers; thus she is given the social opportunities which she needs in Americanization and she and her household are benefited. The kindergarten teacher is a welcome visitor in the house of the alien and soon gains the confidence of the shy, bewildered, foreign women. She invites them to the Mothers' Meetings where they mingle socially, and thus national and racial prejudices are overcome.

The National Kindergarten Association has been instrumental in opening more than 300 kindergartens in the public schools of 149 cities. Estimating the cost of operating a class at \$1,000 per year, this means more than \$300,000 is spent annually on little children.

But with all the work that has been done, much remains to be done. Throughout the country only eleven per cent of the children are in kindergarten, making 89 per cent still unprovided for. In other words, 500,000 children are receiving this training of which nearly 4,000,000 are deprived. Numerically, Belgium is a small country, but before the war that country led the world in kindergarten extension.

Superintendents of schools are unanimously in favor of the kindergarten start for a child. If, they say, a child could have but eight years of school life, it would be better to begin with the kindergarten and close with the seventh grade, than to begin with the first grade and close with the eighth.

His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

Mrs. Mencke's lips curled, and a vicious light leaped into her eyes.

"He is, or was, a beggarly carpenter who used to live here in Cincinnati, and pretended to be enamored of Violet; he even went so far as to demand her hand in marriage. His suit was of course rejected, and now, possibly, having heard of this fortune being left her, he is taking this way to be revenged upon us."

This also sounded plausible; still, the astute lawyer was not convinced that it was a matter of petty revenge.

"It is very annoying," continued Mrs. Mencke, plaintively, "for I have telegraphed my husband that I shall start for New York this evening—my tickets are purchased, and I must go."

"Ahem! Of course, I am not at liberty to interfere with your arrangements in any way," said Mr. Middleton, thoughtfully, "but under the circumstances I cannot surrender you the documents in my possession, and all proceedings must be stayed, as the message commands, until this matter can be thoroughly investigated."

"By whose authority?" Mrs. Mencke demanded, haughtily.

"My own, madame," he quietly returned.

At this time Mrs. Mencke lost control of herself and flew into a towering passion, declaring that she would have her rights; that she was being shamefully wronged and needlessly detained, when it was absolutely necessary that she should return immediately to New York.

Mr. Middleton listened calmly, until she concluded her tirade, when he again quietly but firmly refused to deliver Jonas Huntington's fortune to her, until he could assure himself that there was no foundation for the report he had received that morning.

Mrs. Mencke argued, pleaded and coaxed, volunteering to bring Mr. and Mrs. Hawley and Miss Bailey to him to confirm the truth of her statements regarding the Mentone tragedy. But it was of no use; he was as immovable as a block of stone.

"While I would not presume to doubt the integrity of the parties named," he gravely said, "still, my duty as the custodian of Mr. Huntington's property and the executor of his will, will not allow me to run any risk of defrauding Miss Violet Huntington, if she should happen to be living, of what rightfully belongs to her."

Mrs. Mencke saw that argument and anger were useless, and she finally flounced out of the lawyer's office in high dudgeon.

She saw that she had gone the length of her rope—that her game was played out at a fearful loss, and she would have to surrender all hope

of getting possession of Jonas Huntington's fortune.

It was a terrible disappointment—a terrible humiliation, after her recent triumph in her old home.

She could not remain in Cincinnati to face the results of her failure, and she knew there might be great risk in returning to New York; still, her curiosity to learn what had happened and how Wallace Richardson had discovered Violet, got the better of her fears, and that afternoon's express bore her swiftly back over the ground which, but a week before, she had traversed with so much confidence and hope, and, upon her arrival at her dreary rooms in ——— Street, she found her worst fears realized.

It will be remembered that Mr. Lawrence was called out of town upon business the day after he had signed his will in the presence of his two friends.

This was also the day of Violet's recapture by Wilhelm Mencke, also of the departure of Mrs. Mencke for Cincinnati, and so it will be readily understood why no response came to the young girl's letter—why no effort was made to rescue her from her unfortunate situation.

Mr. Lawrence was absent six days, and all this time Violet languished in captivity, losing heart and strength with every weary day.

Her kind friend could not go to her when he did finally return, for, as he was being driven from the station to his home in a public conveyance, the horses became frightened by the passing of a steam fire-engine—one of the traces giving way at that moment, made them more unmanageable, and they dashed at a headlong speed along the street, the carriage was overturned and demolished, and Mr. Lawrence was picked up insensible and seriously injured.

Fortunately he was recognized and taken directly home. A surgeon was summoned, and, upon an examination, it was found that three of the man's ribs and a leg were broken.

His injuries were repaired as far as possible, and he was made comparatively comfortable, but it was not until late the next morning that he was able to think of much besides his own sufferings.

Then he called for his letters, and the first one that he opened was Violet's.

He saw that it had been written a week ago that very day, and a terrible fear and anxiety took possession of him.

In great excitement he sent for his coachman and ordered him to drive at once to the office of Harlow & Richardson, the architects, and bring Mr. Richardson back with him. If the young man was not in, he was to find out his whereabouts and go for him.

"I can trust him in this business, and I do



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not know to whom else to turn," the sick man murmured, wiping the perspiration from his brow, for he was terribly excited.

An hour later Wallace was sitting by his bedside, while, in spite of his protestations and warnings, the nurse was excluded from the room, for Mr. Lawrence wished to talk freely with his young relative and without the fear of having their conversation repeated.

Wallace, not having been told why he had been so hastily summoned, began to express his sorrow for Mr. Lawrence's sufferings, when he interrupted him abruptly.

"Don't stop to talk about bodily pains," he cried, with an expression of great mental distress, "for I am in far greater anguish of mind. Will you help me?"

"Certainly. I am wholly at your service," Wallace answered heartily, and wondering what sudden trouble had overtaken him.

"I knew you would be. You have heard me speak of the young lady who was governess to my daughter before her death," Mr. Lawrence began.

"Yes."

"Did I tell you that she disappeared very mysteriously a few weeks ago?"

"Yes, you mentioned it, and I saw something about it in one of the papers—her name was given as Miss Huntington."

Wallace's lips paled as he spoke the name, though he did not suspect that it had any connection with his lost love, the queen of his heart. "Well, I have heard from her; she was kidnapped and carried to a house on ——— Street. Where is the letter—you can read it for yourself," he interposed, looking about the bed for it. But it had been removed by the nurse, and he would not stop to have it found.

"Never mind," he said, "I will just give the facts, and then you must act quickly. I almost fear that it is too late now to find her. She was locked up in an empty room on ——— Street, but managed to escape from it through the scuttle in the roof about a week ago. She fled along the roof of the houses until she came to one on a corner of the block. Here the very next morning she got into trouble again. I imagine she was recaptured, but she managed some way to send a letter out, begging me to come to her aid. Of course I cannot; but will you go?"

"Yes, yes," Wallace interposed, eagerly. "What is the number of the house?"

"I cannot tell you—she did not know, evidently, but she said it was on a corner, on the south side of the street, there are three flower-pots in the window, which is composed of small panes. Oh, where is that letter?" and the sick man looked anxiously about the room.

"Never mind. If that is all the description she gave you, the letter would not help me any, and I must try to find the place by those blind directions," said Wallace, who was eager to get off upon his search, for all his sympathies were strangely enlisted for this hapless young girl in her great trouble.

"Take an officer—two, if need be," continued Mr. Lawrence, weakly, for he was becoming exhausted. "Do not lose any time, and never mind the expense. She must be found at any cost. Bring her here immediately."

Wallace arose; he had got the main facts of the case, and time was too precious to wait for details. He knew that whatever he did must be promptly done, while he could see that Mr. Lawrence's strength was falling under so much excitement, and he needed rest.

"You will require some money—my wallet—"

began the sick man, as he turned to leave the room.

"I have money," Wallace answered briefly, "and we will settle that later; now keep up your courage, and I will do my very best for this young lady."

He went away without another word, called a carriage at the first corner, then sought a policeman to whom he told his story, and together they drove to the street which Violet had named in her letter.

But it was not easy to find the corner which she had tried to describe. There were a great many corner houses on the south side of the street, and most of the windows had small panes of glass, while none of them had just the number of flower-pots behind them that she men-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

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ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap and excuse me if I don't do any flag waving or dig up any of the old stuff about the glorious Fourth. Our flag symbolizes too much that is glorious, beautiful and spiritual for it to be unfurled over a nation that, as one of our greatest preachers only too truthfully remarks, has "lost its soul," and fallen down contemptibly on its job of world reconstruction.

The subject, however, you are most interested in is the high cost of living, which is largely the high cost of loafing, laziness, lunacy and extravagance. I hoped that when the war was over everyone would set to work to rebuild what had been torn down, to replace what had been destroyed; but, alas, about the only thing people are interested in today is to do the other fellow before he can do them, and to get a hundred times as much money for loafing as they previously got for working. Today the world is like a defeated army. It has lost morale and instead of facing its problems heroically, it displays the most ignoble traits of moral and physical degeneracy. For Europe, a very quagmire of blood, disease and starvation, victor and vanquished crushed, broken, shell-shocked and vermin-infested, to have lost morale is not to be wondered at, for, in the language of Holy Writ, "These are they that have come out of great tribulation." They have not only gone through hell but the torments of hell are still upon them. We, however, have been only shell-shocked by extravagance and stupidity, and gassed by hyphenism, laziness, envy, hate and grab. Europe is stewing in the juice of its blood, we in the juice of a complacent self-satisfaction, based on a knowledge of security, wealth and a diamond-studded dinner pail. People have got it into their heads they can live without working. They complain about the high cost of everything and it is their laziness, their unwillingness to produce, to give value for value, that is largely the cause of the troubles of which they complain. Listen to this: "Chicago, May 2.—While May Day brought an increase of \$2.00 a day to the building trade in Chicago, building operations have been reduced 50 per cent. These increases in pay (in which twenty crafts participated) have reduced building activities in Chicago one half in the last two months and there is a possibility that the crafts may find themselves with high wage scales but no employment." I am not kicking on the price but the loss of morale. All men are entitled to a wage that permits them to exist in comfort and maintain a reasonable standard of living with enough to educate the kids and something for a rainy day. This labor has a right to have if it labors as it did of yore, but it has no right to use its organized power to force wages up and production down. To demand ten dollars a day for five dollars' worth of work is a hold-up game, pure and simple.

It may interest you to know that with 110,000,000 population, America today is producing enough for only 60,000,000 people and high prices must and will stay up until production is on a level with demand. We have more feet than shoes, more heads than hats, more mouths than food, more bodies than clothing, more stoves and furnaces than coal, more families than houses and more homes than furniture. I have always contended we should develop from within and not from without; that we should breed our own good American stock in American homes, instead of importing foreigners who lower our standards of living and have little sympathy for us and our institutions. But if American labor won't labor, unless we are resigned to death by slow starvation, we've no alternative but to admit those who will work, for though we want to convert our country into a paradise for workers, we will never permit it to become a paradise for shirkers and loafers. It ought not to be a difficult task for our consuls in foreign ports to look over those who want to come here and divide the white sheep of industry from the goats of anarchy. One law-abiding alien worker is worth more to our country than fifty native-born bums over-alled or black coated. Half the workers in the basic industries in this country are of foreign birth and there is a shortage in our mills, mines and railroads of four million men. A million foreign-born workers right now are preparing to return to Europe. We need a national immigration policy, a policy of selection, distribution and assimilation. We want no immigrants from countries that specialize in putrid politics, in grabbing all the government jobs, scaring our lawmakers out of their shoes and forcing them to take up their age-long hates, trying to force us into war whether we have a grievance or not. The political immigrant once dug ditches and built houses but now he hands out the plums of office to his tribal followers and makes a fat profit exploiting our city and state governments. We want none of these. We already have too many of that class of Russian Jews who dig no tunnels, bridge no rivers, carry no hods, but as middlemen tack big profits on produce as it goes from producer to consumer, or specialize in stage audacity which they call art, also of the sort that plot the destruction of our country and institutions and shriek hatred of all that is dear to us from the street corners.

All wealth comes from the earth which is the source of all our raw materials. Skilled labor will fashion the raw material into the finished product. As a prominent publicist says: "Without any new immigration of men who are willing to do the rough manual work on roads, railroads and farms, and in subways, mines and forests, it looks as though the physical basis of our American life would crumble. A serious catastrophe threatens our entire social structure. It is becoming top-heavy. Adequate food transportation and raw materials are essential if as a nation we are to be kept prosperous, contented and busy. We should admit to our shores only so many as we have reason from experience to believe we can wholesomely Americanize and steadily employ. Each people should be studied and dealt with separately. Only so many should be admitted from each separate people as our developing experience with immigrants of that people shows us is wise."

There you have it. Industry is tottering for the lack of a base of brawn and muscle. The cities are crowded, the country deserted. Everyone is getting too fine and finicky to dig, delve and produce that which makes life possible and endurable. This is a big problem and it will

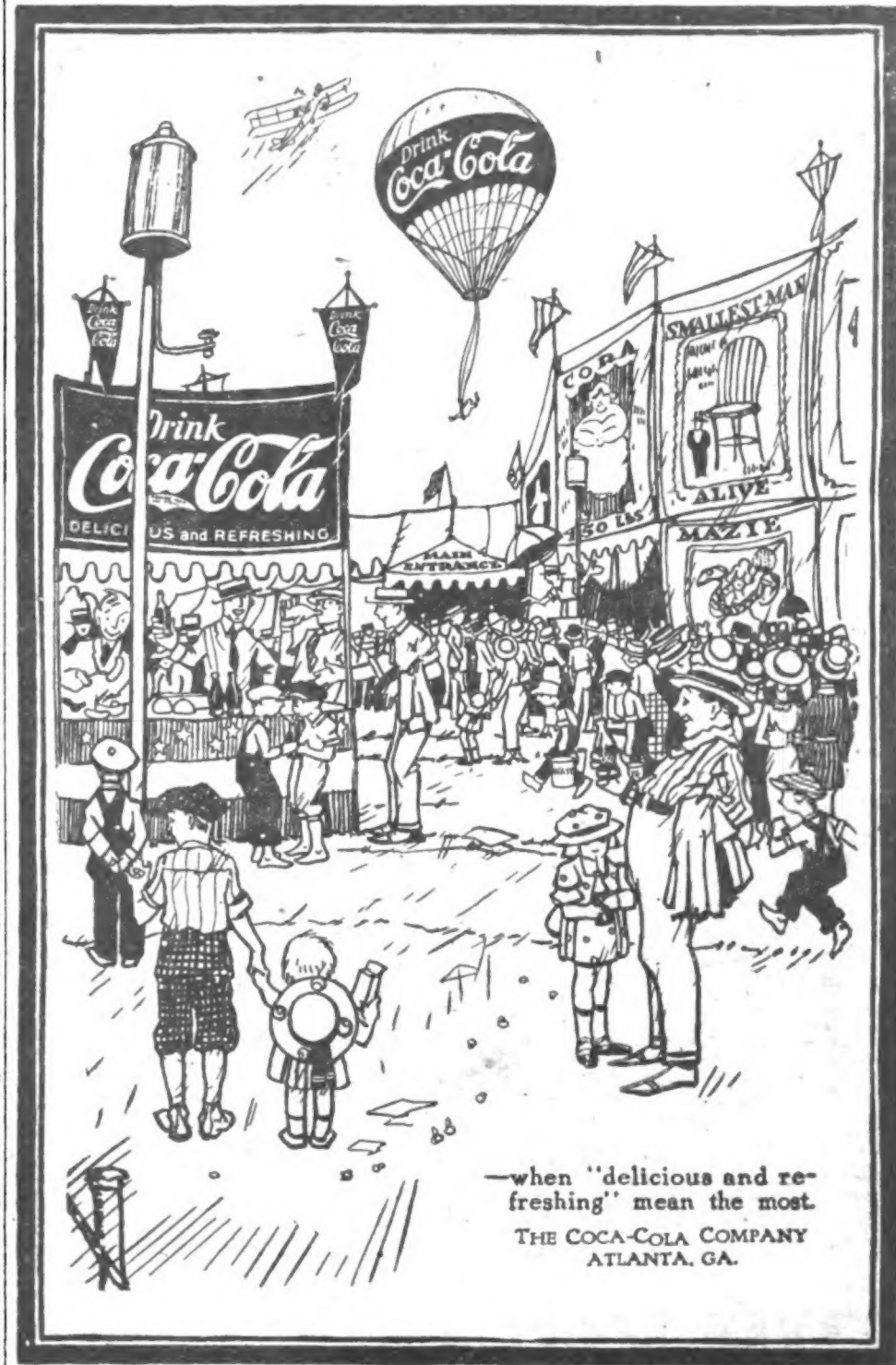
take more than pinhead partizan politicians to handle it.

In figuring on the high cost of living, you must figure on the new basis of employment in many industries where larger forces are required as a result of the average reduction of the work day from a ten- to an eight-hour period. It had become a settled conviction before the war that a man could produce as much in eight hours as he would in ten. That contention, however, no longer holds good. Production has decreased tremendously, and the lower the product the higher the wage. It takes two men to do what one formerly did. Organized labor is bitterly opposed to immigration, and in the past it had plenty of reason to be, for the big industries used these immigrants to lower the living standards of the American workers. But those trouble makers who defy the authority of their recognized leaders and permit a bunch of red rascals to lead them by the nose, tie up our railroads, freeze us, starve us, bleed us, are not entitled to any special consideration at the hands of the American public. When they use their organized power against the orders of their leaders to upset the machinery of society, they become outlaws. When they deprive us of food, leave hundreds of cars of produce, raised with infinite pains and at infinite expense, rotting on the tracks, they are criminals.

Now don't let the workers who read COMFORT get it into their heads that I am trying to hit any honest toiler, for I am not. I'm the friend of every man who is honest and law-abiding and the enemy of every slacker who in this hour of world agony, takes advantage of a starving universe by putting his own petty interests and ambitions above that of all other suffering humans. While we were at war, for a while at least, we seemed to be a united, unselfish people, but, wearying of swatting Germans, we started in to plunder, pillage and gas one another. All that is vile, ugly and contemptible, mean and debased has seized upon us since the armistice was signed, and what the Kaiser could not do we are rapidly doing to ourselves. Only two things will save this country—thrift and patience. Boosting wages will get us nowhere. They have done that in Europe until today the Russian rouble is not worth a cent. Striking only irritates, for it cuts down production (the only thing that can save us) and makes those suffering from high prices, whose wages are low, suffer fifty times more. A strike does not punish the rich, but it punishes everyone else, especially those of scanty means, and unless this striking nuisance stops we shall have conditions similar to those in Russia. You idiots who get your dope from the Red Jew sheets of Kansas and other sections had better learn right now that the Soviet system has failed as it must fail utterly in any community except among some primitive tribe of Indians. Trotsky, who hated militarism because it was not his militarism, has raised the greatest army in the world. You could not put a strike over on him without being blown to bits. Workers' committees or soviets no longer run industrial establishments in Russia. Trotsky found that scheme did not work, so he abolished them and placed skilled managers in charge. So the dreams of the poor dupes who think they can take over and run all the "capitalistic" industries, as they call them, and get results, have vanished. Listen to Trotsky: "Mobilization is more necessary now than it was formerly because we have to deal with a peasant population which cannot be utilized to the fullest extent by any other means than military discipline." Military discipline for everybody—there you have Bolshevism. You see, it is easy to theorize but a very different proposition when work must be done and millions fed and housed. Then dreams vanish and it's work or be shot.

It took this country fourteen years to get back to normal after the Civil War, which was only a storm in a teacup compared to the late great upset, and if you'd practice self-denial, cut out jazzing, striking, loafing and extravagance, and work with the spirit that animated you during the war, we'd again be back to normal in a few years. Canada for ten years has had a law providing for compulsory mediation in all disputes affecting industries of a public character. Under this law, in the course of eight years, out of 177 disputes, all but 19 were satisfactorily settled without any strike. But the Reds want strikes and they want strikes to fail, so they can generate more hate and discontent. They want the One Big Union, which is to consist of Reds, criminals and every sorehead and bum in the land. This union of home-bred Trotskys will be a "government" of a minority for a minority by a minority, and loot and plunder will be its watchwords. These freaks forget that we already have One Big Union, the United States of America, which combines all classes and all creeds. We are not going to swap that Union, which has as its basis the best thoughts, ideals and ideas of the greatest men that ever lived, for anything Bill Heywood or Morris Hillquit can give us.

Soon we shall have a new government, but I warn you that governments can only tax and make laws. They can spend but cannot produce. Your salvation lies with yourselves. We are suffering not from too little but from floods of money that represent little of actual value. The war destroyed two hundred billion dollars' worth of property, and we can only replace that property by years of toil. Before the war, for every dollar there was a dollar's worth of marketable goods. During the war, everything went into destruction and nothing into construction. That is why we are short of houses and everything except Reds, lunatics and politicians. The goods destroyed have got to be replaced and the water pumped out of the dollar, the pound, the franc, the lira, the mark, the rouble, until we again have goods equivalent to the money in circulation. Royal Meeker, the Commissioner of Labor Statistics, in the Labor Review, says: "It will take a long time to deflate the world's inflated currencies or to inflate the world's deflated supply of goods. The profiteer is being blamed on all hands for the increase in prices. (Topeka, Kansas, please take note). Undoubtedly profiteering of the most reprehensible sort has existed and does exist today, but the profiteer is the result of ever-increasing prices rather than the cause thereof. His influence in boosting prices is negligible. If all the profiteers in the world could be apprehended and thrown into jail or lined up and shot, it would have no appreciable influence on prices."



—when "delicious and refreshing" mean the most.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA.

Organized labor will tell you there is no law to stop a man from quitting work if he wants to. Right, old chap, but if a man has a right to quit, it logically follows that another man has a right to begin work. The world's cupboard is empty and there is a shortage of food and necessities all over the globe, and if the American working man won't work, let in the foreigner who will. An enormous hotel is being built in Chicago. The gentlemen who are constructing it ride to work in taxis. Good! Soon, I hope, they will have limousines. But there are certain natural and economic laws and as a result of this auto craze so much glass is going into windshields, so much steel into auto construction that hundreds of buildings are standing empty. For lack of steel, glass, etc., building is almost at a standstill. When the autos are constructed, owing to a shortage of tens of thousands of freight cars, the railroads can't haul them. Now laugh! 33,000 men and boys have left New York farms and rushed to the cities during the last year. Hoover, one of the few sane men in a crazy world, says that if things go on at their present rate we shall soon be importing food. With eight dollars a day for washing a ceiling and ten for shoveling snow, no wonder farmers, who are paying \$80 a ton for feed for their cows, are deserting their farms or reducing their crop acreage 25 per cent. But here's the joke. When Hiram and Mandy get to the city, there is not a roof to be had at any price to cover their heads, and soon there will be nothing for them to eat. You might just as well realize here and now that we are all up against it. The world is sick and there is no way out except by work, faith, patience, good humor, loyalty to one's country and one's God and remember that the wretches who are rocking the national boat and trying to push us into war to oblige some of our noisy foreign boarders, and spill us all while we are striving desperately hard to get to shore, are traitors to humanity and deserve a traitor's fate. P. S. Sugar in South America is fifty cents a pound, so don't get excited.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My Picture Book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter? Is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the Picture Book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: May I say a word about the wholesale desertion of the farm for the city? You young men and women in leaving the farm are only jumping out of the frying pan into the fire and that you will find out when it is too late. I have lived on the farm and in the city and know what I am talking about. Young men who come here do not know what it costs to live and are willing to accept work and wages that a city man with a family cannot live on. The countryman knows little

about the mechanical work required in the cities and the city mechanic makes but a poor farm hand. By flocking to the city you force down production on the farm and leave us people in the cities less to live upon, forcing the prices of food ever higher and higher. What we need today is not higher wages but more product, especially food products, revive capital punishment for food gorgers and put honest men in office. But why do you farmers let your sons and daughters come to the city? It is because you do not make life worth while for them and give them a chance to make a living. Because you have grown old you think the young folks do not need any amusement, but if they do, and if you don't give it to them, they will go where they can get it. Have the old-time parties, barn dances and husking bees, organize baseball clubs, farm improvement clubs, trap shooting, etc. Let us have more sunshine on the farm and in the world, so that we may live our lives to the fullest.

SAM D. KAUFFMAN.

Sam, you are a hero in war and a philosopher and live wire in peace. Your letter is so full of good, sound, common sense that I am going to appoint you a committee of one to take fifty thousand people out of Detroit, where they don't belong, and put them on the farms where they do belong. There is a wild-eyed, on-to-the-city movement, which is leaving farm lands desolate and emptying the old homestead of its young people. Father and mother will hang on until they can work no more and death claims them. And the people who rushed to the cities will find—what? Vice and disease, doorsteps to sleep on, for there are positively no houses and no rooms to be rented unless you are a millionaire, and eventually food not to be had at any price. We can live without automobiles, we can live without a majority of so-called necessities, but we cannot live without food. I have at least half a ton of literature filed away on this subject and about a quarter of a ton is scattered on my bed. And, summed up, what does it amount to? Take your own case, Sam. Why don't you practice what you preach and set a good example to the others? You would be far more useful on the farm than in the city, but I notice you are not there. The lure of the city has existed all through the ages and you cannot combat it, unless you go Bolshevik. Then the Red Army would draft fifty thousand Detroiters, and if they did not want to go back to the farms they would shoot them back. None of us approves of those methods. We all want to follow our own sweet wills, and by doing so, as a rule (for of course we never will take anybody's advice) we make a horrible mess of things. When potatoes become ten dollars apiece, as they will do, and people find that if they stay in the cities they will die of starvation, then and not until then will they rush back to the soil and try and raise the food which alone will sustain them. Secretary of Agriculture Meredith has issued a warning that there will be an acute shortage of food during the coming winter. This is largely due to the lack of farm labor, which is only 72 per cent of normal in spite of high increase in wages. Agriculture is America's greatest industry. Allow it to decay and we decay with it. In 1800 the farm population of America was 94 per cent. Think of it, 94 on the farms to every six in the cities. Today there are only 30 per cent of our people in the country and 70 per cent are huddled in these loathsome wildernesses of bricks, mortar, misery and ungodliness. Every city door is closed tight and nobody knows or cares who his next door neighbor is. People are selfish, self-centered, there is no neighborliness, no community life. There is no company for the young men except the harlot of the street, no company for the young girl except the diseased male vamp of the sidewalk. There are the churches, but only the fear of hell or a shotgun will get the young people into church these days. The vicious movies with their

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

What Makes Beauty?

"O H, if I only had a mouth like Cora's, wouldn't I be happy! Isn't she lucky to be such a beauty?" And the girl in front of me, on the street-car sighed a tremendous sigh as she turned to her companion. I took a critical look at her, then I smiled to myself. The "Cora" she was envying stood in the aisle a few seats off. Pretty, to be sure; a lovely mouth, one must admit; yet, as a matter of fact, none of her features were as clear-cut as those of the envying friend, and taken as a whole her face was not nearly so attractive.

Yet it was perfectly true that at a casual glance she would have been estimated as a beauty,



KEEP A MEAL SHAKER AT HAND FOR YOUR TOILET.

while the other girl would have been lightly passed over as "nice-enough looking." What was the reason? Ah, that's what I want to tell you. Cora gave one the impression of fragrant cleanliness, of a dainty toilet. There were no little hairs straggling in her neck; her hair was soft, lustrous and resilient, which means that it did not mass together but that each hair was a live separate belonging. Everything about her was fresh and lovely, from the sheer organdie collar at her neck to her well-kept shoes and her smooth, perfectly fitting stockings. Her eyebrows lay in a smooth, lustrous line, her teeth were white and perfectly cared for, and her finger-nails, as she turned the pages of her Latin grammar, were beautifully kept.

That was just the difference, girls. Sue, the

other girl, with twice the natural assets, was dressed hurriedly; she gave the impression of a nice girl who had hurried to get ready for school and who didn't think much about how she looked. There were a few stray locks—nothing serious, but just enough to take away any suggestion of perfect grooming. Her nails were blunt though clean, her hair had no luster, and her clothes showed no care given to the little niceties.

That was the only difference between the girl who was "a beauty" and the girl who was not. It pays, girls, to be dainty. We should not think about ourselves unduly, and once we are dressed and ready to meet the rest of the world we should forget our appearance. But there is no harm, but a real duty, in taking time at our toilet to care for all the little niceties so that we may properly dismiss any thought of our appearance from our minds yet know that nothing is awry and nothing about us suggests carelessness.

I know an elderly woman, mother of fourteen children, who has a complexion which her daughters envy. You may be quite sure she has no time for dawdling over her toilet or for beauty luxuries, yet all her life she has methodically rubbed her face with corn-meal after washing with tepid water, and dried it in this manner, and it has kept her skin as smooth and perfect almost as a baby's. She has not ruined it with too much soap. It is a good idea to keep a "shaker" of corn-meal or almond meal on your toilet table and use it for hands and face after bathing, to soften and whiten the skin. The meal will remove soil without injuring the skin.

Be careful, then, girls, about the little things. Make yourself spotlessly clean in the morning, taking, of course, a complete body bath—a sponge bath will be enough in the morning, but you should take a warm, cleansing bath at night—keep your hair clean and carefully brushed, your eyebrows shaped, your nails perfectly cared for, and put on your clothes with care. Who knows that you, too, may not be a beauty?

Answers to Questions

A COUNTRY GIRL.—No, indeed, peroxide and ammonia will not injure the arms. Dampen one day with the peroxide, and one day with the ammonia. Ask your druggist for peroxide of hydrogen, and for toilet ammonia.

TEXAS BLUE EYES.—It is not advisable to undertake a course of exercises while starting on the milk diet. The latter is a form of what is called "forced feeding," and your stomach needs to be undisturbed in its labors, while exercise takes the blood away from the stomach and impedes digestion. That is the reason one does not, even on an ordinary diet, exercise right after meals, or just before meals. It would be better for you either to take a regular course of the exercises you have in mind, say for three weeks, regularly, several times a day, working at them conscientiously; then to stop and take the milk diet, being as lazy as possible while doing so; or vice versa. In the milk sanitariums, the patients are put to bed and kept there, where they lie and doze and save every ounce of energy and flesh that the milk diet creates, and need not go to this extreme, but may go about their ordinary undertakings, only being careful not to take violent exercise. The milk should be sweet—this is in answer to another of your questions—and not skimmed milk. Of course, if you live in the country, the whole milk just as it comes from the cow is much richer than what we of the city mean by skimmed milk. You can take off part of the cream. You say sweet milk does not seem to agree with you. This is probably because your stomach is not quite in good condition—it may be acid, and so curdle the milk. Milk diet experts say that when milk "does not agree," that indicates the most urgent need for that special diet. Milk is not a beverage, but a food, and cannot be taken in any quantity in conjunction with solid food, for that gives the stomach too much to do and results in discomfort. You should eliminate solid food while living on the milk, and should be careful to "chew" every mouthful of the milk before swallowing, that it may be well mixed with the saliva which is necessary to its complete digestion. To begin with, take a glass and a half of milk every hour until about 3.30 or 4 in the afternoon, beginning, say, at 7.30 or 8 in the morning. Then eat a light supper about 6.30, and drink a couple of glasses of water between that hour and going to bed. Also drink a couple of glasses of hot water on rising in the morning. Since you will not be exercising, it is a good idea to put half-a-dozen prunes to soak at night in a tumbler of water and in the morning chew the prunes thoroughly and drink the juice. Do this about fifteen minutes before taking your first glass of milk. I wish you luck in your undertaking.

ANXIOUS GIRL.—I wonder if when the skin peels, as you say, about your finger nails, you pull the skin off? Well, don't any more. Every night before you go to bed, don't the skin about the nails with vaseline to soften it. Rub a little oil at any time in the day when you do not have to use your fingers for a little time. Keeping the skin soft will prevent peeling. Then if it does crack and a hangnail appears, clip it gently and immediately with a pair of sharp manicure scissors—do not under any circumstances pull it off. It wouldn't be a bad idea for you to soak your finger nails in olive oil once a day. Use a cup so that you will not have to have a great quantity of oil, and put your finger-ends in the oil, letting them soak for ten or fifteen minutes. What you need is more oil in your skin, I think. Do you use a steel nail-cleaner? Don't! Buy yourself an orange-wood stick, and always soak your nails for a minute or two before cleaning, so that you can use the stick very gently, being careful not to break the skin beneath the nail. Don't use strong soap on your hands.

ANXIOUS GIRL.—Fourteen is pretty young to go to dances, isn't it? But if your father and mother approve and you only dance with your brother and the friend your family approve, I expect it is lots of fun. What should you say when your partner thanks you for a dance? Why, if he merely says, "Thank you" as he bows and leaves you, all you need do is smile. But if he says, "That was a fine dance—thank you," or, "I certainly enjoyed that—thank you," or, "You might say, 'did I,' or 'Wasn't the music good?'" or, "It's fun dancing when the floor is so good," or "You dance so well, it is fun dancing with you." It isn't really necessary to say anything, if your partner is just leaving for the next dance with somebody else. A smile is sufficient. In answer to your other question—yes, indeed, it is always correct to give your seat to an older person. If the boy who gave you his seat is standing by you, you can say to him in an undertone, as you give your seat to the elderly person, "You don't mind do you? I can't feel comfortable sitting down when an older person is standing," or something like that. You sound like a very nice girl. I hope you have lots of fun this summer, and make just the pleasantest friends.

WASHINGTON STATE.—Yes, indeed, ammonia will take your breath away. It isn't meant to inhale, my dear, although when people have fainted we place a bottle of ammonia under their noses to bring them to. It is strong, just as you say, but it takes something strong to kill hair roots. It will also burn a sensitive skin, though most skins can stand an every-other-day application without discomfort. Try it on the hairy spot—your arm or your face—dampening the hair and letting the ammonia dry on. The next day use the peroxide, and the next day the ammonia, and so on. If the ammonia irritates the skin after a few applications, stop the treatment for a few days and apply a cold cream or a zinc oxide ointment. It is possible you may have to dilute the ammonia, but this takes away part of its killing strength.

GEORGIA GIRL.—A red face probably comes from imperfect circulation, in your case. You say too, that the "veins" in your face are large. Do you mean on the temple where the veins show? I suggest that you be careful about violent exercise—take things easy, especially in warm weather. Take a cool sponge bath in the morning, then powder the body thoroughly. Don't wear tight clothes. See that your corset is very low-busted and do not have it tight. Your shoes should be comfortable and there should be no tight waistbands, neck-bands, garters, etc. Don't wear round garters, they are the worst things in the world for your circulation; you must wear side garters either attached to your corset, or attached to a washable belt worn around your waist. With attention to all these details, the condition of your veins should not be so noticeable. You speak of having them "removed with an electric needle." I do not quite understand you. You aren't talking about enlarged pores, instead of veins, are you? If it should chance that you are speaking about pores, then the use of cold water to dash on the face, after a thorough cleaning, and the avoidance of hot water, will help greatly. The electric needle is not used for either condition, however. We use the electric needle to remove hairs and moles, and sometimes in the treatment of scars.

E. L. K.—Reduce your bust? Why, my dear, it is only 34. What do you want to reduce it for? By another year, you will be writing me asking how to increase its size. Thirty-four is a very small bust, and you shouldn't reduce. You say your hips are thirty-eight—that is a very good size for your hips, and eventually your bust will no doubt increase to the same size, since bust and hips should be the same measurement, with the waist ten inches smaller. Your waist should be about 28 eventually, though it may be smaller now. No, indeed, you do not weigh too much for your height and age. But let the bust alone!

EASTON.—An itching scalp may come from a number of causes. A too strong soap used in one's shampoo leaves an itching scalp sometimes. In shampooing, use a white household soap, shave into boiling water, let stand over heat until dissolved, then cool slightly and pour on the head a little at a time, massaging and rubbing both scalp and hair and squeezing off the soiled lather. Then rinse well, and apply some more of the shampoo liquid, finally rinsing many times in warm water, tepid water and finally, after every particle of soap is out of the hair, in cool water. Brush the hair gently. Don't use a wire brush on your scalp but a brush of only medium stiffness. See that it is cleaned after every brushing, by shaking and brushing of the bristles; and that it is washed and thoroughly dried at least twice a week. Too vigorous brushing with a stiff brush will often break and irritate the scalp. Massaging the scalp will improve its health. I suggest that you dip the finger tips in warm oil before massaging, so that the scalp gets a little oil daily. Try not to get oil on the hair—if you just barely dip the fingers; and then massage for some time, the scalp will absorb the oil and there will be no greasiness of the hair.

ETTA LUELLA.—See answer above. You should be very careful about your diet. Eat plenty of green vegetables and fresh fruits, good bread and butter, drink milk, eat cream on cereals, drink quantities of water between meals and see that the bowels move regularly—not with cathartics but by diet and exercise. Try soaking half-a-dozen prunes each night and eating them next morning—see answer to "Texas Blue Eyes." An egg shampoo would be good for your scalp instead of a soap shampoo.

CURLY LOCKS.—What do you mean by a "pug"? Do you mean the hair coiled at the neck, like a grown-up person's? If so, I do not think it the appropriate hairdressing for a girl of fifteen, even if, as you say, she does not go to school. But why doesn't she go to school? My, what a lot she is missing—fun, as well as education. Go to school just as long as possible. Every month means a lot more learned and a lot more that you will get out of life later, and a lot more friends that you will make. Don't quit school until you just have to, and if you have quit, go back! About the hair, many fashionable girls of fifteen wear their hair down their back in braids—that seems to be the favored way; but you can braid it and turn it under at the neck, tying with a big bow; or if your hair is rather short you can part it in the middle of the back, brush each half toward the ear, then braid, and tie the end of each braid to the beginning of the other next the head, using a big bow for each of the two tings. This is only pretty where the hair is short so that the braid is just about long enough to reach from one side of the head to the other.

WORRIED.—Both the scarlet fever and the "flu" have had a bad effect on your hair, and you need, now, to give the scalp thorough attention. Probably your hair is dry so I should not wash it more than once in three weeks, being careful at the time of a shampoo to thoroughly rinse it many, many times. It would be a good idea for you to anoint the scalp—not the hair—with olive oil the night before a shampoo, tying your head up in a towel. Use a medicine dropper, if you have one, and run it along the part, then make another part and do the same, and continue until the scalp is all anointed. This softens any dandruff and makes it come away. Massage the scalp twice a day, with the hair



IT PAYS TO KEEP YOUR NAILS NOT ONLY CLEAN BUT ATTRACTIVELY SHAPED AND WELL CARED FOR.

hanging loose. To massage the scalp, slip the fingers beneath the hair next the scalp, on each side of the head, and pressing firmly move the scalp back and forth on the skull. Do not lift the fingers. Keep changing the position of the fingers until the entire scalp has been treated in this way. This sets the blood circulating and restores a healthy condition to the scalp. You say you are in good health now, so that your scalp and hair will probably begin to recover also. Be sure to keep yourself in healthy condition, bowels moving at least once and preferably twice daily, eating only at meals and then chewing your food thoroughly, drinking plenty of water between meals, and getting lots of sleep at night in a room with the windows open. Don't be discouraged; it takes a little time after illness before the body gets back to normal again.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Freckles

Tan or Liver Spots positively removed by using Stillman's Freckle Cream. Prepared for one purpose only—clearing the skin. If you have freckles, write us today for our Free Booklet "Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" Stillman's Cream is sold by most druggists, 50c a jar, or direct from us, same price, prepaid. Write now. We can help you. Stillman Cream Co., Dept. 10, Aurora, Ill.

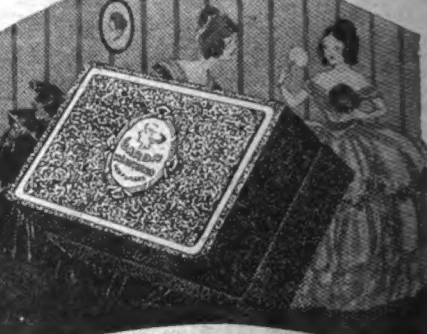
POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment—Your druggist or by mail, 65c. C. R. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Freeman's FACE POWDER

WOMEN whose preference for Freeman's Face Powder has never lessened during 40 years know that the exclusive use of this pure, smooth powder in youth and later life is largely responsible for their clear, fresh, velvety skins.

All tint at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

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A generous sample of the newest Watkins Product

Garda Face Powder Will be sent on receipt of your name, address and a 2c stamp. Watkins—the original—the more than half century old company that has served and is serving upwards of twenty millions of persons—announces an entrancing new product, Garda Face Powder, its daintiness, its irresistible appeal to people of refinement who appreciate perfect blending and clinging qualities, are combined with the New Garda Odor, itself reminiscent of the gardens of France, Greece, Italy, Java and the Orient. You know Watkins—you know this great house, largest of its kind in the world produces Quality. In Garda Face Powder and other Garda Preparations, it has excelled all its former triumphs.

Write for Sample Today Learn how pure—distinctly—delicious—Garda Powder. Accept our offer for sample today. You will be delighted with the fragrant charm and alluring softness of this newest Watkins creation, and will learn of other exclusively Watkins Garda Products.

THE J. R. WATKINS CO. Dept. 226 More than 2500 representatives in town and country are sole distributors of Garda Preparations. Winona, Minn. We want salespeople in open territory. Splendid opportunity for men and women. Special plan free.



SAGE TEA TURNS GRAY HAIR DARK

If Mixed with Sulphur It Darkens so Naturally Nobody can Tell.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Now, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

MURINE Night and Morning. Have Clean, Healthy Eyes. If they Tired, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant and Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

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Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

What to Do When Anyone Faints

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THERE is nothing more alarming to the bystander than to see anyone faint, and the average person feels very helpless and is almost afraid to offer any assistance for fear he should do the wrong thing. What is usually done is to lift the sufferer to a couch and place a pillow under the head. Now this is all wrong for most of such attacks are caused by lack of blood in the brain brought on by intense fatigue, shock, extreme fright or very severe pain. The head, therefore, should not be raised above the level of the body. If the sufferer has fallen on the floor, if possible let him remain there until he recovers consciousness.

Loosen the clothing especially about the neck so that the throat will not be constricted by pressure. Then sprinkle a little cold water on the forehead and hold a bottle of smelling salts to the nose and as soon as possible give a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a third of a glass of water. If you have not the ammonia, a cup of hot black coffee is also an excellent restorative when the patient is able to swallow.

When you see a person unconscious and the face is flushed, the attack is something more serious than a faint and should be treated very differently. A doctor should be sent for without delay. A moment, for in all probability this is apoplexy which requires immediate attention. Lay the sufferer on his back and raise the head and shoulders with a thick pillow and apply a cloth wet with cold water or pounded ice wrapped in a cloth to the head. Do not give any kind of stimulant for in this condition it does more harm than good.

In hot weather an unconscious condition is sometimes due to sunstroke. This differs from an ordinary faint in that the skin is intensely hot and dry and there is a very high temperature, the eyes are bloodshot and the pulse rapid and weak. If this terrible heat continues it is exceedingly dangerous and even minutes are important in this condition. First get the sufferer in the shade and then send some one for a doctor at once. Raise the patient's head with a pillow, a cushion or even a coat rolled up. Loosen the clothing around the neck and chest and dash cold water on the skin. Put a towel dripping with ice water or hold cracked ice on top of the head, and continue this treatment until the patient revives or the physician comes.

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AGENTS: \$60 a Week

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Self 30 Novelty Pins at 10¢
When sold send \$3.00 and we'll send atom wind watch, or keep \$1.00. Clara Watch Co., 47, Chicago

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

what the girls had said. Then they had to tell him the truth. If you don't tell them someone else will. I am going to bring up a subject I have never seen in print and that is the borrowing habit. I am willing to loan anything but with the present H. C. O. L. I want it returned. I have a neighbor who is always borrowing, a cup of sugar, cup of coffee, flour, potatoes, and so on, but never returns anything or else in a smaller quantity than borrowed. They even borrow three or four eggs or a few slices of ham or bacon as they say they have nothing for their father's breakfast. They also borrow loaves of bread. Now what I want to know is, have I done right in telling them I am nearly out of the article for which they come. We get our groceries only three times a week and have to keep things on hand. What would you do with neighbors like mine?

Long live Mrs. Wilkinson and may her future years be filled with pleasure and brightness.

ALWAYS CHEERFUL.

Thanks, Always Cheerful, for your kind wishes. I think I'd let "father" go without his bacon and eggs some morning. Your letter reminds me of a little poem I saw the other day. It doesn't refer to borrowing groceries, neither is it as high-brow as Shakespeare's "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," but the idea is the same. This is the poem:

"I once had money and a friend;
On both I set great store.
I loaned my money to my friend,
And took his note therefor.

"I asked my money of my friend,
And naught but words I got.
I lost my money and my friend,
For sue him I would not.

"If I had money and a friend,
As I had once before,
I'd keep my money and my friend
And play the fool no more."

CROOKSTON, NEB.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I am sending you my baby's picture. She was six weeks old when this was taken. The older baby is my



OCEA MAXINE AND HER COUSIN.

brother-in-law's baby. I should like to see their picture in COMFORT. My baby's name is Ocea Maxine Brill. She is at the left of the picture.

With best wishes to COMFORT.
MRS. BERTIE BRILL
BOWTOWN, O.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I received my April number of "COMFORT" last Wednesday and on Thursday I received the sad news of Mr. S. C. Sheppard's death in an Idaho hospital; whether he had gone to be operated on for appendicitis. He wrote me that he did not expect to survive the operation as he had a weak heart and both his parents died of heart trouble.

You will readily remember him, I am sure, as his name is mentioned in several of the "Sisters'" letters in April COMFORT. He wrote the interesting letter from Utah in the Christmas number, and was an ardent admirer of Uncle Charlie, as we all are.

Mr. Sheppard was one of the noblest men I ever knew and it seems sad that he has gone from us, for our world needs that kind of men.
If you will kindly forward the addresses of "Virginia Rose" and "Frances," I will write them. Thanking you in advance for same, I remain,
Your "COMFORT" Sister, G. L.

PRINCETON, N. J.

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTS:
It does seem good to take an active part in one of your monthly meetings again!

Come, Criss, sit at my right hand and COMFORT Reader at my left and help me out when I can't think of the right word to say.

COMFORT Reader, I will think Mrs. Wilkinson a pretty poor sport if she doesn't publish her picture after that rising vote you secured several months ago. I dare her to publish it for you will all get an agreeable surprise. You mustn't take everything she says about herself too seriously for some folks are just naturally modest.

Yes, Eva, I tried to become familiar with the different varieties of citrus fruits in Florida by eating every kind that was handed to me. I even tried to like the guava but I'll never forget my first, and last, experience with the Jamaica or custard apple—I think that was the name. We were visiting a citrus grove and the caretaker showed us a Jamaica apple tree which had only three or four apples left on it. As we had never tasted this fruit he picked a couple, thinking he was giving us a special treat. It was soft inside, like custard, with a sweet taste flavored like perfume. I thought I could get away with any kind of fruit but this time I felt myself getting sicker by the minute so after taking a few bites I threw it in the bushes when the man's back was turned, but felt absolutely guilty in wasting his precious fruit.

Thanks, Kate, for asking about Mr. X. I've been dying to tell! My dear, the sad part of that affair was that a few months after my return to Minnesota I received an announcement of his marriage to an old sweetheart. The only thing which saved my faith in men was the fact that he renewed his friendship with this girl after my visit to Los Angeles.

"B," you're all right. The liking is mutual. You have Mrs. W.'s "mental caliber" sized up right although it would be poor policy for her to agree with anyone in particular when an argument is on.

On reaching the entrance to Yellowstone Park we went to the Wylie Camp Headquarters where we were assigned seats in a stage for at that time no autos were allowed in the park. All tourists rode in stage coaches drawn by four or six horses. These stages were numbered so each morning when your particular number was called out you and the others assigned to it must be ready to climb in and start off for a thirty-mile drive.

The trip through the Park and return took us five days. At night we camped in the Wylie tent villages. The first part of the evenings was spent watching the bears around the dump piles and later on by sitting around a huge camp fire where corn was popped, songs were sung and stories were told. Every night we stopped at a different camp where the tourists were given an enjoyable time. The scenery all through the



How well it Pays To beautify the teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Millions of people are cleaning teeth in a new way. They are getting new results—results you envy, maybe. In every circle nowadays you see pearly teeth.

Find out how folks get them. Try this method for ten days and see what your own teeth show.

They combat film

Dental science has found a way to combat film on teeth. And film causes most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat—you feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is this film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Why old ways fail

The ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve film, so brushing has left much of it intact. Thus millions of people have found that brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Now, after years of searching, science has found a way to combat film. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Today leading dentists all over America are urging its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste made to meet every modern requirement. It has brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

A ten-day test will show

Pepsodent proves itself. The results are clear and quick. So the policy is to send a 10-Day Tube to everyone who asks, and a book explaining all its unique effects.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digester of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. But science has

discovered a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Compare the results with old methods and let your teeth decide.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

You will be amazed. In ten days you will know the way to whiter, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 604, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

park was most beautiful but the hot springs and geysers were the chief centers of attraction.

While driving through the park the tourists often ask foolish questions and the drivers are always willing to give satisfactory answers. As soon as you start out on your trip you ask, "Oh, Mr. Driver, where does this road go?" and he kindly replies, "It doesn't go anywhere. It always stays here." And later on, "Oh, Mr. Driver, are all those beautiful flowers wild?" and he replies most solemnly, "Yes, they are all wild but perfectly harmless." On being asked if mosquitoes ever got very bad, a driver replied, "Do they? Well, I guess! Only last week a party of campers were going by here leading a cow and calf behind the wagon. They camped near the lake and the next morning when they looked for the cow they found the mosquitoes had eaten her up and were ringing the bell for the calf."

Just beyond Old Faithful Inn you pass a lot of dead pine trees. While passing them you ask, "What killed all those fine trees?" He looks you over with a twinkling eye and says, "Why a short time ago a party of school teachers were touring the Park and had a picnic under those trees. Soon after it was noticed the trees began to die. On being examined by a botanist it was discovered that they had been talked to death."

Nuff said, so I'll stop before I talk the sisters to death, too.

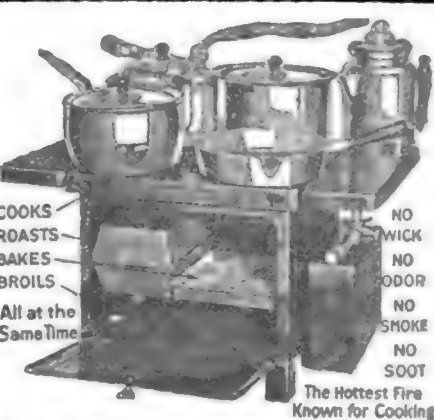
NELLE L. FISCHER.

KIMBALL, S. DAK.

HELLO EVERYBODY:
Our get-together corner is worth its weight in pickles and if the papers have to be cut down, as threatened, I shall agree with the old captain who said, "Something less rotten won't ain't in Denmark." Anything that cloth may be made of will do as well for paper pulp and I think if the present styles keep up, cloth may be done away with entirely, providing we can get henakin or something of which to make wider belts. Let us advocate the raising of fiber flax that our chief source of education and information may stay with us.

We "du" last winter and for eight weeks my mouth looked like an inverted breve but I am back on the job again—the task so many of you have given me—ready to be mother-chum to orphans, big sister to the girls, adviser to home makers, cheer giver to grand-ma-ladies, eyes and ears for shut-ins and a COMFORT sister to all who send stamped envelopes.

I receive many begging letters and am so sorry that I cannot help you financially but I will tell you how to use the things you have to the best advantage. Two of the greatest possibilities are stocking tops and flour sacks. From stockings make wrapper drawers for baby,



Little Wonder Oil Stoves

Do as much with one gallon of oil as any other oil stove will with ten. Instead of 80% of the heat going to waste around the sides of the kettles, all of it is utilized in our fuel-saver top.

The ideal stove for Country Homes, Cottages, Touring, Camping, Yachting, etc. Pays for itself in one year by saving oil. One gallon burns 16 to 20 hours. Why bother with wood or coal or the old-fashioned oil stove that takes forever to get a meal? It boils a quart of water in three minutes and makes country cooking as easy as with city gas.

Guaranteed as represented or money refunded. The stoves will be handled through dealers everywhere. But if you want one this summer, send money order or check direct to factory and stove will be shipped at once with directions and guarantee.

Price \$17.50 f.o.b. Factory. Weight 30 lbs.
LITTLE WONDER STOVE CO.
3528 GABLE AVE. DETROIT, MICH.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Tatted Night Gown Yoke & Other Designs

Tatted Nightgown Yoke

BY EVA MAE BELL.

THIS handsome yoke is made by arranging tatted wheels in an unusually attractive way. The pattern which shows very plainly in our illustration is made of a medium cotton, each wheel consisting of 8, five picot rings with 3 d s between each, join to each by the second and 4th picots as made and connected by chs of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s.

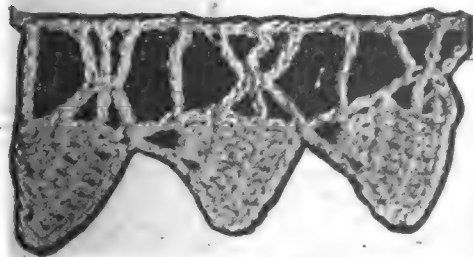
The arrangement of the front point is plainly shown while the points over the shoulders are made by adding three medallions to the shoulder bands. The neck is edged with an insertion made as follows:

Ring 5 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, chs 9 d s, 1 ring, 1 ch, 1 ring joined to the first ring, the yoke should be laid out and carefully basted to a paper and this insertion joined to the wheels as it is made, edging on sleeve is made as follows: 1 small 7 p ring, ch of 4 d s, 1 7 p ring, ch 3 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, join to center p of second ring, 4 d s, 1 7 p ring, 4 d s, 1 7 p ring, 4 d s, join to picot of ch, 6 d s, join to second picot of ch, 6 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, joined to ring, repeat.

Beading and Edge

This pattern is suitable for most any purpose requiring a beading and edge. If made of silk-ateen or crocheted cotton of the same quality the work will measure about an inch in width.

1st row.—Ch 9, turn, 4 d c, in 4th st from hook, ch 6, 1 d c in end of ch.



BEADING AND EDGE.

2nd row.—Ch 4, 1 s c, under ch 6, ch 3, 2 d c in each d c, ch 3, turn.
3rd row.—2 d c in first d c, 1 d c in next d c, repeat, ch 3, 1 s c on s c, ch 3, 1 s c.
4th row.—Ch 9, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, in first d c, of shell, ch 3.
5th row.—3 d c, under ch, 1 d c, on d c, ch 6, 1 d c under ch 9.
6th row.—Same as 2nd row. Repeat.

CHARITY KINCHEN.

Instead of Beading

If one finds it difficult to get the usual lace beadings for under garments, try using insertion an inch and a half wide, folded lengthwise. To use this put the raw edge between the folded edge and stitch in place.

Run the ribbon through the last casing and one will have a very dainty finish.

Rose Yoke in Pink and White

BY ANNIE POPE.

Directions as given will result in size 34 yoke. Materials.—One ball No. 50 white, two balls of pink, medium sized steel hook.

Begin with ch 535 stitches, this forms lower edge of yoke.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, repeat to end of ch, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—Join in pink and make 1 d c on each d c and space, 2 d c in each sp, ch 3, turn.

3rd row.—1 block of 4 d c, join in white, spaces on spaces. Join in second pink ball and finish with 1 blk of 4 d c in pink, ch 3, turn.

4th row.—5 blks of pink, 4 sps of white, 5 blks pink, 5 sps pink, 4 blks pink, 3 sps pink, 3 blks

14th row.—One and one half sps white, 1 blk pink, 5 sps white, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks pink, 1 sp, white, ch 4, turn.

15th row.—One and one half sps white, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk pink, 7 and one half sps white, ch 4, turn.

16th row.—Five and one half sps white, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp all pink, 2 blks white, ch 4, turn.

17th row.—One and one half sps white, 1 blk pink,

shell, repeat until one has 8 groups of puff sts.

Break off the yarn. Working on this short row, make another exactly like it; these two rows are for the shoulder, and another shoulder should be made to correspond.

Next fasten the yarn in the first stitch at the front, make ch 3, shell 4 d c in each shell and 2

puff sts, continue across the kimono.

Break off the yarn. Fasten it in the eighth group of puff stitches from the front. Work as before across four

groups of puff stitches

and shells. Break off.

Then fasten the yarn in the seventh group of puff stitches from the front and work as before, until you have six groups of puff stitches and six

shells. Break off the yarn and make another side to correspond.

Now fasten the yarn at the front edge. This is for the third row; make ch 4, 1 d c in same st, * 1 d c between first and second st in shell, 1 d c in the center of the shell, 1 d c between the third and fourth sts, then 2 puff sts.

Repeat from * to end of row.

4th row.—Fasten the yarn, ch 4, 1 d c in the same st, * 1 d c between the first and second sts in the shell, 1 d c between the second and third sts in shell, 1 d c in the

center, 1 d c between the fourth and fifth sts in the shell, 1 d c between the fifth and sixth sts in shell, making 8 sts in the shell just made; 2 puff sts. Repeat from * to end of row.

5th and 6th rows.—Fasten yarn, make ch 4 and 1 d c, in same st, * make 4 d c in center, after which make 1 d c between every 2 d c again; make 2 puff sts. Repeat from * to end of row.

7th and 8th rows.—Fasten yarn, ch 4 1 d c in the same st, * sk the first 2 d c, make 1 d c between the second and third, and then between every 2 d c until you reach center; make 4 d c in the center and one between every 2 except the last 2; make 2 puff sts. Repeat from * to end of row.

12th row.—Fasten yarn, ch 4, 1 d c, in the same space, make 5 groups of shells and puff sts, ch 10, sk 8 groups of shells and puff sts, fasten in 9th puff st, work across the back, and after making 11 puff sts, make a ch of 10; sk 8 groups and work across the front.

13th to 17th rows.—Work as in the previous rows, making 2 shells of 4 d c with 2 puff sts between on the ch of 10.

Edge kimono with blue by making a crazy st (a crazy st consists of 1 s c, ch 3, 3 d c) in every third st, catch the two yokes together. Finish with ribbon rosettes.

An Inexpensive Cushion Cover

Take a square of muslin or other white goods, (I use flour sacks) 20x20 inches. Draw eight

threads, leave nine, draw eight more and repeat till whole square is drawn each way. Now

thread a coarse needle with colored samsilk, begin at one corner and work a simple over and

over stitch diagonally to other corner, by putting the needle under the solid squares from the same side each time

which draws thread over the open spaces, draw thread reasonably tight and be careful to work

first line straight. Now turn and work back crossing thread under solid squares and over

open spaces, repeat till four rows are worked.

Change thread for contrasting colors and work four more, repeat till square is worked, now

begin at opposite corners and work across changing colors of thread every four rows which throws it into squares. Line and ruffle

with white or if preferred colored silk, voile, or plain gingham can be used with good effect.

MISS NELLIE GRAHAM.

Roses of Silk or Satin

Various sized roses of either silk or satin are not difficult to make and they furnish a fascinating change of work for the needlewoman.

Their uses are many, as in small sizes they

When making these flowers, first cover a tiny wad of cotton with a bit of satin and attach it to a piece of white hat wire. This forms the center of the rose. The petals are then added, working around and around, twisting the fine wire around the central stem.

After all the petals have been added cut five small three-cornered pieces of light-green silk for the calyx.

Add these with the aid of fine wire. The calyx can be dispensed with if you wish; but without the calyx the flower does not look as natural as with it.

By closely bending and crumbling the satin you can get a very natural-looking flower.

Petals for a medium-sized rose should measure about two inches long and one inch wide, one edge being cut curved at the corners, gather on the square edge to the curved portion, then pull up tightly before fastening to wire.

Tatted Tray Cloth

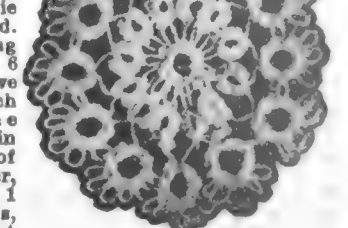
BY ORA ARMSTRONG HILL.

Fig. 1 illustrates the wheel motif used in edging this tray cloth, while Fig. 2 gives one a clear idea of the corner arrangement of the motifs which make an unusual attractive edging.

For the Tatted Wheel begin with ring of 12 picots with 1 d s between each, close ring, tie and cut thread.

Now one ring of 6 d s, 7 p, 6 d s, close, leave quarter inch thread, one ring, 5 d s, join to first p of ring for center, 5 d s close, 1 ring of 6 d s, join to last picot of first

large ring, 6 p, 6 d s close, small ring join 1 to second p of ring for center and repeat making in all 12 large rings, cut threads and tie. All the wheels are exactly alike and can be joined in making or afterwards as one prefers, after which arrange pattern on linen for center, baste in place and then permanently attach by buttonholing through the picots of the wheel which form the inner edge of the border.



WHEEL MOTIF. FIG. 1.

Baby's Dresses

It very often happens that baby's sheer little frocks are creased if put away in a drawer, even if great care be exercised in keeping them smooth.

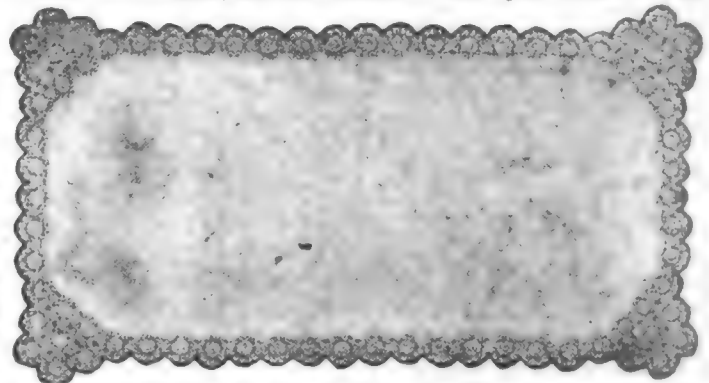
A much better plan is to procure a number of coat hangers, children's size, and on these place the little dresses. Any particular dress is easily found and may be taken down without danger of crushing the others. It will be found worth while to have a circular bar put up in the closet, as a great many more frocks may be put away at a time.

Cleansing Laces

Fine laces which are much soiled should first be soaked in cold water to which add a little borax. Later put in a bottle of warm

soapsuds and shake until clean, rinse in the same way and dry.

Black silk lace can be made to look like new by washing in soapy water, rinsing until clear, and then adding a little gum arabic to last



TATTED TRAY CLOTH.

rinsing water to give a little body to the lace. Squeeze out thoroughly and spread on a smooth surface. A marble-top table or window pane will answer nicely. No ironing will be necessary and unless the lace is worn it will look as good as new.

Old Stockings

No matter how often stockings are darned and how economically they are worn, there comes a day when they are no longer fit to appear in public. Then they begin to accumulate, until they are thrown out by the weary housewife.

They may be utilized, however, by slitting down the seams, or down the sides if they are of the seamless variety, and basting them down to make floor mops. The feet, of course, are cut off—they are usually the worst worn parts in any case. For a heavy floor mop, quilt several of the stockings loosely together after they are split, or for an ordinary dry mop use just one thickness of the cloth.

Another way of using the discarded hosiery is to make of it flatiron holders and stove cleaners to slip over the hand when applying the polish.

Knot Lace

Make a chain of twenty-four stitches, turn.

1st row.—3 tr c, in 4th st, ch 1, 3 tr c in the same st, making a shell, * ch 2, sk 2, 1 tr c, repeat from * 3 times. Ch 2, shell in the 5th st, 1 tr c, in the last st, ch 4, turn.

2nd row.—Shell of 6 tr c, on shell, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 1, then make one knot by throwing the thread over the needle and drawing up loop from under the ch 2 of previous row, repeat 11 times, then draw one loop through all twelve,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



ROSE YOKE IN PINK AND WHITE.

pink. Do not break and join threads, simply leave a large loop, drop one thread and pick up the other. Join in white and make 15 sps, ch 6, turn.

5th row.—14 sps white, pick up pink and make 5 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 2 sps, 6 blks, with white 4 sps, pink 4 blks, white 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—4 sps white, 4 blks pink, 8 sps white, 13 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks pink, 11 sps white, 1 d c in next d c, this makes one half sp, ch 4, turn.

7th row.—1 d c on d c, 10 sps white, 4 blks, 4 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, all pink, 4 sps white, 3 blks pink, 5 sps white, one half sp, ch 4, turn.

8th row.—3 sps white, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks pink, 3 sps white, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk all pink, 10 sps and one half sp of white.

9th row.—One half and 8 sps white, 1 blk, 1 sp, 8 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks all pink, 3 sps white, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks pink, 3 sps white, ch 4, turn.

10th row.—One half and 2 sps white, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks pink, 2 sps white, 6 blks, 1 sp, 10 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks pink, 5 and one half sps white, ch 4, turn.

11th row.—One half and 3 sps white, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks pink, 2 sps white, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk pink, 2 and one half sps white, ch 4, turn.

12th row.—1 and one half sps white, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk pink, 3 sps white, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks all pink, 2 sps white, ch 4, turn.

13th row.—One and one half sps white, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks all pink, 2 sps white, 2 blks pink, 2 and one half sps white, ch 4, turn.

1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks pink, 3 and one half sps, ch 4, turn.

18th row.—Two and one half sps white, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk pink, 1 sp, white, ch 4, turn.

19th row.—4 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks all pink, 1 and one half sps white, ch 4, turn.

20th row.—One and one half sps white, 5 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks all pink, one half sp white, ch 3, turn.

21st row.—With pink, 2 blks, beginning on 4th d c in last row, 1 sp, 6 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 and one half sps white, ch 4, turn.

22nd row.—One and one half sps white, 6 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp pink, ch 4, white.

23rd row.—One half sp white, 7 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks pink, 1 half sp white, ch 4, turn.

24th row.—2 blks pink over center of 4 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 1 half sp white, turn.

25th row.—Seven and one half sps white. Then 14 rows 4 spaces in width. Break thread. Make the other side of the front in the same way. The back is exactly the same excepting one works the first 6 rows completely across, before beginning to make the center shaped as is the front.

When shoulder straps are narrowed down to 4 spaces, join to fronts.

Make beadings of double double trebles according to the width ribbon one wishes to use. Edge with a pink scallop in every other space of 1 s c in a sp. Ch 8, form picot, ch 2, 1 d c in next sp, 1 p ch, 1 d c, repeat, making 5 d c in all, 1 p ch, 1 s c in next.

Crocheted Kimono Bed Jacket

Materials: 18 skeins Shetland floss 15 of one color for body and 3 for trimming if one prefers to use two colors. A No. 2 and a No. 4 bone crochet hook. Directions are for 36 or 38 bust measure.

Begin with No. 2 hook and wool to be used for trimming. Ch 28 sts.

1st row.—1 d c in 4th st, ch 1, sk 1, 1 d c in next, repeat making 13 spaces in all.

2nd row.—Ch 3, 1 d c in first in last row, ch 1, 2 d c on d c, * ch 1, 1 d c in second sp, ch 1, 1 d c in third sp, ch 1, 2 d c on d c, repeat from * to end of row, making 5 widenings in all.

Continue working in this way widening at beginning and ending of each row and at 5 widening until 12 rows are completed.

Make the fronts of the yoke a little deeper by crocheting two rows from the front edge to the first widening. Now

take the blue yarn and make a yoke nearly like the pink one. This is for the lining yoke.

Baste the lining and outside yokes together, making each stitch in one fit on the other. Then take yarn for body and the large crochet hook.

Fasten in the first sp in the bottom of the yoke, through both the yokes; make three chains and five d c, in the same sp, 1 d c in the next sp, two puff stitches in the next.

(To make a puff stitch, throw your yarn over the hook, draw a loop through space; repeat twice through the same space, which makes seven loops on the hook; throw the yarn over the hook, draw through all the loops at once and make one chain; continue * 1 d c in next sp, 4 d c, in the next 2 puff sts in the next. Repeat from * to end of row, on each front there should be five groups of shell stitches and puff stitches, eight on each shoulder and 11 across the back. Break off the yarn at the end of each row.

Next fasten the yarn in the center of the sixth shell (four d c) from the front.

Ch 3, 4 d c in same sp, 2 puff sts in the center of 2 in the previous row, 4 d c in center of next

can be placed on children's hats, and for finishing small pincushions, etc.

Large flowers are now used on baskets, knitting and school bags.

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CORNER OF TATTED TRAY CLOTH. FIG. 2.



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Selecting Hens for Next Winter's Eggs

AS I told you last month, culling is the important work just at this season, for, with the present price of feed, no one can afford to keep "dead-heads."

The indications that a bird is physically qualified to produce eggs are: A clear, full bright eye, the eyelids wide open and not sluggish; a good pair of shanks, with straight, well-worn toenails showing constant use in scratching. Only a healthy fowl is a laying fowl, and such a bird must of necessity have a good appetite. A hen that is laying has an enlarged abdomen, due to the enlarged intestines, ovary and oviduct, and the body is deeper at the rear than at the front of the keel. These points are not so well marked when the hen ceases laying.

In the non-laying hen there is likely to be an unusual accumulation of fat in the abdomen and under the skin of the body, so that a plump appearance presents itself; the fat under the skin of the shanks, especially in the back, causes that part of the leg to have a round appearance. When this hen is in her laying period, the surplus fat to a certain extent is used, and the shanks lose their round, plump appearance, and the same is true of other parts of the body, especially in the region of the pelvis and vent. The face appearing more plump and fat, thin out, and the skin of the face, comb, earlobes, wattles, and also over the body, becomes more soft and pliable as the hen passes from a non-laying period to a laying period. These changes in the comb, earlobes and wattles are sex characteristics, and become changed as just stated, as the ovary and oviduct become enlarged and active. When the hen passes from a laying to a non-laying state, the ovary and oviduct shrink, and the comb, wattles and earlobes lose their soft, pliable and red appearance, becoming more dull in color, and the comb looks as if it had been powdered.

The pelvic bones are wide apart in the heavy producer, but contract again when she ceases to lay. The fullness of abdomen and width of the pelvic arch will depend on how heavily the hen will lay during the next two or three weeks. At the same time the pelvic arch enlarges, the abdomen also enlarges and the vent grows larger and flabbier. A heavy laying hen has a soft skin all over the body. The non-laying hen has a hard, plump body, with bones not too evident. A pinched body indicates a small capacity and a poor producer. The meat type of bird has a tendency to

of strong clay soil that will pound down to a hard clay surface. If the floor is of boards, swab it off with plenty of hot, soapy water, using a good hard broom. Let it dry thoroughly, and before the birds are put into the house, cover at least six inches deep with litter. The best way to be sure of ventilating the ordinary chicken-house is to take out the sash in half the windows at opposite ends of the house, and cover the openings with strong unbleached muslin.

I like to have one or two glass windows on the south or southwest side of the house, as they allow the direct rays of the sun to get in and the birds enjoy it in cold weather. It is well to have a frame door covered with muslin, as well as the wooden door, as the muslin will let in some air and light, and should keep out snow during the stormy days when the birds will have to be kept in the house.

The matter of litter for the floor is almost as important as the selection of food stuffs. Many people think that any old hay or straw will do for hens to scratch in, but it won't. Musty, moldy or old hay causes more sickness among fowls than anything else, as it breeds several different kinds of spores and germs, which float in the air when the hens dig up the material, and are inhaled by the birds, and rapidly develop diseases of the lungs and intestines, and one special germ even affects the eggs laid by the hens, causing white diarrhea in chicks hatched by them. So you see how important it is to have clean litter and nesting material. We use shavings and chopped corn-stalks topped with dried leaves as long as we have them. We gather all we can in the fall and store them in boxes. Several years ago, we tried shavings only, and had many cases of crop-bound hens, but have had no trouble since we used the combination of corn-stalks or straw. The shavings are particularly valuable, because they are cheap, and prevent the other material from packing down, and so insure a circulation of air through the litter, which keeps it sweet.

The next important matter to decide is the amount of pullets and year-old hens that you can keep through the winter. Don't overcrowd your house. There is nothing more detrimental to egg production or strong chicks in the spring as overcrowding stock in the winter. Twenty well-cared-for hens, with plenty of house room, will produce more eggs and better birds next spring than fifty which are crowded. Besides which, if a lot of hens are crowded into small quarters in the night, their breath and the moisture of their bodies is more than the air can carry off, and it rises to the roof, where it freezes during the night and melts during the heat of the midday sun, so causing a perpetual recurrence of moisture day after day, which soon makes the house damp and unhealthy. Plenty of cold fresh air perpetually circulating through the house keeps it fresh and dry, and is beneficial to the birds.

Having arranged the house and the number of birds to be kept, general care and feeding is the next thing to consider. The breed of chickens you keep, the part of the country in which you are located, must influence that to a great extent. In sections of the country where the weather

is extremely cold, hens require rations rich in fats and oils to keep them warm. On the other hand, in the Southern States they require only enough fat-forming foods to nourish their bodies and produce eggs.

Hens must have a variety of food to produce eggs in winter. The best way to convince you of the fact is to give you a chemical analysis of the egg, which is: Water, 650 grains; albuminoids, 80 grains; oil, fats, etc., 135 grains; mineral matter, 9 grains; sugar, coloring matter, etc., 26 grains. The remaining hundred parts of the thousand of an egg are used in the shell, which contains



FEEDING THE CHICKENS.

turn her feed into fat, which is indicated by the thick pelvic arch and a hard abdomen. In the laying hen the ischial bones of the pelvic arch are thin. In the heavy laying hen there is noted bleached shanks, beak, earlobes, eyelids and vent.

The yellow color is due to xanthophyll, which occurs principally in the green feed; thus, the more green feed the bird consumes, the slower will be the bleaching of the parts when the laying period begins. In the heavy laying hen the capacity will be indicated by the distance from the posterior point of the breastbone to the pelvic arch, which should be three or four fingers' breadth, and the pelvic bones in the region of the vent should be two or three fingers' breadth. In the non-layer these pelvic bones may be scarcely one finger's breadth apart.

And when on the job of culling, don't forget that there are many advantages in the capon over the ordinary roasting fowl. He is much larger, attains weight more cheaply, is always in demand because of a large carcass, and sells for from ten to twelve cents a pound higher than the rooster because of the quality of the meat.

After cockerels have reached the age of four and a half or five months they become quarrelsome, and are hard to keep in flocks of more than four or five, whereas capons can be kept in large flocks, and are as docile as a flock of pullets. Being inactive, they put on weight rapidly, and, although their bodies reach an enormous size, they never become tough.

It is not advisable to caponize the lighter breeds, such as the Leghorns, etc., as the large carcass can never be obtained from such fowls. The American type, such as the Plymouth Rock, Rhode Island Red and Wyandotte, and the Asiatic type, such as the Brahma and Langshan, are breeds which may be caponized profitably.

Everybody who keeps hens, no matter how few or how many, should give the subject of housing and feeding during the winter special consideration, for birds should be placed in their permanent quarters, given regular egg-producing rations, and started before the end of the month. Upheavals, such as change of houses, or methods of feeding, upset the birds and check the egg-laying machinery, and as the winter schedule should not be changed after it is once started, do what needs doing to the houses, how many birds you are going to keep through the winter, what feed stuffs and litter you will use, must all be well considered and decided without delay.

First comes the house. No matter how plain or shabby it may be, it can be made stormproof, clean and well ventilated without much expense. Stop up all the cracks and holes, and cover the roof and sides with tar paper. Clean the walls and all the inside fixtures, then give them a coat of thick whitewash, being careful to get it into all the cracks and crevices, for those are the places where vermin congregate.

The floor of the house where you keep the birds must also come in for its share of cleaning. If it is just a dirt floor, scrape it off two or three inches deep, and cart in the same amount

about 59 grains of salts and lime and 50 grains of pure, uncombined lime, the remainder being carbonic acid water of crystallization. Albuminoids are the flesh-forming parts of food, often called nitrogens.

Oils and fats come under the heads of carbons. Mineral matter consists of lime, soda, potash, magnesia and sulphur. Knowing the materials necessary for the egg, no one ought to be foolish enough to expect a biddy to produce eggs unless she is provided with the necessary materials. Farmers complain that hens lay nearly all their eggs in the spring, when they are hardly worth the trouble of marketing, and stop as soon as the prices go up in the winter. And it is true of most farms, simply because in the spring the hens can find all the elements necessary for the formation of the egg, but after frost destroys green grass, clover and insects, they stop producing because they have no materials from which to make the egg.

Now, however, I hope to convince you of the common-sense advantage of balanced rations. The next consideration is what ordinary farm products are best and cheapest to feed biddy on during the winter. Clover, alfalfa (green or hay), linseed meal or wheat bran, all contain about six pounds of lime in every hundred. Turnip tops, beets and carrots also contain a goodly amount, hence their great value in making up rations for laying hens. Clover hay, linseed meal and wheat bran are also flesh-forming foods, like middlings or skimmed milk. Oils and fats we get principally from corn and buckwheat, and the lesser amount from wheat, rye, clover hay, linseed meal and unskimmed milk.

Minerals are principally furnished by the process of digestion, which reduces to ash the grains and herbage, which contain lime, potash, magnesia and sulphur. One quart of mixed grains is as follows:

Two parts of coarsely cracked corn, two parts of wheat, one part oats, buckwheat or barley. One part of this mixture, scattered in deep litter, for twenty hens in the morning. At noon, a mash made as follows: Mix two parts of wheat bran, and one each of white middlings and corn-meal, one half part each of gluten feed and meat scraps. Alfalfa or clover hay we must have as it gives depth of color to the yolk of the egg, and the necessary black to the rations; so to make the mash, put four quarts of alfalfa or clover hay which has been chopped fine, into a can with a tight lid. Pour upon it just enough scalding hot water to thoroughly moisten it. Cover, and allow it to stand three or four hours, then add one quart of the ground corn mixture. Feed about one pint to every ten hens the first morning. If they eat that up clean in less than ten minutes, increase the quantity slightly, but be very careful to give only what they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes.

The mash must only be steamed enough to crumble, never pasty and wet. About one hour before dark, feed the same as in the morning, except that an extra half-pint may be added to



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the quantity, and when the weather is cold, whole corn should be used instead of cracked corn. Sharp grit and oyster shell must be before them all the time, and unless you have drinking fountains which will not freeze, the dishes should be emptied and refilled with warm water morning, noon and night. Change the litter on the floor of the house every two or three weeks and shake it up every day. Follow these directions and you should have plenty of eggs from October until June.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

M. M. G.—As the chicks hatched under hens had the same abnormal condition, the fault must have been with the hens and not with the incubator. The breeding stock from which the eggs came must either have been inbred, or very seriously out of condition, but I can't say definitely what the trouble was without knowing more about the parent birds, their age, family history, general health during the past year, and how fed and handled. Of course, nothing can be done for chicks hatched in such a condition. The only thing is to prevent the repetition of the trouble, by correcting whatever may have been wrong with your breeding stock.

W. R.—You will get better results from using boric acid wash instead of grease. Half a teaspoonful of boric acid to half a tumbler of water.

J. A. R.—Hatches vary considerably, according to the season of the year. If very early, the percentage is much lower than it is in March or April, and again in June and July it runs down. Two hundred and forty-four chicks from 312 eggs was a very good hatch, especially for an amateur. The crop trouble was possibly caused by indigestion. Do you keep grit and charcoal before the birds all the time?

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

sizes are kept. I have the tops of these covered with cretonne to match desk. I keep flowers on a small table, whenever I have them. It is comfortable and cool and may be used as a sleeping porch as well as a living-room.

Mrs. Lane asked the sisters to tell how they earned money. I do some fancy work for my neighbors and make some money that way but I am not so good at that so I earn most of my money by making candy. Whenever any of the neighbors want candy for something special I make it for them. I find this an easy way as I don't mind making candy and my friends are always willing to let me make it for them.

Can any of the sisters suggest a way to get rid of ants? They are mighty bad here in the summer. I think I see Mrs. Wilkinson frowning now so I will leave and let some other sister (or brother) have a chance.

Love to all,

MEG.

Meg.—If I frowned it was because you didn't tell us how to make your delicious candy—for it is delicious I am sure, and we'd like to have your recipes. It is much better for a person to do work they like to do and can do well and easily, than to attempt something they don't know much about, just because someone else does it. Your living-room porch must be a very attractive and comfy place.—Ed.

CHIMACUM, WASH.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND EDITOR: It seems good to once more enjoy a chat with all of you. Since my last visit I have heard from quite a number and if you did not all receive an answer please pick it out of this letter.

So many letters were sent me by people who want to know about the climate here and most of them seem to think it is the same as California. There is not room in this column for much of an article on the subject but I will say a few words in answer to the many queries from COMFORT readers. California has a warm climate where grow the citrus fruits. Oregon

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Order this special bargain on approval now. Don't be too late. You take no risk. Send the coupon with \$1.00 P. O. order or a dollar bill. If you are too late we won't be able to fill your order. Act NOW!

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Send the Silk-Satin and Georgette Dress No. 8-37. Color.....

Bust.....Waist.....Length.....

If I am not satisfied with the Dress, I can return it and get my

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City.....State.....

and western Washington have temperate climates with a heavy rainfall, very little snow, evergreen forests and beautiful sheets of inland waters. East of the Cascade Mountains, which divide the state, the climate is dry, with extremes of heat and cold, and very productive and mostly under irrigation.

To the sister who wrote me from New Mexico, asking, "Are there any schools or churches there?" I say that the state of Washington ranks high in education, there being many large institutions of learning in different parts of the state and I wish I were able to describe to you the school building in the district where I live, a one-story concrete building, with steam heat, electric lights, telephone, piano, stage with wings, footlights, etc., and a large auditorium fitted with a first-class motion picture outfit. This structure was built in 1915 at a cost of about twenty-six thousand dollars. Both the graded school and the high school are maintained in the same building. All this in a country place, fifty miles from the city.

There is no land here now for homesteading. It may interest some of you to know that Seattle is just fifty years old, has a population of 400,000 and has three hundred churches, sixty-nine graded schools besides the high schools and university.

With best wishes to all, MRS. MAGGIE ROBINSON.

IOWA.

DEAR SISTERS:

This bright morning the cardinal, robin and innumerable other birds whose songs I do not recognize are making music which cannot be excelled. All nature seems to be rejoicing and through my mind keeps flitting these words of Browning's:

"God's in His heaven—
All's Right with the World."

And they seem so true for isn't this world just the most beautiful place in which to live? What a privilege to be a part of it and how wonderful to live among such beauties of nature as surround us! But I want to talk to you sisters about keeping young.

If I could direct you to a fountain of youth no doubt you would all sit up and take notice. But I want to give you a few suggestions that, I believe, will detract years from your age. I am trying these out and thought others might want to give them a trial.

Everyone needs exercise and we who are doing housework get an abundance of it for there is scarcely a muscle which is not exercised some time during each day. This is beneficial if we make pleasure out of our work; on the other hand, if it is drudgery to us we lose so much. Really, I know of no work more pleasant than housework if done in a systematic way. I enjoy it immensely but I work only what I think is healthy (CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Clear Out Rats In 3 Nights

"Rough On Rats" rids your premises of all rats and mice in 3 nights. Change the bait you mix with "Rough On Rats"—that's the secret. Rats won't eat the same food that they know killed others. Varying the bait fools them. Druggists and general stores sell "Rough On Rats"—the most economical, surest exterminator. Write for "Ending Rats and Mice." Mailed free to you.

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\$44 Buys the New Butterfly Jr. No. 215
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The Only Log Saw

With "Arm Swing" Stroke and Lever Controlled Friction Clutch for Starting and Stopping Saw.

Write for Prices and Description of this Fast Cutting, Friction One-Man Outfit.

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You will find this the easiest and biggest seller you ever handled. Big demand, big profits, everybody buys. Carry quantity right with you. Sells all year round. Must satisfy customer or money back. Write today for territory, terms and sample outfit. Be first in your locality to introduce it and get a big line of customers. Get repeat orders every month and have a steady income. Write quick.

My sales for first month were over \$300. I find this the easiest and biggest seller I ever handled. Will send you a big order in a few days.

E. H. Hunt.

American Products Co., 2081 Amercap Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

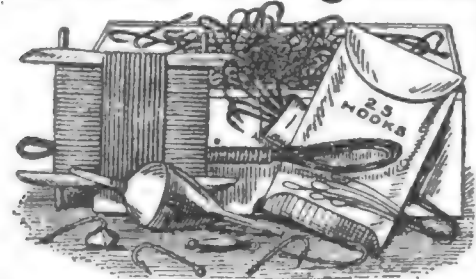
Government Shoes \$2.90

We have purchased direct from the Government, 20,000 pairs of GENUINE RESSET ARMY shoes which we are repairing with the best oak leather. This is the ideal WORK SHOE for the farmer and stockman. Easily worth \$12.00 wearing value. Many of these shoes have been repaired in Government repair shops. Our price \$2.90. Send \$1.00 giving size desired, and we will ship the shoes, balance on delivery. All sizes from 5 to 11.

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38-Piece Fishing Outfit



BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have money to buy that fishing outfit you want—we will give you this dandy Outfit absolutely free. It contains everything you see in the above illustration—in all 38 different pieces.

There are Two Dandy Fish Lines—one of them on a fine Wood Winder equipped with Hook and Sinkers all ready for business, and the other is a Special Braided Line. Then there are 25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes for all kinds of fishing, 6 High-Grade Spooled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater or "Bobber", and 1 Ringed Sinkers—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid Outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for brook, river, lake or pond fishing. And remember that we guarantee everything in this Outfit to be good quality.

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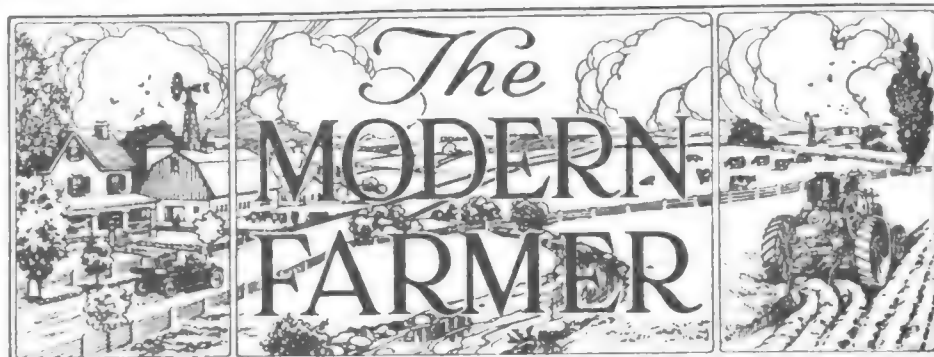
Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing Outfit, packed in a good strong box, free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 9422.

SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen For A Club Of Three

HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never would write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and it will not leak. Also please notice that this is a self-filling pen. You can fill this fountain pen in less than 10 seconds by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen free of charge.

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 8673.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

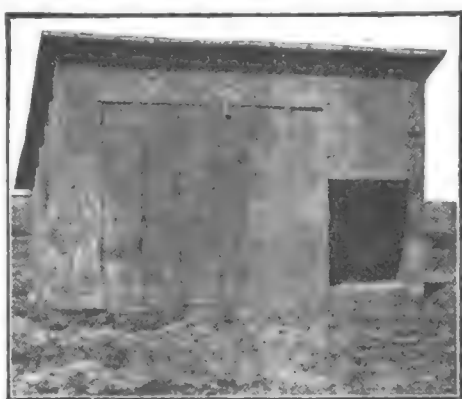


Making Clover Hay

CLOVER hay is particularly hard to cure. First, because it is ready for cutting before the rainy season is fairly over, and second because the plant contains so much water and the stems are so large that it takes a long time to dry. Many farmers seek to avoid these difficulties by letting the clover get nearly ripe before cutting. Mature, or nearly ripe clover, is partially dried out and hence cures much more easily. But ripe clover makes poor hay. There are two or three good methods for making clover hay which permit it to be cut at the proper time. The right time to cut clover hay is when the plants are in full blossom and before any of the heads have turned brown.

The Use of Caps

Many farmers cure clover and alfalfa under caps. The hay is cut, allowed to wilt and then immediately "cocked up." Over the top of the cock is spread a canvas cap. This cap is held in place by fastening an old horseshoe to each of its four corners—or by the use of cement weights made for that purpose. Often a heavy wire is bent in the form of a hook and fastened to the corners of the cap, the hook being pulled down and hooked into the hay near the bottom



A GOOD COLONY HOUSE.

of the cock. The cocks are allowed to stand in the field for a week or more—when the caps are removed—the cock turned over and dried in the sun for a few hours on the day of hauling.

Curing without Caps

Other farmers cut their clover after the dew is off and cock it up at once in small cocks. This green clover settles down and sheds rain pretty well without the use of caps. The clover in the cocks goes through the "sweat" and rides itself of most of its moisture in two or three days. Then on the morning of a bright day when the clover is to be put in the mow in the afternoon, the cocks are turned over and spread out. This is done after the dew is off and the hay is allowed to dry in the sun for several hours.

Clover does not need to be bone dry. If it is, the leaves will fall off, but it must be dry enough so that it will not heat or mold in the mow.

Using the Side Delivery Rake

Another good way to cure clover is by the use of the side delivery rake. After the clover is cut and dry on top it is immediately raked into windrows by the use of the side delivery rake. The hay cures in the row for a day or so and then the row is turned over by driving the rake over the row—when it is allowed to cure for another spell. After one or two turnings in the row the hay is dry enough to be put into the mow.

Clover Hay Silage

Sometimes the weather is so bad that the clover hay can't be cured. Right here the silo comes in handy. The clover is cut and hauled dripping wet to the silo. It is then run through the cutter and cut into lengths one to two inches long and tramped down in the silo. This thoroughly wet clover hay makes the best of silage and is particularly fine for summer feeding when the pastures get short.

Let the Pigs Feed Themselves

Give the pig a chance and he will make a hog of himself. The self-feeder gives him this chance. During the past few years hog feeding, particularly the growing of young pigs, has undergone complete change. Experiment stations have shown that the old method of growing pigs in a dry lot and hand feeding them is a very poor method indeed.

Pigs Must Have Pasture

In the first place, pigs do best on some kind of green feed—good growing blue grass pasture is splendid. This gives them range and needed exercise and the growing cells of the grass contain exactly what the pig needs for his own growth.

Lacking good blue grass pasture, other kinds of pasture should be provided. Oats and peas mixed, a bushel and a half each of seed per acre, make good summer pasture, and oats, peas and rape mixed are good the season through. Clover and alfalfa are also the finest kind of summer pasture for pigs.

Self-Feeders Necessary

For pigs on pasture, self-feeders are necessary if grain or other concentrated food is fed and some form of concentrates is always needed. Corn, to be fed in a self-feeder, must be shelled or ground. Young pigs need much protein. If skim-milk is not fed then tankage should be used. Tankage should be fed in the self-feeder and the pig allowed to help himself. The feeders should be watched to see that they do not become clogged and the feed supply cut off as a result.

How to Use the Self-Feeder

The one-compartment self-feeder is as good as any. If two or more kinds of feed are to be fed they should be mixed by hand in the proper proportions and then dumped together into the feeder. It used to be argued that the pigs would balance their own ration but we know now that

it is better to mix the feeds for them. If we do, then only one compartment to the self-feeder is necessary. The feeder may be placed in the open lot if it has a good water-tight roof on it. The open box type of self-feeder should, of course, be kept under cover.

Keep Feeder in Colony House

The best place to keep pigs on pasture is in little colony houses, a litter to the house. In these colony houses the self-feeders should be placed so that the pigs can run to them in all kinds of weather. The careful farmer will make a trip around to the colony houses every day to see that the feeders have enough feed in them and that all are working well.

See the Farm as Others See It

The average city man takes a great deal of pride in the looks of his home. He knows that it is under constant inspection, and strives to the best of his financial ability to make it attractive. He keeps his house in good repair, well painted and spends time on the lawn and shrubbery so his home will measure up well with his neighbors.

Again, there is always a neighborhood pride, and he wants to be counted a desirable resident of his particular part of the city. Let a house or lot be neglected in a well-built section of a town and it follows that the family owning the property are soon made to feel that they are not wanted in that particular neighborhood and are counted out of the community interests.

What the Automobile Did

There was a time when the farmer was prone to neglect the appearance of his home and buildings, feeling that there were few who saw them anyway. Now, with the coming of the automobile and the constant travel on all passable roads, his home is under almost as much inspection as if he lived in the city.

Go out with an automobile party for a day's ride and listen to their comment. The majority of people are not out for the "joy-riding." They are out to enjoy what they can see on either side of the road, and many are the remarks about it. Attention is called to an attractive house, a well-built barn, compact outbuildings, the yard, the trees and the flowers surrounding them. Eagerly the name of the farm and its owner is read, and we have often noticed that the well-built, attractive farm home has a name painted on one of the buildings.

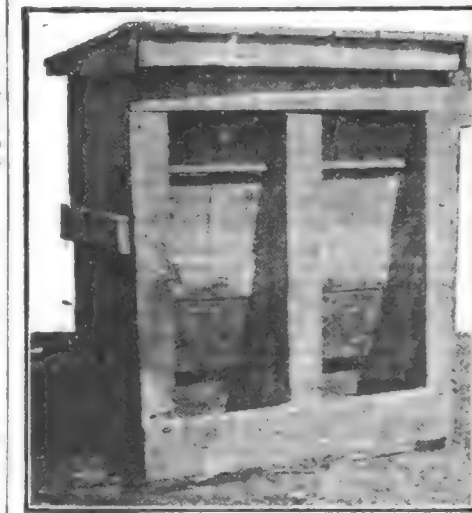
The farmer should put himself in the place of the passer-by and try to forget that he owns his property, and should look at it through the stranger's eyes.

Who Lives Here?

A house is the index of the people who live within and is the keynote to the whole improvement scheme—so we will begin with that. The sagging porch—the broken shingles—the ragged lattice—the old screens—the loosened boards, all need to be put in shipshape before the painter can commence his job—no farmer in these days of the high cost of lumber can afford to leave any wooden building that is worth letting stand, suffer for a lack of paint. Paint does wonders besides preserving the wood; it makes an old house look like new, and gives it a "spick and span" appearance that makes its owner feel he is not ashamed of living in it.

Make the Outbuildings Attractive

Then how out of place a newly painted house looks set in the midst of a shabby barn—an unpainted milk-house and an old tumbled-down shed. He needs take every building on the place—give it a thorough going over—fix it up—paint it—and have the farm look as if someone lived there. Sometimes a lot of old buildings, of little or no use, are allowed to stand and litter up, and spoil the looks of an otherwise fine looking farm. These should all be torn down—many times good lumber can be salvaged out of them which can be used for other farm buildings.



A TWO-COMPARTMENT SELF-FEEDER.

After he has done his best with the buildings, it is well to study the permanent location of the fences, hog yard, barn yard, etc. These should be well set back from the road and toward the rear of the house.

Of course, if he has bought his farm with the buildings on it, there may be little to do as to changing their location, but he can keep the hog-pen out of the road or from in front of the house and he can move his chicken yard back, keep the ducks and geese from running all over the lawn and straighten up and repair the fences.

Keep Premises Clean

So many farms have litter and rubbish scattered all over the premises. The farmer should have his spring farm cleaning just as regularly as his good wife has hers in the house. During the winter there is an immense amount of leaves, broken limbs, dead vegetation from the year before, old sticks, stones and what not, which come from everywhere and give the farm a dirty and untidy appearance. The ash pile with its tin cans, bones old Rover has forgotten to bury, and

seemingly everything under the sun is lying around the yard and spoiling its looks.

The passerby naturally thinks when he sees such a yard that some mighty dirty people live there and wishes they would clean up. Maybe he is right, it may be dirty people do live there, but generally it is the result of the farmer not taking stock of his home, and carelessly allowing such a condition to exist.

Make Place Attractive

After the farmer has repaired and painted his buildings, cleaned up old rubbish, fixed the fences, and has done all he can to improve the looks of his farm, now comes the very interesting part of the whole improvement scheme—decoration.

Probably there are already some nice shade trees around the house. If he has these, the rest comes easy. There are many hardy ornamental shrubs that are old-time favorites, and so many lovely perennial flowers that there is no end to the beauty he can add to his yard.

Then, after it is all done, what a wonderful satisfaction it is to know he owns it all and that he and his are responsible for its comfort and its beauty. He may well be proud to have the passerby notice his home and comment favorably upon it. Not only can he enjoy it himself, but the passerby enjoys it too, and his neighbors come in for their share. There is a deep satisfaction to be known as the man who owns the fine looking farm.

Farm Buildings

Sometimes the farmer when planning his buildings is perplexed to know just what kind of a barn, a hog-house, a corn-crib, a granary or poultry house to build. He wants every dollar he invests to give him the most economical construction and the greatest convenience for the money expended. He may not have seen many strictly modern, up-to-date farm buildings and he does not know what he may have when he builds.

For such a farmer the thing to do is to carefully think out every problem he may be called upon to solve in his particular kind of farming and then build accordingly.

Size of Buildings

Many farmers make the great mistake of building for the present. They have no vision and do not look ahead to the probable development of their farm and its necessary needs in the future.

The farmer knowing the size of his farm can easily figure on the amount of produce it can be made to yield and the livestock it can carry. Knowing this, he should build—not for what he can and will produce when his plant is operating at its greatest capacity. It is a mighty short-sighted farmer who thinks he may build "on" as his farm progresses—nothing "built on" is as satisfactory unless there is provision made for it in the general plan.

Build for Equipment

So many times after the farmer has built he sees some new convenience or some labor-saving device installed in someone's else barn or hog-house that he might just as well have had if he had only thought of it while his building was under construction. Probably it might have cost him little, if any extra, and only because of lack of careful planning he is deprived of it. For example, in a dairy barn, which needs a particular equipment, he must think if he can have a modern dairy stall, a cement manger and gutter, an overhead cleaning sprayer, individual drinking cups and all other dairy conveniences which are of necessity on a successful dairy farm.

Country Carpenter

Many times the farmer depends on the carpenter hired to help him solve the kind of a building he should build. The ordinary carpenter has not made a study of farm problems, maybe he has never helped construct an up-to-date, modern barn or farm buildings, and although he may be able to follow plans and give good satisfaction in the construction part, yet no one should expect him to do the thinking and provide for the future installing of labor-saving devices, or the planning of a plan for modern equipment. This must be done by the farmer himself with all the help he can possibly get. The government and state through its bulletins, the state through its experts at the Agricultural College, the County Agent, if his county is fortunate to have one, the firm he buys his lumber of, the many houses which handle farm building equipment, and all will be glad to furnish him with accurate and helpful data if he will only let them know his needs—and all to be had for the asking. Then, if it is possible, he should visit some modern, up-to-date farm which has the kind of a building he wants and he can see for himself the advantage of a convenient farm building with a place for the installation of modern farm equipment. It is not a question of whether he can have it when he builds, maybe at this time he cannot afford it, but the farmer must have just as much vision, and just as much faith in his financial future, as any other business man or success will be slow in coming.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

SNAILS AND CABBAGE WORMS.—My garden is so full of snails that it is almost impossible to grow anything. What can we do to get rid of them? What do you prescribe for cabbage worms? J. G., Oil City, Pa.

A.—The best remedy for snails is air-slacked lime powdered to a fine dust and blown over the plants or on the ground over which the snails crawl. Too much lime will kill plants, hence great care must be exercised by its use. Bordeaux mixture is effective. Keep garden clean and free from rubbish, weeds, and old boards under which snails hide. Hand pick and destroy. To destroy cabbage worms, use strong salt brine or, better still, arsenate of lead in solution sprayed over the plants. If arsenate of lead or any other poison spray is used, the outer leaves on which the poison is deposited must, of course, be pulled off when the cabbages are harvested so as to get rid of the poisoned leaves.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find answers to their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

B. F. Finger, Tenn.—Swamp cabbage is another name for skunk cabbage. This is a perennial plant with tuberous roots and is common enough to be very well known to most country dwellers. The botanical experts dignify it by calling it *Symplocarpus Focitidus*. Skunk cabbage grows in moist ground and gives forth a fetid odor according to its common and latinized name. This odor is particularly unpleasant when the plant is bruised. It is one of the earliest plants of spring, appearing with a purplish shell-shaped hooded spathe which, after it has pushed forth, is followed by a tuft of long, smooth leaves. It has been used medicinally as an anti-spasmodic, the seeds and roots being the parts taken for this purpose.

M. E. L. Troy, S. C.—Write to the Numismatic Bank, Fort Worth, Tex. (2) Both Loveless and Lovelace are old English names and both forms of spelling are in use in Great Britain. Richard Lovelace, 1618-58, was a celebrated Cavalier poet, and as long ago as Beaumont and Fletcher wrote plays, one of their principal characters was an Elder Lovelace.

MATCH, Badger, Minn.—Ivory that has become yellow may be whitened by washing in a solution made of one ounce of nitric acid dissolved in ten ounces of soft water. Apply with a brush and rinse thoroughly in clean water.

Mrs. D. G. Fern, Ill.—Moist woodlands of spring and not drug stores are the places to find swamp or skunk cabbage roots. See answer to B. F. Finger, Tenn., in this column.

Mrs. L. M. Beech Grove, Ark.; Mrs. L. F. Whiting, Iowa; Mrs. C. W. Imlay City, Mich.; and A. D. B. Casey, Iowa.—Swamp cabbage is another name for what is more commonly known as "skunk cabbage." See answer to B. F. Finger, Tenn., in this column.

F. R. K. Ales, Ore.—At the age of 26, George Washington married Martha Custis, a young widow having two children, John and Martha.

A. R. Altha, Fla.—A very well-known astronomer, and one who has written particularly well upon his chosen subject, is Gargrett P. Serviss. The address of Mr. Serviss is Claster, N. J.

E. H. K. Montrose, Ia.—To tan a horse- or cowhide with the hair on, the skin must be stretched flesh side up and carefully scraped with a dull knife to remove all fleshy matter. Finish by washing well with soap and warm water. Then turn the skin and scrub the hair side well with soft soap and warm water, using care to rinse well. Take one half pound each of common soap and ground alum and dissolve with one ounce of borax in a gallon or less of water. The sufficient rye meal to make a stiff paste and spread this solution over the flesh side of the hide. Fold up lengthwise, with the flesh side in, and let remain in an airy, shaded place for ten days or longer. Then shake out and remove all paste from the surface and wash and dry. A second application may be necessary with so large a skin as a horse-hide. You will have to work the finished dried skin soft by rubbing over a beam and by working it with your hands and on the flesh side with a blunt knife. The secret of the Indians' successful tanning was simply their careful and persistent hand work on the skins they cured.

Mrs. W. J. M. Alma, Mont.—The re-silvering of a damaged mirror is by no means an amateur job, and we doubt very much if you can successfully accomplish it at home. The following method is one which, for its simplicity, is recommended by the "Scientific American." Place the mirror face downward on a table and with a bit of cotton clean and polish the place to be silvered. Now spread out on the spot a piece of tin foil a little larger than the place to be repaired. After spreading smoothly, let fall on the center of it a drop of metallic mercury and with a bit of cotton rub the foil until it becomes brilliant. Now place on this new amalgam a sheet of smooth writing paper and on it pile books or a weight of some sort. The amount of weight need not be great, but sufficient to keep the new amalgam in contact with the glass. The amount of mercury needed should correspond as nearly as possible to three drams to each square foot of surface to be repaired.

Mrs. M. P. Henagar, Ala.—It is certain that the early Jewish Christians, started in by observing the seventh day as the Sabbath, but before the end of the apostolic days, Sunday, known as "the Lord's Day," had thoroughly established itself as a day of rest and public worship among the Christian believers. How this came about is not known. The establishment of our present Sunday by any law which history has note of, dates from the beginning of the fourth century when the Emperor Constantine gave forth a decree fixing the first day of the week as the one to be observed by the new religion he was sponsoring.

A. M. H. Perste, Ala.—If your brother did not take all of his uniforms with him when he left the service there would be no way in which he could now obtain them. The regimental records of his discharge would not show that he had failed to take his uniforms with him.

W. W. Luttrell, Tenn.—The popular vote in 1912 for Wilson, Roosevelt and Taft was as follows: Wilson, 6,286,214; Roosevelt, 4,126,020; Taft, 3,483,922. Wilson received 435 electoral votes, Roosevelt was a poor second with 88, while Taft brought up the rear with but eight votes to his credit in the Electoral College.

M. S. Lovilla, Iowa.—After all we have said in this column about imitation "old violins" and faked inscriptions, here is another COMFORT reader who believes she has a genuine Stradivarius in her possession. But few of the sweet-toned instruments remain from the work of the famous old fiddle makers and these have been discovered and identified by experts and amateurs who have seriously sought out the prizes. It was a slow process to turn out a fine violin by the hand methods of the past and it would have been a physical impossibility for a small part of the Strads to have been produced which now masquerade as genuine. Credulous buyers are in great part responsible for the success of the fraudulent makers of "old violins" with artful inscriptions such as the one M. S. describes.

S. A. F. Greer, S. C.—It is not necessary that you copyright your story before trying to sell it. However, the obtaining of a copyright is a simple process and if you write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., asking for application blanks for copyright, these will be sent you. The fee is 75 cents, payable when application is filed. You must use your own judgment in submitting your manuscript to the various magazines which use stories of this length. A great art of selling a literary production is to suit your offering to your market.

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Kill Rats and Save Money

By Sam E. Conner.

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KILL a rat and save five dollars! That is an impelling slogan for a war on rats and there are reasons aplenty for such a war. The rat does a property damage in the United States each year estimated at a billion dollars of which food stuff is the major item. The estimated value, annually, of the farm crops destroyed by these animals is \$200,000,000. These are authenticated figures compiled from the various states. The rat costs Denmark, France, Germany and Great Britain \$166,000,000 annually. Great as is the property loss caused by the rat, it is not that alone which has aroused man to battle, but a desire for healthful cities has determined the human race to stamp out the greatest menace of all to good health.

Every outbreak of the bubonic plague in recent years is directly traceable to the rat. That the rat is the transmitter of the plague is not newly acquired knowledge. In the Book of Samuel we read how, for the purpose of preventing the spread of disease, the Philistines made offerings of golden images of the mice. Coins and monuments of the earliest times prove that the ancients associated the rat with the plague. Esculapius, the god of healing, is represented by the Greeks with a rat at his feet.

The rat is not a native of America but came here with man. Like man, the rat is a wanderer. The black rat was first to come across the ocean. He was followed by the brown rat. Before the onrush of the brown, the black rat has practically disappeared in this country. There are but four states, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming and a portion of Montana, in which the brown rat is not known.

It has been said that there are 200,000,000 rats in the United States and that each one destroys five dollars' worth of food stuff annually. This is a lot of rats, and, while no census has ever been taken of the rats of America, it is regarded as a conservative estimate.

As has been said, the figures gathered by those who have made a study of the damage done by rats show that they destroy food crops to the value of \$200,000,000 in this country, but this is not all the harm they do in the way of property loss. They are responsible for many fires, which are never charged to them. "Defective wiring" is frequently the cause assigned for many a strange and mysterious fire, which should be charged to his rats. It is by no means necessary for a rat to get at the household match supply in order to start a blaze. He will eat the insulation off the electric wiring in a house just as readily as he will take a nibble at the business end of a match. It costs the telephone and telegraph companies of this country many hundreds of thousands of dollars to repair the havoc done by the rats in cable conduits and in buildings.

At least one well authenticated case of robbery by rats leads to the belief that many of the mysterious thefts of rings and small jewels are directly chargeable to the rat. In 1908, more than four hundred dollars' worth of such jewelry disappeared from the home of Senor Viada in Mobile, Ala. There was not a trace of the thief. The police were unable to locate the missing jewels. Later, when repairs were being made to the house the jewels were all found in a rat's nest.

Many an unexplainable lameness in horses and mules is without doubt due to rats gnawing the animals' hoofs. Authentic records of such cases are on file; also of where the rat has eaten the hoofs of sheep and pigs. Unique among these cases is that of three young African elephants in the famous menagerie of Carl Hagenbeck so injured by rats eating their feet that it was necessary to kill them.

Again, the rat does not confine his depredations to land. He is a sailor, and on his voyages attacks cargo and fittings as well as stores. It has never been possible to accurately estimate the damage done on shipboard by rats. It is only in recent years that any effective means of keeping these animals off ships has been devised.

The most efficacious of all methods for keeping the rats off ships is the metal saucer or funnel clamped around the hawser which makes the craft fast to the wharf. The shape of this is such that it becomes an impossible barrier for the rat. There is, however, always the chance that rats will get aboard in the cargo. This can only be averted by a rigid examination, which is not always practicable.

Sailors of the old school looked upon rats with a certain amount of tolerance. They credited the rat with an instinct superior to man's powers of observation and ability to reason. Sailors believed that rats would always leave a ship which was in danger of sinking. In support of this,

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

and right. For besides physical exercise we must have exercise for our minds and souls. I take time to enjoy nature and always keep my mind open to her impressions. I love fresh air and I don't consider it a bad thing—only a necessity if one would keep young. I have always had a great love for music so when the opportunity for hearing some really good music presents itself I take it.

There is nothing that will so refresh one intellectually as a good book. As Frances said in March COMFORT, "reading each day keeps the doctor away." And right here I should like to suggest to Tillamook Bayreader that for her intellectual refreshment she get that education. It will be surprising how much she can learn by devoting a few minutes each day to study and she can think just as much of her husband, while acquiring an education and after, as she could to remain ignorant and I admire her for being ambitious enough to desire one.

Mrs. Mike, I like your birthday cake plan. More people would have blessed memories of happy childhood if all parents availed themselves of the small things of life that make up its enjoyment.

But I am getting off my subject. To keep young we should have interests outside our home. By that I mean we should keep interested in the outside world if we do not wish to become dull and uninteresting. And that we are soon to have the right to vote is another reason why we should keep informed. Let us get out our March COMFORT and read again what George L. Garrison wrote concerning this. Then let us prove that we are as capable of voting as are the men.

Another factor in the preservation of health is—learn self control. Oh, how the number of wrinkles we possess is increased by those unnecessary fits of anger. And don't worry or hurry. Let us plan our work and if little interruptions occur (as they often do) take them quietly and as a matter of course.

If we are to retain our youth let us be happy and talk happiness. How many of us have gone to a neighbor's and given her a full account of that terrible headache we had all day yesterday or proved to her how nervous we had been all week? More than once I have caught myself talking about ill health when I should have been counting my blessings. However I am endeavoring now to think and say only the pleasant things.

I will close with the hope that you will do your best to live up to the duty which is every woman's— that of keeping your body and mind in a perfectly healthy condition or in other words, keeping POLLY.

Polly.—You will appreciate to the fullest extent the poem quoted above which I happened to come across printed in the Boston Post the very day I received your letter.—Ed.

Jack Tars would recite instance after instance where such an exodus took place before a vessel went to Davy Jones' locker. This sentiment has changed in recent years. No longer do sailors regard the rat as a necessary evil. It has been thoroughly demonstrated to them that because a ship is ratless is no sure sign it is about to founder.

The first scientifically planned campaigns against the rat were at New Orleans and San Francisco. So effective did these prove that the bubonic plague was stamped out in both cities. Precautions since maintained have kept those cities ratless. In both these campaigns every effort was made to clear shipping of rats. Vessels were fumigated and all sorts of mechanical devices used to prevent the animals either getting from ship to shore or the reverse.

The effectiveness of this fight against rats in those cities is shown by the records of rats killed. In San Francisco between January 4 and May 28, 1908, there were killed 98,417 rats. From December 28, 1907, and January 1, 1915, there had been killed in San Francisco 821,102 rats of which record had been secured. Thousands more were killed of which no count was had. The first year of the campaign in San Francisco there was paid a bounty of ten cents per rat and the records show that during that time as high as 11,000 rats were destroyed in a week. In New Orleans during one six-month period 551,570 rats were slaughtered. Of these 271 were found to be afflicted with bubonic plague. There, too, the kill frequently went as high as 11,000 rats in a week.

The ferocity of the rat has been pictured from the earliest days. Stories of attacks by rats upon mankind have always been numerous. Today these tales are questioned. Because some chap centuries ago saw fit to write thrilling tales of men maimed and killed by rats, of babies in the cradle whose deaths were due to rats, it is not now accepted as proof. Show me what present generations are saying. Diligent search fails to show an authentic case where a rat has deliberately attacked a human being. If attacked, nearly all rats will defend themselves. Ordinarily, say those who have made a study of these animals, the probability of being bitten by a rat is very remote, and the bite, should you receive one, is not poisonous.

Contrary to the general understanding, cats are the least effective agents against rats. Not more than one cat in twenty-five is a rat-ter. This holds true among cats kept around storehouses and the so-called homeless cat. It is only when a rat starts to run that a cat will attack it. Cats will often eat from the same dish with a rat.

Traps and poisons are the only effective agents with which to combat the rat. Ferrets and terriers which are well trained are of value under some conditions. Poison is not suitable for use in dwellings. Traps and protective construction are the correct home method. In factories, warehouses and around wharves, both traps and poison are useful. These are also of value on the farm. There, too, man is aided in his fight against the rat by certain natural enemies of the animal. Snakes, owls and skunks all prey on the rat. In this connection it may be mentioned that the practice of placing bounties on certain animals and birds is unwise. The damage which these birds and animals do to crops is more than offset by the good they do in killing rats.

Centuries of combat with man have developed the instinct of the rat. He is shrewd and wise. The ability of a rat to detect danger is uncanny. Frequently they will take a piece of bread upon which has been placed poison and eat the very last crumb of the bread without touching the poison. Unless traps are carefully handled so as to leave no trace of human hands, rats will not go near them.

That the rat has a cannibalistic tendency is well authenticated. Prof. Lantz, who has made a careful study of the animals, relates instances whereby this habit is well established. At one time he had two females and a male rat in a cage for observation. Several times young were born. None of these ever survived. They would be in the nest at night, but would disappear during the night. On several occasions remains of the young were found in the cage, but he was never able to determine which of the adult animals killed the little ones. At last both females gave birth to a litter of young, totaling 22. The next morning the young were all there, but the male was dead.

But it will not be wise to wait for the rats to kill one another if America is to save \$200,000,000 of food stuff annually, as well as a grand total of a billion dollars' worth of property. Vigorous, determined steps must be at once taken by all to fight this, the so-called, greatest enemy of the human family.

The Vow

By Clinton Scollard in New York Sun and Herald.

Lo, I have made unto myself a vow,
Now May has come, and all her ways are fair
And there are adumbrations in the air
Of the pale lilac and the dogwood bough,
And now the new moon's tip is like the prow
Of some frail silver barque, and everywhere
The senses fresh fertilities declare
In the cool loam uplifted by the plough.

That I will go into a quiet place,
Haunted no more by a wandering bird,
Glauded no more than by the leaf or cress,
And pausing there an unaccompanied space,
Should it be but for the framing of a word,
Give thanks to God for all earth's loveliness.

IOWA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

We are three chums and two of us are sisters. Our ages are between sixteen and twenty. We have been contented to listen to our elders until Old Maid and some of the others have said a good bit in disfavor of our clan. Some one said they didn't see why men would pick a gay butterfly of a girl in preference to an older girl who knew how to cook.

We think that the girl who can't cook by the time she is sixteen is rather to be pitied. It is not the fault of the child but the fault of the mother. In the second place the men choose the younger girls because they are butterflies. If the Old Maids would fix up a bit and put a little pep into their walk we believe they would stand a better chance against us younger girls. And then don't act so self-reliant and don't show so much good sense and the men and boys will like you better. They like dependence. They want some one they can protect, not a protector. But cheer up, there are enough men for us all.

Now for our problem: Our school has purchased a Victrola and we would like to have the sisters send in suggestions for making money to pay for it. We have given a hard-times social and box supper and it isn't more than half paid for.

THREE BUTTERFLIES.

Out of the mouths of babes shall come words of—it will be for the brothers and sisters, particularly the brothers, to say whether it is "wisdom," or not. Do men prefer the clinging-vine type of woman?—Ed.

My DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: How many mothers make their boys help with the housework? If you don't, begin right now and see how quickly the morning work is done. I have five boys and one girl and I've always taught my boys from the time they were large enough to wash a dish that they

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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To Men, Women, Boys and Girls
All can share in these EASY TO WIN prizes. Send the four words on a slip of paper with your name and address. Besides the Auto I am going to give away Phonographs, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Silverware, etc. and cash prizes. Send your answer. Write the Auto. Deane W. Garfield, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 30, Chicago.

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30x3 1/2	7.25-1.95	32x4 1/2	12.25-2.70
32x3 1/2	8.75-2.15	32x4 1/2	12.25-2.70
32x4	9.45-2.25	32x4 1/2	13.25-3.15
32x4 1/2	9.90-2.40	32x4 1/2	13.90-3.40
32x4 1/2	11.25-2.60	32x4 1/2	14.90-3.50
34x4	11.90-2.80	32x4 1/2	16.90-3.75

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30x3 1/2	8.25	32x4 1/2	12.50
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32x4	10.35	32x4 1/2	13.40
32x4 1/2	10.70	32x4 1/2	13.85
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State whether you want straight side or clincher, plain or non-skid. Send \$3 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C. O. D., subject to examination, or 5 percent discount if full amount is sent with order.

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For a limited time only we are offering absolutely free a puncture proof tube guaranteed 6,000 miles, with every purchase of one of our famous Reliable Double Tread Tires which are guaranteed 6,000 miles and often give 8,000 to 10,000.

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32x4	8.10	34x4 1/2	13.75
32x4 1/2	8.55	34x4 1/2	14.25
34x4	11.00	37x5	14.90

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In ordering be sure to state size wanted, also whether a clincher, plain or non-skid. Send \$3.00 deposit on each tire, balance C. O. D., subject to examination, or 5 percent discount if you send full amount with order. Rush your order today.

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In order to introduce our wonderful WEXCO TRIPLE FABRIC TIRES, GUARANTEED 6000 MILES, we give you absolutely free, a puncture-proof WEXCO TUBE with each purchase of a tire.

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30x3 1/2	7.25	32x4 1/2	12.50
32x3 1/2	8.35	32x4 1/2	13.00
32x4	8.95	32x4 1/2	13.25
32x4 1/2	10.20	32x4 1/2	13.75
34x4	11.00	37x5	14.90

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In ordering, be sure to state size wanted, also whether a clincher, plain or non-skid. Send \$3.00 deposit on each tire, balance C. O. D., subject to examination, or 5 percent discount if you send full amount with order. Rush your order today.

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32x3 1/2	6.55	32x4 1/2	10.90
32x4	6.90	32x4 1/2	11.40
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34x4	8.40	37x5	12.55

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We want one exclusive representative in each locality to use and sell the new Melinger Extra-Fly hand made tires. Guarantee Bond for 8000 Miles. (No seconds). Shipped prepaid on approval. Sample sections furnished. Don't buy until you see the tires. Write Melinger Tire & Rubber Co., 304 Oak St., Kansas City, Mo.

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Brakes

JUST as important as the production of power to make the car go is the production of friction to make it stop. Without the ability to stop when desired, the car would be practically useless. The present-day practice is to use two sets of brakes and apply them to the rear wheels. Some of the earlier designs of cars had but one set of brakes but due to the chances of an accident in case the brakes refused to hold, there were developed a second set of brakes which were intended to be used in an emergency. This set still retains the name "emergency brake." The usual braking custom is to attach a steel drum to each rear wheel and to have the service brake act against the outside of the drum and the emergency brake against the inside of the drum.

The service brake, as its name implies, is the most used. In fact, it is often abused. For this reason it is of the contracting type and operates by tightening against the outside of the steel drum. This outside position is essential as constant use of this brake results in wear and frequent adjustment to the mechanism. The adjustments are usually handy and it is an easy matter to compensate for wear.

The emergency brake is used but little and it, therefore, has become the practice to make this

Gasoline Container

It frequently happens that the motorist desires to prime the cylinders to effect a start, but investigation discloses that he has not brought along anything which will hold gasoline. A simple way out of the difficulty is to remove the dust cover from the tire valve stem, tie a string around the neck and lower it into the gasoline tank. When filled it will contain sufficient gasoline for priming purposes.

Emergency Light

If stalled on the road some dark night and a light is required to make repairs, scrape together a pile of sand about four inches high, drain about a cupful of gasoline from the tank and pour over the sand. The saturated sand will burn about 20 minutes. Remember this hint when on a basket picnic and a fire is required to cook or warm some of the eatables.

Clean Underpan

Approximately every car and truck has a pan directly under the engine. This receptacle catches oil, grease, gasoline, etc., and unless cleaned out at least once a month it becomes a frying pan for the car in case of fire. A great many cars could be saved from the flames if proper attention was given to the cleaning out of the pan.

Gasoline Fire

Never try to extinguish a gasoline fire with water. Gasoline is lighter than water and will therefore float on the surface of the latter and increase the area of the fire. A chemical fire extinguisher is best suited for the purpose, although sand, if applied in large quantities, will prove an able substitute, and road dust will serve in an emergency.

Gaskets

When cutting a new gasket from material you have on hand, bear in mind that water, oil and gasoline will not run through the material. More than one person has put a gasket in place without cutting a hole for the passage of the gas or liquid and has then spent two or three busy hours thinking what the cause might be for the peculiar action of the car. Moral: Cut out the center of the gasket.

Questions Answered

W. G. H. Upland, Nebr.—The magneto lamp regulator for Ford cars is undoubtedly nothing more or less than a choke coil which sufficiently controls the electrical output from the magneto to permit the use of six-volt lamps. By using this regulator in conjunction with six-volt bulbs, you should obtain better light at slow engine speeds.

L. H. C. Park, Ind.—From the description contained in your letter, the writer would assume that when you feed the gas quickly after starting, the engine will stall. On the other hand, if the choke is pulled out, the engine will take the gas without difficulty. If the above is the trouble you are experiencing, it is caused by a lean carburetor mixture. Pulling the choke enriches the mixture, which would explain why the operation is satisfactory when you choke the carburetor. Try opening the carburetor needle valve a trifle more and I believe your difficulty will disappear. (2) It is rather vague when you only specify regulator. There are several parts which might be referred to as a regulator, and if you will therefore furnish more details of your difficulty, the writer will be in a better position to attempt a solution for your trouble. (3) Not knowing the length of time you have been bothered with the leaking of grease from the left side of the rear axle, and when taking into consideration that your car is a current model, the writer hesitates to make a suggestion. He believes it would be the best economy for you to have a mechanic take off the left rear wheel and inspect the roller bearing and washers. If you will explain the trouble to him, his inspection should enable him to determine the cause for the oil leakage.

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No. Tires	SIZE	TIRE Prices	TUBE Prices	No. Tires	SIZE	TIRE Prices	TUBE Prices
130	30x3	\$ 8.90	\$2.35	96	33x4	\$14.65	\$3.60
114	30x3 1/2	9.65	2.70	150	34x4	14.95	3.75
110	32x3 1/2	11.85	2.85	32	34x4 1/2	16.85	4.35
128	31x4	12.85	3.20	20	35x4 1/2	17.75	4.45
92	32x4	13.25	3.35	8	35x5	18.75	5.45

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Simply write us today stating the number and size of Tires and Tubes wanted. We will ship Tires immediately Express C. O. D., with privilege of examination. You take no chances. If you are not entirely satisfied, after inspection that this is the greatest Tire bargain ever offered, return the tires to us at our own expense. Orders will be filled promptly each day as received, until our limited supply is exhausted—so order today and make sure of the big saving. You cannot appreciate the remarkable saving you are making on these tires until you have seen them. We know you will be more than satisfied. You may take 5% discount if you send cash with order.

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30x3 1/2	8.45	32x4 1/2	12.45
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32x4	10.30	35x4 1/2	13.35
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Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address: Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

M. S., South Dakota.—We do not think the owner of the farm you live on, has any interest in the pig he gave you, unless there is some agreement in connection therewith not stated in your letter to us.

R. M. T., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that there is no limitation of the right of parents to disinherit children by will, except certain small allowances for children under seven years of age and special allowances for minor children; we think, however, any person in interest in an estate, has the legal right to contest a will in any case where there is a question of testamentary capacity on the part of the testator, or upon the question of undue influence exercised upon the testator, or if the will is not legally drawn or executed, or if it does not express the testator's true intent.

N. J. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents or guardians is necessary to procure a license for the marriage of either males or females under 18 years of age.

Mrs. J. D., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your husband, if he leaves no will, and leaves no child or descendant, you will be entitled to receive one half of his personal and real estate in addition to some small allowances allowed the widow by statute, the balance of his estate going to his parents, brothers and sisters or their descendants, depending upon who is left, but if he leaves no kindred you will receive his whole estate; we do not think your child by a former marriage will receive any share of his estate, unless some provision is made for her by will.

Mrs. R. O. C., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children, the widow is entitled to receive, in addition to homestead rights if there be a homestead and she does not own one in her own right, dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate and one third of the personal estate absolutely, the balance of the estate going to his children, regardless of the fact that they were born of a former marriage. We do not think he can bar his wife's dower by will if she survives him. We think the life insurance policy made payable to his estate would upon payment become part of his personal estate, and be disposed of accordingly.

Mrs. L. B. F., Maine.—We think that if the matter is serious enough you should have the man who annoys you summoned before some local magistrate or justice of the peace.

Miss M. W., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that every executor or administrator can be compelled to file an account of his proceedings within 12 months after his appointment and every 12 months thereafter and at such times as the probate court may require.

Mrs. E. M. H., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we think that, if the mother of the children you mention has a good character, the courts will award her the custody of her children in preference to the husband and father who eloped with another woman. We think he can be compelled to support such of the children as are of tender years and unable to support themselves.

A. W., New Mexico.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property acquired after marriage by either the husband or wife by onerous title is community property, and that the husband has the management and control of the personal property of the community, with the like absolute power of disposition, other than testamentary, as he has of his separate estate; the wife may also convey her separate estate; husband and wife must join in all deeds and mortgages of the community real estate; upon the death of the wife the entire community property goes to the husband, but upon the death of the husband one half of the community property goes to the wife and the other half is subject to the testamentary disposition of the husband; if he leaves no will, one-fourth of the other half goes to the widow and the balance in equal shares to his children, if no descendants, it all goes to the widow.

Miss H. S., Iowa.—We do not think your husband can marry your sister, during your lifetime, unless you are divorced from him, without committing bigamy and being subject to punishment and further imprisonment for his act; we think that if he again refuses to support his small children, if they are unable to support themselves when he is released from prison, he will again be subject to punishment for his act. We think, however, if you are receiving a widow's pension for these children's support you should be careful not to forfeit same for the doubtful chance of collecting support money from him, as if your husband persists in his purpose of casting his lot with your sister instead of his lawful wife and family, and is willing to face term after term of imprisonment in order to accomplish his purpose, he may in the long run prove himself stronger than the law.

Mrs. X., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a husband can be compelled to support his wife, living with him in the home provided by him, in a manner commensurate with his means and station in life, unless she has means of her own sufficient to provide for her own support.

S. B. R., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the property given you by your husband could not be sold to satisfy debts incurred by him after the deed of the property to you was placed on record, unless it can be proved that he still retained an interest in the property and that same was transferred to you simply to hold for him as a trustee or under some other similar understanding; we think, however, if his obligation or debt was incurred prior to the transfer or recording of the deed to you, the same could be set aside in case it can be substantiated that the property was deeded to you in order to avoid the payment of his debt.

Miss X. Y. Z., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that marriages between second cousins are not prohibited.

Mrs. M. A. B., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that females may marry without the parents' consent at 18 years of age.

A. P., Texas.—Under the laws of Missouri, we are of the opinion that a deed of real estate to the husband and wife creates a tenancy by the entirety, and that the whole property, upon the death of one, becomes the sole property of the survivor, and that such survivor could sell same without the consent of their children.

Mrs. E. D., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the marriage of the young woman you mention, without her parents' consent, is a valid marriage unless same is legally set aside by the judgment or decree of some court having jurisdiction; we think that if this young lady misrepresented her age at the time of procuring the marriage license, she is liable to punishment for such act.

Mrs. H. A. O., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a widow and more than one child, his surviving widow, in addition to homestead rights, if any, and certain small allowance from the personal estate, would be entitled to receive one third of the estate, the balance going to his children in equal shares, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share. We do not think a married woman has any interest in her husband's property during his lifetime, except that she is entitled to support from him, unless she deserts him without proper cause and unless she has property of her own sufficient to provide for her support.



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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

impossible and demoralizing pictures, catch the crowd. It is no good singing the praises of farm life for the farmer's life is a hard one and even though he is the only man that is really independent, it takes nerve, determination and a love of outdoors to hold him to his job. If the farmer could clean up thirty thousand dollars in a year as some Polish farmers did here on Long Island during the war, there would be no abandoned farms and people would be rushing out of the cities to become millionaire farmers. So you see, like most problems, the farm problem is largely an economic one. It is a question of freight, of wages, of the elimination of parasitical middlemen, distribution and organization. The farmer and the government as far as possible are trying to solve these problems and you, Sam, should lend a helping hand. Advice is all right, but only one man ever took advice and he is dead.

SEDAN, N. MEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am ten years old, five feet tall. I go to Sedan school. We live in a consolidated district. They haul the children to school in trucks. We have a very good school. They teach all the grades from the primary up, including the high school grade. I am in the fourth grade. I take reading, arithmetic, language, geography, writing and spelling. I like my teacher fine. We have taken COMFORT for years and think it is a fine paper. Your cousin, CHESTER A. CHADWICK.

Chester, I am glad to hear you have such excellent educational facilities, but I am somewhat astonished at the methods employed to get you to school. I was often hauled to school by the car but never by a truck. Do you sit in the truck or do they put a rope around you, hitch it to the truck, turn on the power and then let her rip? Well, I must take off my hat to the authorities in your district for they are determined to get you to school even if they have to haul you there with trucks. New Mexico is setting an example to the rest of the country for at the time of writing there are 18,279 schools closed in the U. S. because of the shortage of teachers, and 41,900 schools are being taught by teachers below the recognized standard, employed temporarily. The largest shortage of teachers reported so far is as follows: Kentucky, 2,255; Texas, 2,055; Virginia, 2,000; Georgia, 1,500; North Carolina, 700; Iowa, 600. The shortage of substandard teachers is enormous. Texas is shy 4,000 alone; Illinois, 1,200; New York, 1,100. Men are going out of the teaching profession entirely and it is male teachers that the schools need. In 1890, 37 per cent of the teachers were men, in 1918 the percentage had dropped to 17. Would you believe it, in some rural sections teachers are only getting \$200 a year, less than \$4 a week; that \$12 is the average pay for elementary teachers; and \$20 a week for high school teachers? We have millions of people who cannot read or write. We scream it from the housetops that we are the richest nation on earth with the most abundant resources. That is a little bit of our obnoxious, spread-eagle boasting, and is not based on fact, for Russia, European and Asiatic, is far away ahead of us in natural resources and millions of years ahead of us just now in national stupidity. Thirteen million dollars is being appropriated in this state to rectify this deplorable condition. Teachers, male and female, have got to be paid as well as the stenographer, the engineer, the plasterer and the hod carrier and other members of the millionaire professions. It is on education, and that means the teacher, that

the whole future of this country depends. If we backslide in this direction and skimp our education, our whole national structure will fall to pieces.

MICOLA, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: It snowed yesterday and last night and I can't hardly get out of the house it was on an average four or five inches. My school has been going on just one month and got a certificate Friday. I went every day and was not even tardy. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade. I have a good teacher he lives at Hayti. I studied six books at school so you see I haven't any time for play. How many of you like to have spelling matches at school? I sure do we had one Friday. I want to ask a favor will some of you send me the song "Put My Little Shoes Away"? Well, I'll have to help mama cook supper hoping Billy the Goat won't get this.

EDYTHE SETTLE.

Edythe, it is lovely to talk about snowstorms in the good old summertime, when you've got prickly heat, and it's nice to think about prickly heat when the snow is up to the roof, and the only way to get out of the house is through the chimney. You tell us you could hardly get out of the house because it was on an average of four or five inches. I can't imagine how you ever succeeded in either getting in or out of a house only four or five inches high. You must be a human pancake. Probably you refer to the snow and not to the house. I'm glad to know your school has got a certificate, and hope you will get one soon, but if you do, I don't think it will be for punctuation. So your teacher lives in Hayti, which is one of the Central American republics we have taken under our wing. The colored gentlemen who live there and who shot up a number of our soldiers when we took possession, like us so well that they fight to get into jail where they can be fed and have an easy time. Uncle Sam, like John Bull, is getting to be quite an Empire builder, and it will take some of the narrow parochialism out of a number of his citizens with small-town minds, to know that we are being forced to bear the white man's burden; that there is no such thing as isolation and that we are being compelled to assume responsibilities which, though they may be burdensome, will at least help to broaden our minds and give us a world vision. So I'm glad your teacher comes from Hayti, though it must be some journey for him if he goes home every night. But there, maybe he has a flying machine. Spelling matches are all right but don't carry any in your pockets or they may set fire to your clothing. I'd rather take a chance with a spelling match than a spelling bee for scientists have invented a safety match but no one has invented a safety bee. I'm sure the cousins will gladly send you a copy of the song, "Put My Little Shoes Away." However, to save you from possible disappointment, Edythe, I have written a few lines on the subject which you can sing to the tune of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Put my little shoes away.
For, oh, those shoes they broke my heart,
Fifteen bucks I had to pay
For them—and then they fell apart.
I dreamed that in those shoes I'd caper,
But I wore them just one brief half day,
For I found they were only paper—
So put my little shoes away.

Holland is sending us wooden shoes, Edythe, and unless you want to go barefooted or walk around on your head, I advise you to invest in a pair, for no one knows when paper shoes will go out and leather shoes come in once more.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

WELL, my hearties—that's how an old sailor friend of my childhood used to talk—how is the world using you? Pretty badly, to judge from some of the letters I receive or, at least, you think it is and that amounts to the same thing, or worse. I know, I've felt that way myself at times, but we must "perk up" and be cheerful and sunshiny to match the summer weather we are having. There is always something to be glad about if we but look for it—though I'm not such a little Pollyanna myself—so let's look harder than ever. But first I'll take a look at your letters.

BLUE EYES, W. Va.—If you are only seventeen or eighteen years of age and have been keeping company with a young man for two years and he hasn't mentioned marriage to you, you needn't lose any sleep over it; perhaps he has respect for your youth. But if you are twenty-six or twenty-seven years old, and of a marriageable age and inclination, he should declare his intentions and, if not serious, step aside and make room for someone who is.

HEATHER, Ohio.—If you think there is the slightest chance of the young man in question falling in love with you and wishing to marry you, you should tell him of your former marriage and that you are not, as yet, divorced. And be very, very careful of your conduct if you want a divorce. Some judges are so fussy.

LEILA, Miss.—My dear, the man who hits a good girl after two years' engagement, without a word of explanation, is a pure, unadulterated cad and you should consider yourself fortunate and if you must feel badly, pour out your sympathy on your "best girl friend" who is reported engaged to him. She is the one who will need it, not you. Some people don't know when they are well off, do they? (2) Go to work if you want to and your mother is willing. There are lots worse things that could happen to you.

GRAY EYES, Miss.—It looks to me as if you care more for him than you realize, but make sure. Have him stay away from you for a month or three or six months, but if you take too long a time to make up your mind some other girl may snap him up for a "good man is hard to find."

DOLORES, Texas.—You've got the right idea, Dolores, and don't show any favors or allow any liberties if you want to win him. To soften would be to lose him. Be cordial and nice but let him understand that with you it must be all or nothing and half-engagements and promises don't go.

BROWN EYES, Texas.—COMFORT is a "pretty good old paper," isn't it? Glad it helps you. If you are sure you didn't imagine his mother's coldness toward you, you did right in not going to his home so often. Don't give her a chance to say you "chased" him, but if he wants to come to your home, well, that is an entirely different proposition. It would be proper to ask him if he received your letter. Your letter was exceptionally well written.

A. M. W., Miss.—Feeling as you do toward the man your parents have chosen for you, it would be a sin to marry him, and the chances are you would be very unhappy. Try to find work, there must be something you can do.

PROGNY, Texas.—September isn't so far away. Wait patiently and by that time you'll know whether or not he is fooling you. If you care enough about him to marry him wouldn't it be a good idea to start in trusting him a little now—but don't trust any man who doesn't show proper respect for you.

JACK, Texas.—Should a girl confess past misdeeds to her fiancée? That's a question that has puzzled wiser heads than yours or mine and hasn't been settled yet. It depends upon the misdeeds and results to some extent, I suppose, but it is usually safer to make such a confession before marriage rather than after.

LEILIAN, Iowa.—I dislike to advise you for or against divorce. It seems unfair to make children suffer when they are innocent and the children of divorced parents do pay, one way or another. But you know your own affairs better than I do and can judge better what to do. Why not talk matters over with your husband and come to some sort of an understanding? Perhaps a vacation of a few weeks from each other would work wonders. Don't act hastily or rashly.

HAPPY WIFE, Ala.—My, how refreshing to know there are happy wives and it does me good to have you write that you want to be happy and make your husband happy. As I've said before, making others happy is one way of making yourself happy. It doesn't seem there could be any harm in the dances you mention.

JESSIE, Minn.—Don't propose leap year or any other year.

MAZIE, Florida.—Don't marry one man if you love another better, but it looks to me as if No. 2 were more worthy of love.

SARAH, N. C.—Girls of fifteen and one half years are prone to fall "desperately in love" with handsome young boys and to fall out of love with them in a little while, and when that happens it simplifies matters so much if they aren't married; so don't be in a hurry. You are too young to marry now, but if you are as much in love with this handsome young man in a couple of years from now it would be all right to marry him and go to Conn., or China, even with him.

BRULAH, Miss.—Your papa had better be careful how he laughs at the Talks With Girls or else sometime when he wants to know if it is proper to wear a belt and suspenders at the same time (and only a pessimist does that) or which corner of his handkerchief should be allowed to peep coyly out of his breast pocket, then, I won't tell him. (1) Is it permissible to use other than black or blue ink on tinted paper? Well, red ink on pink paper wouldn't harmonize so very well. The best way is not to use tinted paper, just white or a creamy white, and I like black ink best. Yes, indeed, I do think our letters should be written on as good stationery as can be afforded. Our letters are the reflection of ourselves. When we get a carelessly written letter, on cheap, gaudy paper, we are apt to visualize the writer as a cheap, gaudy person, careless as to personal appearance and terribly run down as to heels. (2) Do I think it nice to use perfume? That depends on the perfume and how it is used. A heavy, overpowering scent liberally poured onto clothing and handkerchief and completely overshadowing the personality of the wearer isn't at all nice and I never can feel that such people are clean. I do like just a faint suggestion of perfume that seems to belong to the person and not the person to the perfume. This is obtained more by cleanliness of person and clothing and liberal use of sachet bags and pads in bureau drawers where clothing is kept, and a careful selection of perfume used. Yes, I think maybe my "bark is worse than my bite," as you suggest, but some people need to be barked at, though I'm not at all a barky sort of person.

JESSIE, Iowa.—It is better to be safe than sorry so turn him down before it is too late.

There, run along and have a good time, but remember there are fifty-seven varieties of good times and be sure yours is the right variety and then you won't be sorry and you won't miss any fun, either.

Lovingly, COUSIN MARION.

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30x3 1/2	7.00	2.00	32 1/2 x 4	9.00	2.75	36x5	13.00	3.60
31x3 1/2	7.25	2.10	33x4	9.25	2.85	36x5 1/2	13.25	3.70
32x3 1/2	7.50	2.25	34x4 1/2	10.50	3.00	37x5 1/2	13.50	3.75
31x4	8.50	2.50	35x4 1/2	11.50	3.15			

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His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

tioned. Unfortunately, Sarah had broken two only the day before. They were two long hours driving slowly up and down the street, scanning every corner house, but without being able to decide which to enter.

Finally the officer said there was a suspicious look, to him, about one, where the curtains were all down in the second story, and where one solitary flower-pot was setting in a front window, and he was going to run the risk of being wrong, and investigate.

The two men alighted, bade their coachman return for them in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes, then they quietly entered the house, the door of which was ajar, and ascended the stairs leading to the second story.

We left Violet, the third day after her sister's departure, weak and spiritless, while Sarah began to fear that she was going to be ill.

Her long season of imprisonment, inactivity and anxiety had nearly worn her out, although we know how bravely she had tried to keep up and look upon the bright side of her troubles; but her appetite forsook her, she refused to eat, and of course her strength failed rapidly.

The fourth day Sarah could not even force her to eat anything, and she made no effort to rise.

The fifth day she seemed to be sinking into a state of lethargy, and Sarah, becoming greatly alarmed, told Mr. Mencke that she must have a doctor.

The man himself looked very anxious when he found that she could not be aroused, but he did not seem willing to call medical aid, although he promised to do so if she was no better on the morrow.

Violet's condition appeared even more alarming when the morrow came, but Mr. Mencke did not make his appearance at all that day.

He had received a telegram from his wife, saying that she would leave for New York the next afternoon but one—that everything was working just as they desired, and she hinted that it would be well to have all preparations completed for their journey north.

Mr. Mencke was so elated over this report that every other thought was driven from his mind, and he spent the day in packing everything he possessed, and arranging for a hasty trip to Canada, though he was somewhat perplexed to know what to do with Violet in case she should be unable to make the journey.

Sarah was very indignant when, about eleven o'clock on the seventh day after his wife's departure, he made his appearance, and unaccompanied by a physician, for Violet seemed very low, and she berated him soundly for his negligence and indifference.

"I don't like this business at all," she told him, "and you may get some one else to do your miserable work, for I am not going to stay here to have the girl die on my hands."

"Pooh! she isn't going to die," he affirmed; nevertheless he was very uneasy as he noticed Violet's extreme pallor, and the dark circles under her half-closed eyes, which appeared to see nothing, while she lay perfectly motionless, except for the heaving of her chest.

"Rouse up, Violet, and eat something. You must not lie here like this," he said, bending over her, and taking one of her limp, cold hands in his.

But a faint fluttering of her white lids was all the evidence the girl gave that she heard him.

"She is just like that all the time, and won't touch a thing, though I've managed to force a few drops of milk between her lips now and then," Sarah said, a heavy cloud on her brow. "You must get a doctor!" she added, resolutely. "If you don't, I'm going to Police Headquarters and tell the whole story."

"You just shut up that kind of talk," the man returned, angrily, and with a menacing look. "I'm not going to be driven with threats; but I guess she'd better have a doctor, and I'll see about it at once."

He turned to leave the room, as if to put his resolution into execution, when just at that instant there came a gentle tap upon the door.

He opened it, without a suspicion of what was awaiting him, and a look of stupid wonder overspread his coarse face as he found himself suddenly confronted by two men, the foremost one an officer of the law, while the sight of Wallace Richardson just behind him told him that his "game" was up.

"Mr. Mencke!" Wallace exclaimed, no less astonished than the plotter himself.

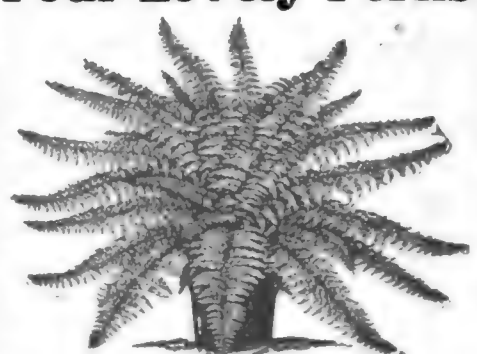
But he had no opportunity to say more, for the officer, who had taken in the situation with one quick glance about the room, clapped his hand upon the man's shoulder, remarking sternly: "You are my prisoner, sir!"

"Not if I know it!" retorted Wilhelm Mencke, wrenching himself from his grasp, and then making a bold spring forward to force his way past them.

The officer and Wallace both closed upon him. There was a short, desperate struggle, then a sharp cry of pain, followed by a curse, and then Wilhelm Mencke stood, meek and helpless as a child, from the wrench which the officer had given to a pair of nippers which he had deftly slipped about his wrist.

The next moment he was securely handcuffed,

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and obeyed in sullen silence when the policeman commanded him to "go inside and sit down."

He was followed by the officer and by Wallace, who, until that moment, had only caught an indistinct glimpse of the slight figure lying upon the bed, while he had been so taken by surprise, and so occupied assisting in making the arrest, that he had scarcely given a thought to the other occupants of the room.

Now, however, as he entered and cast a curious look from Sarah to the bed, he caught sight of Violet's face.

As long as he lived he never forgot the shock that shook him like a reed from head to foot and almost seemed to rend his soul from his body.

There was one awful moment of dumb agony, then, with a wild, hoarse cry, which for months haunted those who heard it, he threw himself on his knees beside that still form and gathered it close in his arms, while he piteously begged Violet to speak to him.

"Oh, my darling," he sobbed, in tearful agony, "you did not die after all. I am not dead as they told you—they lied to you—they deceived us both! Oh! these endless years of longing—of soul-hunger for you! How I have borne them! You must not die now, Violet! Awake, speak to me, love, my heart's queen!"

She did not move—there were no signs of life about her, save the gentle breathing of her chest and the slow beating of her heart—the faint vibration of her weak pulse.

"What have you done to her?" Wallace demanded, almost fiercely, as he turned upon Sarah, who had been regarding the scene with wondering amazement.

"Nothing, sir," she answered, white and trembling, "only she would not eat—she seemed to lose heart a few days ago, and fell into this stupor."

Wallace laid the precious form back upon the bed, a look of anguish on his face.

"Have you wine?" he demanded of the woman.

"No, there is none here."

"Brandy, then—whisky—anything to put a little life into her. Quick! quick!" he cried, in trembling tones.

Sarah searched in Mrs. Mencke's closet and brought out a bottle labeled "Brandy," in which there were a few spoonfuls.

There was part of a glass of milk upon the table beside the bed. Wallace poured some of the brandy into it, and, forcing Violet's white lips apart, put a few drops of the mixture between them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscription to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Wanted.—Information of Berry A. Sawyer, son of Ansel Sawyer, last heard of in Arizona. Any information will be gratefully received by his half-sister, Darthula Burchfield, Uniontown, Box 17, Ark.

Any information regarding Freeman M. Haindel would be gratefully received by his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Haindel, Danville, R. R. 1, Mich.

Will any COMFORT reader knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Ida York kindly write to A. C. Tooke, Onalaska, Texas.

Canadian subscribers please read:—Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Henry Derendorf or Joseph Derendorf, of German nationality, please communicate with their brother, William Derendorf, Virden, Box 133, Ill.

Effie Smyth, Haldon, Box 605, Okla., wishes to know the whereabouts of her father and brother, John and George Henderson. John Henderson, the father, is 60 years of age, blue eyes, slightly stooped, with grey hair and mustache, and her brother, George, is 14 years of age. They left her home at Sapulpa, Okla., four years ago and have not been heard from since.

J. B. Gaskins, Whitehat, Texas, wishes to know the whereabouts of his son, Cliff Gaskins, last heard of at Burdick, Ark. Age, 41 years.

Wanted.—Information concerning Pony Lowe, last heard from in 1917 at Camp Bowie, Texas. Pressing news. Please notify Mrs. E. H. Hines, Gibsland, La.

Mrs. C. F. Irby, R. R. 1, Starr, S. C., would like to hear from any descendants of her mother's father and mother, Samuel and Sary Clements.

Mrs. Anna Maas would like information of her sister, Mrs. Henry Swerdteger, last heard from in St. Joseph, Missouri, and Greenleaf, Kansas.

Mrs. Lillie Yokem, Haworth, Okla., wishes information of her son, Leonard Yokem, age 14, last heard of in Hope, Ark., Jan. 29.

Any information about Katie Wallace, wife of L. L. or Luther Wallace, last heard of at Electra, Tex., in July, Sister, Mrs. R. C. Breckenridge, Tipton, Box 41, Okla.

Mrs. Hattie Turner would like information concerning her husband's sister, Alice Meford, nee Turner, the daughter of Frank Turner, last heard from at Cape Girardeau, Mo. Any information will be gladly received as she is very anxious to hear from her.



New Crochet And Sweater Books

HUNDREDS of new, lovely designs for COMFORT crochet workers. The very latest patterns in edges, beadings, insertions and laces, crocheted and knitted sweaters, all with complete directions and illustrated by large, clear photographs of the finished work. Each book is 8 by 11 inches in size, printed on the finest paper, handsomely and durably bound. Following is a brief description of what each book contains:

Book No. 20 shows sixty-two beautiful edges and wide, for every conceivable use, also some handsome crocheted tumbler dollies and medallions. All are illustrated by large photographs, with full directions.

Book No. 21 contains fifty-seven pretty designs in edges and insertions, entirely different from those shown in Book No. 20, all fully illustrated, with full directions. Many of the illustrations show towels, handkerchiefs and napkin corners complete and there is also a complete alphabet, and an all-crochet plate dolly that is simply lovely.

Book No. 22 presents fifty-two new designs in filet crochet, illustrated, with directions. In this book you will find handsome edges, corners and insertions that you never saw before, alphabets, finished towels, luncheon cloths and napkins, sheets and pillow-cases, dining-room sets, tidies, curtain edges and corners.

Book No. 23 contains seventeen alphabets in various styles and sizes for cross stitch and filet crochet, also wreaths, corners and medallions where the letters are used. Illustrations are all full-page size and very easy to follow.

Book No. 24 contains fifteen artistic yokes shown in large photographic illustrations, with complete instructions. Filet patterns, small medallion schemes, and in braid for round, square, pointed, corset-covers, camisole, night-gown and children's yokes.

Book No. 25 tells how to make knitted and crocheted ripple sweaters and jackets with and without sleeves. Thirteen different styles to choose from and every one a beauty. The stitches are shown in full-page photographs, with full instructions, while the finished articles are also shown by photographs on living models.

Book No. 26 shows thirteen lovely new yokes in filet and fancy crochet with complete instructions and photographic illustrations over one-half actual size. The patterns consist of clover, medallions, filet, knot-stitch, pin-wheel, poinsettia, scalloped filet, and there is also shown one of the new shapes in a filet collar.

Book No. 27 illustrates and tells how to make twelve elaborate medallion arrangements in camisoles and yokes. A feature of this book is the two-page photograph of a beautiful Brasiere or dress trimming. The motifs for yokes include a pretty squared daisy, snowflake, round knot-stitch, pin-wheel, leaf and cross, pineapple, poinsettia, star flower, sunflower, square knot-stitch and round daisy.

Book No. 28 shows how to make filet sweaters, illustrating fourteen handsome designs on living models. These are to be crocheted in dainty light colors for summer wear. Every motif is also pictured by diagram, thus making it very easy to follow the printed instructions.

Book No. 29 contains photographic illustrations and descriptions of laced yokes and camisoles—fifteen lovely arrangements of medallions in different handsome patterns of pointed, rounded and camisole styles. The illustrations are over half actual size and the directions are full and complete.

Book No. 30 shows seventy-two patterns in edges and corners and insertions. Edges are in all widths—from one half to two inches—and include such novelty designs as "Kiddies' Jumping Rope" and "Little Maids in a Row." Many lovely designs in corners are shown in Torchon, square medallions, knot-stitch and lacet stitch. All are illustrated with half-size photographs with full directions.

Book No. 31 is a book of "spiders," showing this antique design in all its many variations in yokes, corners, edges and insertions. In all, there are twenty-eight different photographic illustrations with directions—six different spider yokes, sixteen different spiders and six ways of turning the corner with a spider.

Book No. 32 contains fourteen filet crochet sweaters, in light and heavy threads, every style shown by photographs on a living model, both front and back views. Every stitch is also plainly shown by photograph and the different motifs are pictured on diagrams with complete directions. Pond Lily, wild rose, iris, spray and poinsettia are among the designs shown for long or short, sleeve or sleeveless, belted or unbelted and open front models in cream pink, light pink, blue, light blue, cherry, red, dark green and lavender. The handsomest sweater book ever published.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

had a share in the work; they were to make their own beds, keep their own room clean, wash dishes, mop, help wash and iron and, in fact, everything to be done around a house. I have a certain place for their clothes and they never have to ask where this or that is. We never miss a Sunday from Sunday School and church. We get up and have breakfast and every child knows his job and goes right at it and we soon have our Sunday dinner cooked and ourselves ready for Sunday School. Sometimes we don't have time to get all the work done but we just leave it and go. I wish all mothers would try this plan for our churches and Sunday Schools need their presence every Sunday. Let's not make slaves of ourselves for our children. They think as much or more of us if we don't and this training for boys will enable them to help wifely in later years.

Rainy Day, I like you, believe in giving father some of the praise as well as mother. I was left twice without a mother, and my second stepmother is living and but for our father's training I don't know where we children would be now. All I am or hope to be is what my father made me. There were seventeen of us, living, two dead, and we were never allowed to go anywhere on Sunday, except church. Today we are all trying to live a Christian life and are the happiest family on earth. We never see any "halves" between us, either. Can any of you beat that for a big family? Let us hear from you.

Udneyne, you tempted me to write. I enjoyed your letter and have wondered why it is more of the Tennessee sisters do not write. I know there must be thousands in our dear old state who take the paper.

Much love to all our big family. Mrs. J. B. F.

Mrs. J. B. F.—If boys were taught to even hang up their clothes and put them in place, many a wife would call the mother blessed.—Ed.

ASHLAND, R. R. 1, ALABAMA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I am a little school girl, between twelve and sixteen years of age, and this is why I am writing: Our school teacher advises each pupil to correspond with some other pupil in a different state so I know of no better way than writing to COMFORT and asking if there is a girl in the New England states who would like to correspond with an Alabama girl. I am in the 7th grade.

Mrs. Kora, your letters are fine. They are almost like a visit to the land of Cherry Blossoms. Miss Winnie Wright, you used to write to the Corner. I once went to school to you and have always loved you.

I like Gene Stratton-Porter's books and some of Mark Twain's.

If you will allow me to write again I will come time.

BERNICE WARD.

CONOWINGO, MD.

DEAR ONES IN THE CORNER:

Will you let me peep into your corner to see what it is like? I don't think your chairs are very comfortable because the sisters can never keep their family affairs to themselves. Don't you know, sisters, that your family affairs should be kept at home, under a tree, not in the open leaves of COMFORT or some other paper? It makes your letter unimportant because no one wants to know the troubles between you and your husband. You can solve them yourselves and perhaps if you don't publish it in COMFORT every time you quarrel, your husband won't quarrel with you. It may be you who is to blame. If you would write only of the pleasant things that have happened it would be better and everybody would enjoy the letters more.

If anyone cares to write to me I shall be very glad indeed.

I am about five and one half feet tall, with dark brown curly hair, Irish blue eyes and face.

HAZEL C. FULTON.

Hazel.—If the Sisters' Corner was confined entirely to cheerful letters it would lose to a certain degree the spirit of friendliness and helpfulness that makes us all one big family. If a person has no troubles it is very easy to think someone else a bore for telling theirs but to the average woman away from relatives and friends or, as is more often the case, unable to confide in them, the sympathy and advice she receives from strangers, who are unbiased in their opinion, is of the greatest help to her and others facing the same problem. Too many so-called letters would be depressing and we need cheery ones to balance up.—Ed.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Apply a drop of oil to the door hinges to keep them from creaking.

When making puddings, flavor with fruit juice instead of vanilla.

Spread a newspaper in front of stove before ash pan is taken out and save yourself much labor.

A red hot iron will soften old putty so that it can be removed easily.—Miss CHRISTINE JOHNSON, Illinois.

When hot grease is spilled onto floor, cover quickly with cold water to prevent it soaking into the wood.

If you haven't an egg separator, break your eggs into a small funnel. The white will pass through and the yolk remain.

Wash tablecloths and napkins before hemming; the threads are easily drawn then and the material is soft and easy to sew.

To remove machine oil from white cloth, rub the spot well with lard or butter before wetting, then use soap and hot water.

To cool gelatines and blanc-manges quickly, put a handful of salt and a handful of soda in bowl of water and set the mould in it.

Tea or coffee may be removed from white goods by soaking in a solution of glycerine and letting stand several hours. Wash in soap and water.

Sweet peas can be clipped to make grow less tall. Pinch tops off at five inches high. Don't give peas too rich soil.—COMFORT Sister, Portland, Ore.

Requests

Cure for hookworm.

Remedy for catarrh in head.

How to make old-time corn lightbread.

How to remove shine from blue serge suit.

Poem: "The Child I Never Had."—Mrs. D. D. DAUGHTERY, Dallas, 2207 West 10th St., Texas.

Will some sister lend me her February, 1919, COMFORT?—Mrs. HENRY BENNER, Howells, Neb.

Will some COMFORT reader kindly send in the words of the poem "The Polish Boy."?

Will someone tell me where I can get a medicine known as Balm of Figs.—Mrs. NELLIE BAIN, Castle Rock, Wash.

Will some subscriber send me the January, 1920, number of COMFORT?—Mrs. L. E. WILLIAMSON, Beaver Dam, R. R. 2, Virginia.

Would like to hear from the sisters who have house plants or bulbs to spare.—Mrs. C. S. JOHNSON, Carbondale, 402 Syc. St., Illinois.

I would like to get the November and December, 1919, numbers of Illustrated Companion. Will return favor.—Mrs. T. W. HORN, Haxton, Colo.

Will someone please send me the February and March, 1920 number of Illustrated Companion.—Mrs. HAZEL FULTON, Philadelphia, R. R. 3, Miss.

Remedies

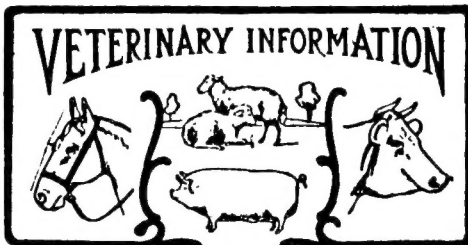
ITCH.—Mix equal parts white vasoline and borax and together and apply. This is a good healing salve.—DEBBY, N. C.

CHOP.—Mix equal parts of lard, kerosene and turpentine together. Spread on flannel cloth and cover chest and throat.

CHILLS AND FEVER.—A strong tea of garden strawberry roots, drank freely, will effectively cure chills and fever.—Mrs. A. C. Freshwater, Calif.

CHAMBER IN STOMACH.—Drink one-half cup hot water in which one-half teaspoon of ground allspice has been dissolved. Have known this to give relief.—Mrs. A. K. Wirt, Okla.

Will the sister who sent the cure for fits, published in March number, please write again and tell us what swamp cabbage is and where it can be procured. Several inquiries have been received.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Stomach Worms of Sheep

ON several occasions we have in these columns prescribed a one per cent. solution of sulphate of copper (blue-stone) as an effective destroyer of stomach worms in sheep and lambs and as having some effect upon tapeworms. The dose advised has been from three to five ounces for an adult sheep, to be given after withholding feed for twenty-four hours and to be repeated in ten days.

Now comes the Oklahoma Agricultural Experiment Station veterinarians with the pleasing announcement that they have hit upon a more effective treatment than this sulphate of copper solution, or the gasoline mixture previously so much lauded. They first gave the sulphate of copper solution at the rate of 50 cubic centimeters for lambs under one year of age and 100 cubic centimeters for adult sheep. A cubic centimeter is about 15 drops. The dose was repeated after three or four days and the treatment was found fairly effective. Then other lambs and sheep were treated with a mixture of one gram (15 grains) of powdered sulphate of copper and one gram of powdered tobacco leaves or snuff in 100 cubic centimeters of water. This treatment resulted in 95 to 100 per cent efficiency for stomach worms, 75 to 100 per cent for tapeworms and 100 per cent for hookworms in experimental lambs. The tobacco should be steeped over night and the copper sulphate added before drenching. The dosage is the same as for copper sulphate solution alone.

The latter treatment certainly is well worth trying and every reader of COMFORT should, so far as possible, keep his lambs and adult sheep free from worms which prevent thrift and normal development and when present in large numbers commonly cause death.

PERIODIC OPHTHALMIA.—I have a fine mare nine years old. In a light moon her eyes become white and she goes blind. She has a colt. Will it have weak eyes? Mrs. P. C.

A.—The disease is periodic or recurrent ophthalmia, often called "moon blindness," but the changes of the moon have no influence in bringing on or causing attacks of this or any other disease. It is incurable and eventually causes the blindness of one or both eyes from cataract. The tendency to the disease is considered hereditary so that it is unwise to breed from affected stock. There is no certainty, however, that the same disease will affect the foal.

INDIGESTION.—Will you tell me what ailed my cow? She was sick three days and refused to eat, lying with her head on the ground, and passed bloody looking mottled from her bowels. I had fed her green clover the day before she was taken sick. Would the milk be fit to use? Mrs. M. C.

A.—The cow evidently had an acute attack of indigestion such as commonly proves fatal. The milk may be used if the cow chews her cud normally and has regained her usual appetite and appearance of good health. To be certain that the milk of any cow is safe for use, however, the tubercular test should be applied by a qualified veterinarian. That is the only certain way of detecting if tuberculosis is present.

PARALYSIS.—What is the matter with my pigs? When they were old enough to drink milk from the trough, and after drinking a while, they would begin to squeal as if something was hurting them, fall over in sort of a fit but did not froth at the mouth. To look at them, one would think they were dead, but they would come to all right. After a time their hind legs drew up in a curve and now they cannot walk and are almost helpless, lying around in the sun, rising up on their feet to eat. They are six months old and weigh about 35 pounds. A. P.

A.—There is practically no likelihood that the affected pigs can be cured on their feet made profitable. They should, therefore, be put out of their misery. Indigestion is the common cause of fits in pigs and worms may be a complication. More careful feeding will have to be done in future. To destroy worms, starve pigs for 24 hours then give in a little slop, for each 50 pounds of body weight, two and one half grains each of salicin and calomel, one dram of freshly powdered arsenic and one half dram of bicarbonate of soda. Repeat the treatment in 10 days.

LAMENESS.—I have a Shetland pony six years old. When I bought him he was sweetened in left shoulder but it didn't seem to bother him much. He fell over lame and I rarely use him. The roads are rough and he is barfooted. Mrs. P. C.

A.—Better have the pony shod. At shoeing time the smith may find that the cause of lameness is in the foot. Corns or navicular disease would be a likely cause. Wasting (atrophy) of the muscles, or so-called "sweeney," often is due to chronic foot lameness, rather than sprain of the muscles of the shoulder. In true sweeney, following a sprain when the plowing, the lameness soon subsides, but wasting continues. Treatment for wasting consists in the injection of a little tincture of iodine under the skin at points three or four inches apart over the wasted surface. This is done by means of a hypodermic syringe.

WEAK MULE.—Please tell me what is the matter with my three-year-old mule. He has a sluggish appearance and gives out quick. He likes lump salt and drinks lots of water. I feed him on oats, bran and corn. He has plenty of prairie hay but does not gain in flesh. Mrs. J. M.

A.—The teeth, no doubt, need attention from a veterinarian as many are being shed and others are coming through the gums. Corns or "shells" of milk teeth may have to be removed; gums lanced over incoming incisors and sharp points filed down. It would also be well to give 20 drops of fluid extract of nuxvomica, 60 drops of fluid extract of gentian root and a level teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda three times daily in a little water.

SCOURS.—How can I cure and prevent scours in a calf? (2) What should a cow test to be a good butter cow? Mrs. H. F. B.

A.—Isolate a scouring calf and give it a dose of castor oil in milk. Then give every three or four hours, one to two teaspoonfuls of a mixture of one part of salol and two parts each of subacetate of bismuth and bicarbonate of soda, in a little milk or water, according to size of calf and severity of attack. Keep all utensils sterilized. Carefully remove foam from milk and feed it blood warm. Make calves drink slowly. (2) The legal standard is 25 per cent of butter fat, and 4.5 to 5 per cent is excellent but commonly made by good "butter bred" cows.

WOUND.—I have a mare, two years old, that was cut

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Newspapers everywhere are invited to copy this statement for the benefit of their readers. It is suggested that physicians make a record of it and keep it in their offices so that they may intelligently answer questions of patients concerning it. Everybody is advised to cut it out and keep it. A copy of the actual sworn statement will be sent to anyone who desires such. It is as follows:

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Calcium Glycophosphates U.S.P.

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P. E. Nux Vomica U.S.P.

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Magnesium Carbonate

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Each dose of two tablets of Nuxated Iron contains one and one-half grains of organic iron in the form of iron peptonate of a special specific standard which in our opinion possesses superior qualities to any other known form of iron. By using the part with a mixture of one part each of calomel and subacetate of bismuth and six parts of boric acid. Keep the mare tied up short while under treatment. Motion prevents rapid healing of such cases.

SWOLLEN THROAT.—A young cat came to the house and it seems to have a goiter. It does not show from the outside. A lump is felt on the throat and the kitten breathes heavily at times. Mrs. M. O. A.

A.—Clip off the hair and rub iodine ointment into the swelling once a week. Let the kitten live outdoors as much as possible and feed it raw meat. Do not feed milk warm from the cow. For cats prefer milk that is 12 hours old, and skim it before feeding.

DISEASED HOG.—Can you tell me what ailed my hog? When butchered and opened, a sack as large as a football and filled with blood and a growth as large as two hands looked like liver only darker. Was the pig fit to use? I threw it away. The blood in the sack was offensive. F. L. M.

A.—You do not indicate the exact location of the sac and growth but we fancy you mean that it was in the scrotum, and if so it resulted from castration and would be known as a "scirrhous cord." As the blood had a foul odor, we think you were wise not to use the meat, but it is possible to operate successfully for the removal of such a growth so that on recovery the animal may be fitted for slaughter and the meat safely used. If the sac was found internally, the meat certainly was unfit for use.

GARGET.—I would like to know what is the matter with my cow and what to do for her. Her udder and teats swell and cake but not all over at the same time. O. R.

A.—The disease is inflammation of the mammary gland or udder, technically termed mastitis and commonly "garget" or "caked bag." We should advise you to dry off the milk secretion as soon as it becomes unprofitable and then fit the cow for the butcher. It rarely pays to treat such chronic cases and they usually end in a ruined udder. In some instances tuberculosis of the udder is present. A cow so affected should be isolated as the disease sometimes spreads to other cows. Read answers under title of "garget" in previous issues of this paper.

RINGBONE.—I have a horse, twelve years old, that became lame three months ago and is still lame. The soreness is above his hoof, just below his ankle. J. G.

A.—Lameness from ringbone of a front pastern usually requires unerring by a skilled surgeon. If you can rest the horse for two months, however, the lameness possibly may subside. If you keep cold wet swabs upon the part every day for a month and then clip off the hair and apply a blister twice in the following month. Obtain the blister from a veterinarian with instructions for use.

SKIN DISEASE.—I have a cow that has one kind of skin trouble. It looks much like mange but any thing I know. The skin is thick and rough in places. J. W. T.

A.—Give the affected parts one thorough scrubbing with soap and hot water containing a tablespoonful of coal tar dip to the gallon. Afterward rub in dry flowers of sulphur two or three times a week.

Large Cows Excel in Yield

Cow-testing records based on 38,532 dairy cows from 110 cow testing associations are being analyzed by specialists of the Dairy Division, United States Department of Agriculture. The tabulations have brought out a number of interesting relations between milk production, butterfat test, butterfat production, and income over cost of feed. The larger cows excelled the medium and small cows in production of both milk and butterfat.

The average annual milk production of all the animals was 5,936 pounds per cow, and the average butterfat production 236 pounds. These figures are considerably larger than the average for the United States, indicating that dairymen who are members of cow testing associations either dispose of their poorest cows or else make them more profitable by better feeding and handling.

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TRADE MARK U.S. PAT. 1,111,111
and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. \$2.50 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Book 4 R free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Cysts, Allays pain quickly. Price \$1.25 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Made in the U. S. A. by W. F. YOUNG, INC., 348 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

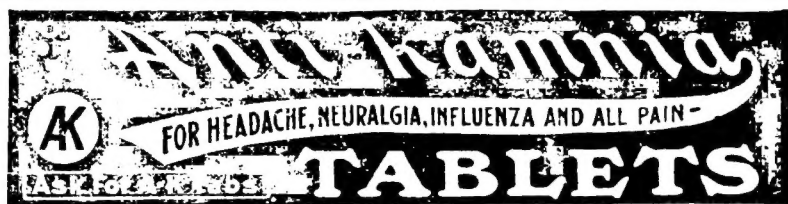
VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

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FORTUNATE is the woman or girl who possesses a pearl necklace, as they are exceedingly stylish and growing more popular every day. The one shown is made of beautiful imitation pearls of uniform size, is sixteen inches long and fastens with a gold-filled "Torpedo" snap. As these necklaces are not made in this country they are becoming scarce and prices are going up, so we consider ourselves extremely fortunate in having a supply purchased at a before-the-war price. However, we may not be able to secure more at any price, so please send in your order at once. You could not possibly select anything more stylish or attractive. This necklace can be worn with perfectly good taste with any dress at any time and on all occasions. **GIVEN!** For two one year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one of these Pearl Necklaces free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7757. Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.



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UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book
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Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1/4 by 7 1/4 inches, free for two subs. at 50c. each—one dollar in all.

Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily Orlop Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pictures and text, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped. Free for three subs. at 50c. each—one dollar and fifty cents in all.

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Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins Department.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. H. C. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Catarrh covers a multitude of sins, and no one remedy may be effective but, on the whole, Dobell's solution, used in full strength as a spray and gargle will help, if not cure, the disease. If you have an obstructive catarrh, of course an operation is indicated and no cure is possible without operation in a case of this kind. Possibly you have also enlarged tonsils affecting the throat. These should be removed, as well.

Mrs. A. M., St. Joseph, R. I.—Your trouble is either rheumatism or neuritis. You should see some dentist and have the teeth looked after, as there may be some local source of infection. Also, the tonsils should be examined for the same purpose. As a remedy, you might use five-grain tablets of salicylate of soda, one tablet after each meal, for a while. Also drink plenty of good spring water—two quarts a day.

Miss L. B., Draketon, Ga.—You need to have your eyes examined for glasses at once. Eye strain always causes styes, and proper lenses will remove the cause of the local irritation that leads up to styes or other inflammations of the lids.

Mrs. C. A. S., Boyd, Mont.—Blood-pressure is only a relative term for the given individual, and is only determined in a given case by several examinations. In other words, the blood-pressure for one person would have no relation to the blood-pressure of another individual of the same age and condition. The causes of high blood-pressure are age; excessive drinking over long periods; eating too much and too rich food; taking too little exercise, etc. Maybe your blood-pressure is normal for you, as you seem well and seem to know how to eat and take care of yourself in general.

Miss E. Z., Stratton, Colo.—The internal piles should have operative attention at once. There is no other way to stop the hemorrhage and also cure the condition.

Mrs. H. P., Pond Creek, Okla.—Use liquid vaseline, to which has been added menthol and ichthylol, as a spray to the nose and throat. You add ten grains of the ichthylol and five grains of menthol to the ounce of liquid vaseline.

Mrs. V. M. B., Chariton, Ind.—You may have chronic appendicitis. Better go to some large city and have an X-ray taken of the parts to fully determine the cause of your bladder trouble and pain in left side.

Miss A. S., Water Lily, N. C.—Eat no sweets, drink plenty of water, and live mostly on non-fat producing food, such as green vegetables, spinach, lettuce, celery, etc.

Miss K. M. W., Robella, La.—Use lotio alba to the face, after steaming the face. Apply at night.

Mrs. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Try Aromatic Cascara Sagrada Mixture for the constipation mentioned. Take a teaspoonful or two at night.

Mrs. H. L., Centerburg, Ohio.—Most cases of gouter need operation, and an operation is the only sure cure. Ovarian extract can be gotten at the local drug store, or the druggist can get it from some wholesale house for you. It should be taken under direction of a physician. We never send out any medicine.

Mrs. W. A. J., Terre Haute, Ind.—You may have an ulcer at the distal end of the stomach. Bland foods are indicated, and five-grain tablets of soda bicarbonate, taken after food, is the proper remedy to try out.

Mrs. M. H., Prestonsburg, Ky.—The condition known as leucoderma, is due to loss of pigmentation, and is incurable. You might try some 1-60 gr. tablets of strychnia sulphate, after meals.

Mrs. R. G. V., Hillsville, Va.—You probably have a chronic appendicitis. Be examined by your local doctor and if possible get at the exact cause of the pain mentioned. The other trouble is simply physiological and you should forget it.

Mrs. F. B., Biltmore, N. C.—You probably have gas in the intestines which gives you the sensation of heart trouble. Keep the bowels regular, eat food easily digested, drink plenty of water, and exercise moderately. In this way you will no doubt get rid of the pressure over the heart and be benefited, if not cured.

Mrs. J. F. G., Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.—You are suffering with extreme nervousness and introspection. Take five-grain assafetida pills three times a day after meals and note the result.

Mrs. L. B. M., Youngsville, Pa.—Just take 1-60 gr. dose of strychnia sulphate after meals for the nervousness, and do not apply anything to the hair in the shape of a hair restorer at all.

Mrs. R. M. T., Somerville, Ala.—You probably have chronic pleurisy, which may lead up to some serious lung trouble. Better take a tablespoonful of an emulsion of cod-liver oil after meals, eat all the food that will agree with you and get out in the open all you can. If there is water between the pleura, better have a fly blister applied by your local doctor.

Mrs. M. B., Parkdale, Ark.—Hoarseness is only a symptom and there is no remedy for the condition that can be depended on to cure this condition. You can apply to the throat at night a mustard plaster, until the skin is red raw. This will help you, but you should have the throat examined by some good throat doctor to ascertain the exact condition of tonsils and retro-pharynx.

Mrs. R. E. M., Washington, Pa.—The tear duct will never be entirely well without a radical operation. Having the adenoids removed, and tonsils as well, was the right thing to do; but if the tear duct does not get well, and still fills with pus at times, the sooner the radical operation is done the sooner will the condition be permanently cured.

Mrs. F. C., Marked Tree, Ark.—Aromatic Cascara Sagrada Compound will keep the bowels regular. Take a teaspoonful at night, or more as required. Drink plenty of water daily, eat no sweets, avoid pastry, etc., and your complexion will be helped and bowels regulated as well.

Mrs. M. S. H., Tyrone, Pa.—Keep your bowels open, eat little of red meats, avoid sweets, drink plenty of water, exercise, and your circulation, redness of face, etc., will take care of itself.

Mrs. M. B. E., Deskin, Va.—Take a compound cathartic pill at bedtime, drink plenty of water, and after meals, for the gas, try five-grain tablets of bicarbonate of soda.

Mrs. M. R., Wabash, Ind.—Simply a run-down condition following the influenza. Take some good tonic such as Basham's mixture, in tablespoonful doses after meals, well diluted.

Mrs. M. C. P., West Tulsa, Okla.—The only way to remove the hairs without a scar is, as so often suggested in COMFORT, by using or having used the electric needle, in competent hands.

Miss A. J. L., Reliance, S. Dak.—Telly's Ceylon Tea can be gotten in any large city. Have your local grocer get it for you.

Miss V. G., Denton, Texas.—Have the "blackheads" removed by the comedo extractor, and apply to the face, after steaming the skin, the old lotio alba. You should keep the bowels open, eat no sweets and also avoid pastry of all kinds.

Mrs. M. G., Pelham, Tenn.—Take some compound Cascara Sagrada mixture at night for the constipation, drink plenty of good spring water, also take with your meals a teaspoonful of American Oil. For the malaria, take a tablespoonful of Warburg's mixture after meals.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S

Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 60 cents each. Song Book, 40 cents. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

When your wooden shoes are worn out they will go to the pulp mills and come back to you in the form of "leather" shoes. Nothing is lost in the world. Even the pro-Germans and pacifists still hang on.

MURRAY, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: To say that we enjoy your page would be putting it mildly. I got two subscriptions and received your story book which was read by all the family with great interest. We live on a farm and I am very busy helping father and mother with the farm and garden and poultry. Am in the sixth grade and am enjoying my schooldays fine. Uncle, what do you like for pets? I have nine small lambs and a tiny cat. I feel sure you are greatly relieved since the war ended. You certainly did your part with the pen. How would you like to meet Kaiser Bill? I'm sure you would not be long in getting the best of him. Am only four feet four inches tall and am ten years old. With best wishes to you, Maria and Billy the Goat.

Your little friend, RUFUS MASON PARKS.

Rufus, yours is a delightful letter and if you wrote it without Mamma's assistance, you are the wonder of the age. You ask me what kind of pets I prefer. Why chickens, of course—blondes or brunettes are equally appealing. I don't, however, care for the drug-store breed of chicken, who bleach their hair and make their faces resemble the hideous mug of an Indian on the warpath. You ask me how I would like to meet Kaiser Bill. Thousands of ferocious Huns have frequently interrogated me thus: "Vot do you know about der Kaiser?" It will be news to them to know that when the present ex-Kaiser's noble father was alive (please note I always refer to the Kaiser's father in terms of sincere affection) that I not only met his son, then the Crown Prince, but I have been near enough to him to knock his block off, and my one regret is that I did not do it, for even then I had sized him up as a trouble maker. I had a lady in my house for three months who had the royal blood of Germany in her veins and had spent much of her time at the Kaiser's court and knew all the scandals of the Hohenzollern menage. The very dearest friend I have (a man of international fame) went to school with the Kaiser and taught him and also his brother, Prince Henry, how to dress up and play "Injuns." This gentleman, who for years was the Kaiser's bosom chum, also had access to all the archives of the Hohenzollern dynasty and wrote "The Prussian Struggle for Liberty"—something it never got, by the way. This work has no connection with the present war, which was a struggle on the part of the Prussian for world domination. I could tell you lots more of interest on this subject—things that would make Chicago "The Sixth German City in the world," as its mayor lovingly called it, and also Milwaukee—have fits. I hope you will be good to your little lambs and tiny cats, for, as a rule, pets get horribly mauled and abused by children. When you grow up, however, you will take little interest in lambs and you will want a chicken for a pet. When that day arrives, Rufus, be careful in your selection, and if you can't get one that hasn't its face all daubed over with paint, scrub the paint off and see that it wears at least one-hundredth part of the clothing that your sensible mother does. Then you will be able to take your pet chicken out in public without feeling ashamed of yourself.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Bettie Witt, Shuff, Va. Widow, with two small children. Has tuberculosis. Needs food, clothes and medicine. Send this poor, sick woman some worth-while cheer. Isaac Price, Lenoir, R. R. 2, Box 26, N. C. Confined to bed from rheumatism for 48 years. Wife also an invalid. Send them a dime shower. Mrs. Rosetta Craig, Stuart, R. R. 5, Va. Invalid. Has rheumatism and kidney trouble. Needs money for food and medicine. Who will help her? Mrs. Laura A. Sandborn, Sebago Lake, Maine. Invalid for over ten years. Confined to bed. Would appreciate quilt pieces, writing material and any assistance you care to send her. Brave and worthy soul. Well recommended. Ruth Paine, Tomahawk, Ky. Blind girl. Poor and needy. Father dead. Send her some cheer. Adda M. Price, Price, N. C. Invalid. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and financial assistance. Mr. J. A. Mills, Wampee, R. R. 1, S. C. Helpless invalid. Has tuberculosis of spine. Father dead, aged mother his only support. Send him some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. K. E. Cross, Trinidad, 724 Stonevale Ave., Colo. Shut-in for six years, due to a fall which injured her spine. One hand almost useless. Alone among strangers and dependent on charity. Would like to return to her old home in Lewiston, Maine, but has no means. Who will help her?

A quarter or a dollar sent to any of these poor souls is laying up, for those who send it, treasure in heaven where neither moth nor rust corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. If all who read this would cut out their cigarettes and ice cream money for one day and send it to the poor souls listed above, it would make them independent for life.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an exclusive League button with the letters "C. L. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

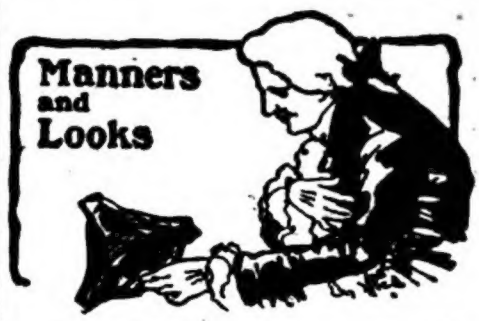
How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Uncle Charlie's Poems Are a Scream From Start to Finish!

If you are sick and out of sorts, if you have business cares and worries, if everything that should go right is going wrong, if life seems just a bore and existence is nuisance, there is just one thing that will put you in harmony with the joys of life and prove melancholy and misery impostors, and that is a 160-page, cloth-bound copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems. This superb book of fun contains the best recitations ever gotten together, also a sketch of the author's life and some splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie and his faithful Maria preparing his monthly talks for COMFORT. This volume can



Manners and Looks

"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

TRIOLED GIRLIE, North Carolina.—When a boy is "one's fellow," we are sure it should not be necessary to ask him to call again when he is leaving. If he is a "fellow" worth having, he will not make his attentions dependent upon formal invitation. (1) Do not say "Thank you," when someone says, "I am glad to meet you." When anyone is introduced to you it is sufficient if you say, "How do you do," and offer your hand with a bow and a smile. Do not worry about your bashfulness. This is apt to be a natural and prevalent complaint at fifteen, and is best prescribed for by old Dr. Time and Prof. Experience. You are probably the only one who objects to your blushes, which are most often considered attractive and becoming in a young girl.

L. W., New Mexico.—There is a wide difference between hair which is naturally curly and that which is made to curl by the hand of the woman. We do not advise you to use any preparation on your hair in an endeavor to gain the curly hair which you admire—the result is often far from satisfactory. If you insist upon making your wavy hair into more curly locks, it would be better to use some of the wire or "curlers" which can be purchased. Do not use an iron on your hair.

SECRETLY IN LOVE, Illinois.—It would be permissible, under the circumstances, for you to write a few friendly lines to this bashful young man, suggesting that he call to see you when he is again in your vicinity. We think, however, that it would be better if you could wait and say this to him on some occasion when you meet at your aunt's home or at some entertainment. (2) Most certainly you need not refrain from receiving other attentions while waiting till this bashful young man is less bashful.

E. B., Albemarle, N. C.—If this boy has "earnestly begged pardon," we think you should accept his apology. You should remember that he must have had some provocation for his offense—if all that you tell of yourself in your letter is accurately said. (2) Of course you must not think of marriage at sixteen, and we are greatly surprised that your mother is ready to "let you do as you like" in the matter.

M. E. S., Virginia.—It should be a simple thing for you to tell this boy plainly that he must not kiss you, and that you will have to dispense with his friendship if he insists on taking such liberties. (2) You need not fret about letting a boy "know you love him" until he asks you if you do. And then be sure your mind is made up before you answer.

D. J., Dublin, Va.—So-called "deplatories," which may be used to remove itching growths of superfluous hair, may be purchased at any good drug store. (2) An introduction between boy and girl cousins of your own might be made as simply as this: "Betty, this is our cousin, Jack Smith." A man is always introduced to a lady, and in presenting your cousin to one of your friends you would say: "Miss Blank, I want to introduce my cousin, Mr. Smith." When an introduction takes place between two men, it is customary to name first the elder of the two.

W. B., Ritchey, Mo.—Sixteen is too young to begin "keeping company," but it is not too old to continue your education, and we are disappointingly surprised to know that your parents will not allow your attendance at high school. (2) If you do not wish to accept this boy's courtesy tell him you are sorry that you have already accepted someone else as escort.

M. S., Bellingham, Wash.—When a boy blushes it is from embarrassment centering his thoughts upon himself, his appearance and his actions, and what other people may be thinking of all these. The remedy is to try and be your simple, natural self and strive to interest yourself so much in other persons and their conversation that you will forget yourself and your awkward self-consciousness. It will help you to remember that people you meet are generally not forming careful and watchful opinions of you and your deportment, and are quite likely pleased and attracted by the youthful and ingenuous blushes which age will too rapidly cure for you—if our instructions fail.

E. B., Phillips, Wis.—Exercise and diet are the rather difficult but simple roads which lead to weight reduction. Cut out all starchy foods from your meals and abjure sweets—including ice cream and sodas. Let your food consist principally of lean meats, green vegetables, toast and skim-milk. Eat liberally of acid fruits between meals and use such fruits fresh or stewed for desserts at meals where milk has formed no part of the repast. Take long walks; spend as much time as possible at tennis and other active sports, and learn to be a good fresh water swimmer. If you follow such a course as we have mapped out, you are certain to lose weight. But you must persist and be strict with yourself if you would succeed in gaining the sort of figure you wish.

SILLY BILLY, Appleton, Wis.—When anyone is introduced to you, offer your hand with a bow and a smile—and as for words, a simple "How do you do" is quite sufficient. Do not say, "I am glad to meet you."

I. B., Louisville, Miss.—A man may, if he wishes, go to a dance alone and seek his partners after he arrives there. (2) It would be correct for a boy to offer to tie a girl's shoe which had become unlaced. (3) It is best that your parents or other relatives be at home when you arrange to have this young man call.

J. L., Piedmont, S. C.—A man of thirty-three might very suitably, so far as age is concerned, marry a girl of twenty. If, despite his attentions, he does not ask you to become his fiancée, you must cease granting him such liberties and kisses and other signs of affection. We cannot tell you whether you "can trust" this suitor or not, but we can remind you that a poet once wrote, "Men are deceivers ever."

PERFLEKED, Far, W. Va.—Your "beau of a year" must not insist upon his right to kiss you unless he has gained this privilege by asking you to become his wife. (2) You must return the costly presents given you by this boy whom you have now "quilt."

M. K., East Pittsburgh, Pa.—It is kind of you to sympathize with your brother and care to advise him. If he wishes to improve his slight acquaintance with this girl, he may properly ask her, the next time they meet, if he may call to see her at some day and hour which she might fix. The Sunday that he saw this girl on the street, he could have greeted her and asked if he might walk with her in the way which she was going. All this would have been perfectly correct. And, as part of your advice, tell him, "faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

be obtained free for a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Work for it today!

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Is the Best Ever!

Yes, it is all that and then some! You simply can't beat Uncle Charlie's Song Book! Some song folios contain one good song and the balance slush. Uncle Charlie's Song Folio, with its superb cover, on which are four splendid pictures of the composer, contains twenty-eight song hits. Songs for every occasion and every song a gem. Here is your chance to secure five dollars' worth of music for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Both books free for a club of five. Work for them today!



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Diffy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



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Agents—We Offer You \$8 a Day Selling New Concentrated Soft Drinks. Great summer hit; 30c bottle makes 32 glasses; all flavors; just add water; lightning seller; small package; carry in pocket; outfit furnished free; send postal today. American Products Co., 2186 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

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The Prosperous agent is a Davis agent. Line up for the Big Rush—\$40—\$50 weekly. "Lucky 11" and our 27 other varieties cut store price 1/2-1/3. Worth 150% to 200% for you. Davis Products Co., Dept. 505, Chicago, Ill.

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Biggest Money-Maker in America. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincap and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. \$2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made \$813.00 in one month. Nissen \$19.00 in three hours. Purviance \$207.00 in seven days. \$5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Corner Manufacturing Co., Dept. 128, Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Soft Drinks—Make \$10 to \$50 day. Just add cold water to our preparations and you have most delicious drinks you ever tasted. Ten kinds, Orangeade, Grape, Cherry, etc. Retail 30 big glasses 25c. 85c clear profit selling by the glass. Bull Games, Fairs, Picnics, Dances, etc. Big Money selling various sizes to families, stores, stands. Send 10c for ten glass package and particulars postpaid. Morrissey Company, 4424 Madison St., Chicago.

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Agents—Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell hostery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, blouses, shoes. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

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Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mrs. Literary Bureau, 64, Hanibal, Mo.

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Salesmen—City or Traveling. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of lines and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—\$2,500 to \$10,000 a year. Employment services rendered members. National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. H167, Chicago, Ill.

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Want to hear from party having farm for sale, give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

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Stamp Names on key checks. Make \$15 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

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Good Land On Credit. Big Opportunities for you in Kalkaska and Antrim Counties, Mich. Make a home on hardwood land growing big crops of clover, alfalfa, grains, potatoes, etc. \$15 to \$35 per A. Easy terms. 10 to 160 acres. Schools, churches, Railroads, markets. Own your own home. Booklet free. Swigart Land Co., 11246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, over 12, willing to accept Government Positions, \$108.33, write immediately, Osment, 104, St. Louis.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage men, \$140—\$200, Colored Porters by Railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 838 E. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Be an Expert Penman! Wonderful Device guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Complete Outline Free. Write C. J. Orment, 83, St. Louis, Mo.

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FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons, and caps from our specially designed economical patterns. Apron and cap sets made \$30.00 per doz. Material supplied. No canvassing. Send 35c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Hundreds Women. Government positions. \$1300—\$2000 year. List free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. W5, Rochester, N. Y.

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Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Aaburn, N. Y.

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HELP WANTED

The Way to Get a Government Job is through the Washington Civil Service School. We prepare you and you get a position or we guarantee to refund your money. Write to Earl Hopkins, president, Washington, D. C., for book RJ 3004 telling about government positions with lifetime employment, short hours, sure pay, regular vacations.

Railway Mail Clerks wanted. Examinations Aug. 11. List Vacancies free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. W 12, Rochester, N. Y.

We Will start you in the cleaning and dye-ing business, little capital needed, big profits. Write for booklet. The Ben-Vonde System, Dept. D-2, Charlotte, N. C.

4 Wheel Chairs in June

560 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The four June wheel chairs go to Ernest Ledford Daniels, Fonde, Ky., 150; Gladys Marie Junk, Shawnee, Okla., 87; Sarah Prissack, Louisville, Miss., 74; Nora Wright, Cove Creek, N. C., 70. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Ernest Ledford Daniels, age 27, had scrofula and rickets in infancy which threw his joints out of place so that he has never been able to walk. He can barely crawl about on the floor but never to get outdoors. He expects his wheel chair to prove a great blessing.

Gladys Marie Junk, age 11, had infantile paralysis when about a year old and it left her lower limbs practically useless.

Mrs. Sarah Prissack, age 83, is unable to walk or even stand alone due to a severe injury to her hip caused by a fall nine months ago.

Nora Wright, age 12, has total paralysis of her lower limbs caused by an attack of infantile paralysis suffered when two years old.

These are all sad cases of suffering which these four wheel chairs will help to relieve. There are many equally deserving and needy applicants on our waiting list who are suffering from a wheel chair. Don't forget to do your bit to help relieve their suffering.

Mrs. Barbara Keeler, R. R. 8, Sevierville, Tenn., makes a pathetic appeal to Comfort readers for help in obtaining a wheel chair for her daughter Edna, 15 years of age, whose lower limbs are paralyzed. She writes that she is poor and has to work out by the day to support her family of five. Of course she can neither spare the time to buy a chair nor the money to pay for one. She asks Comfort readers to send subscriptions or cash contributions to Comfort's Wheel-Chair Club for a wheel chair for Edna.

The following Roll of Honor is interesting. Your name would look well in our next month's Roll of Honor.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, 50 chairs each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premium to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR in some needy applicant's name and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Little Boy Enjoys His COMFORT Wheel Chair

Akron, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Gannett: I am writing to tell you that Thomas has received his wheel chair and certainly does enjoy it. I wish to thank you

and, through COMFORT, all the kind friends who were so good to help him get it. It will give him great pleasure this summer to get outdoors in it. Later I will have a picture taken of him in his wheel chair and will send it to you to print in COMFORT.

Sincerely,

Mrs. David Williams.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. Bert Thomas, Ky., for Ledford Daniel, 129; Mrs. S. M. Laricy, Ga., for Allen Laricy, \$1.25 and 85 subs.; Mrs. B. Robinson, La., for Fannie M. Ball, 48; Miss Nellie May Daniel, Ky., for Ledford Daniel, 21; Mrs. George L. Mitchell, Ky., for Fannie Mitchell, 21; Miss Rosalie Koelach, Okla., for Gladys Junk, 20; Mrs. Ella Sherry, Texas, for her little boy, 15; W. C. Vaughan, Ky., for Fannie Mitchell, 15; Mrs. B. G. Reid, Texas, for Rolly Sherry, 13; Mrs. Rena Daugherty, Miss., for Addie Daugherty, 11; Zelma Sanders, Miss., for Mrs. Sarah Prissack, 8; Turner Lois, Missouri, for own, 7; Mrs. Emmitt Albertson, Indiana, for General, 7; Mrs. R. W. Jenkins, Okla., for General, 6; Miss Alice Thompson, Va., for Jesse Cockram, 6; Mrs. W. C. Vaughan, Ky., for Fannie Mitchell, 6; Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Texas, for George Sullivan, \$1.85 and 10 subs.; Mrs. Clara H. Shubondy, Neb., for own, 5; Ethel Howard, Ga., for Gladys Allen Howard, 6; Mrs. Joe McKinzie, Miss., for Mrs. Sarah Prissack, 5; Mrs. N. B. Ridge, Ill., for General, 5; Mr. S. R. Tawney, W. Va., for Jesse G. Cockram, \$3.00 cash; Mrs. E. B. Gaskill, N. C., for General, \$1.00 cash; Mr. Wm. Jacobs, Ill., for Jesse G. Cockram, \$1.00 cash.

That Troublesome "Can"

By Myra Kenton Loudon

When Ng Poon Chew, the famous Chinese editor and lecturer of California, had been studying the English language for about a year he felt very proud of his progress, and confident of the mastery of one-syllable English words, he wrote a letter to his teacher.

"I got along nicely," said Chew, "until the very end where I wanted to say, 'May the Lord bless and preserve you.' That is really what I intended to say but knowing only monosyllables, I wrote instead, 'May the Lord bless and can you.' When next my teacher saw me she praised my letter but warned me never again to use 'can' in that respect.

"I did not understand. I looked in my Chinese-English dictionary for 'can'—to 'preserve'. When I looked for 'preserve' it gave as a synonym 'can'. Then I sought the Webster's 'can' to 'preserve', 'preserve'—to 'can'. And there you are! One is wrong the other right, and they mean the same!"

Of course now Ng Poon Chew sees the joke quite as we do and laughed with me. But he explained deftly how difficult

the English language is to learn, especially to a Chinese.

"I have been learning your tongue now for thirteen years, and still I make many, many mistakes. But my four children," said his eyes sparkled, "ah, they speak English quite as you do, and Chinese as well as I, and Spanish as well as a Spaniard. They also can read and write German and French."

"Chinese writing is read just backwards isn't it?" I suggested. The little jovial man showed his perfect teeth in a huge grin, "No, no, no," he laughed. "You Americans read backwards. We read right. See?"

It does depend a lot on which side of the earth you were born, doesn't it? "What is the hardest thing a foreigner has to learn about our language?" I inquired.

"Well, in China we have no number, no case, no person, no gender, no tense, no moods, and no pronouns. It is all very simple—the easiest language in the world to learn to speak. For instance, we say,

"He go yesterday, to town and buy three horse." The word he, she, it, they, her, his, etc. are the same word. The context tells the gender. The word 'yesterday' tells the time; 'three' indicates the number of horse. None of our words have different endings or forms. To learn each ending and the plurals and all that is the hardest thing I had to learn."

But Mr. Ng did not speak so well of the simplicity of Chinese characters. "There are ten thousand words in the Chinese language, and each word has its character. We have no alphabet. Each word has its own character and has to be made accordingly."

Ng Poon Chew, Litt. D. is the editor of the first Chinese daily published in America, called the "Chung Sai Yat Po." He lives in San Francisco, California, but every five years makes a visit to his native land. His family were of the ancient royalty and he has not for a moment forgotten the welfare of his race.

Ng Poon Chew admires the missionaries, who he says started China on her moral activity, an American audience, children, dogs, a joke, and Theodore Roosevelt. In fact when the little Chinaman puts on glasses, spreads his lips apart, and says "De-lighted," he is almost an exact likeness of that distinguished cow-boy statesman.

When You Wink

When you read you are constantly winking. But the opening and closing of the eyelid occupies only one-fiftieth of a second, so that you are not aware of any interruption of vision. The average person winks every three seconds, or 1,200 times an hour. From 18,000 to 20,000 winks are a day's work for the eyelids.

The Scholar

The school-girl was sitting with her feet stretched far out into the aisle, and was busily chewing gum, when the teacher espied her, sharply.

"Mary!" called the teacher, sharply. "Yes, ma'am!" questioned the pupil. "Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!"—Boston Post.

And Nat Oughta Know

Nat Goodwin says that marriage is like telephoning, because you so often fail to get the right party. And when you do it often happens that you can't understand them.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Why This Distinction?

One large room, furnished; suitable for two gentlemen or bachelors.—Washington Post.

Partiality Shown

Customer—"Here, waiter, what is this shoe string doing in my soup?" Waiter—"Please lower your voice, sir. Don't let that gentleman at the next



table hear you. He's dined here regularly for a year and we've never thrown in anything for him.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Watch Your Step! She stood beneath the mistletoe And she was fair to see. My wife was in the room, and so That chance was lost to me. —Lispeming, Mich., Iron, Ore.

Watch me, you poor unlucky pup; I'm game, you better life! I'll take the chance that you passed up—I haven't any wife! —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The man you call unlucky pup; Lost out on single bliss, And met his doom when he took up Just such a chance to kiss. —Portland Express.

Women Are So Changeable "You say his wife is a brunette. I thought he married a blonde." "He did, but she died."

The Eternal Triangle

"Edith has jilted me for some reason or another." "Probably another."

Still They Venture

THAT GORHAM GIRL says most things lack novelty to a widow—even a honeymoon.—Portland Express.

Show Me

Bobby—"Are you the trained nurse mother said was coming?" The Nurse—"Yes, dear, I'm the trained nurse." Bobby—"Let's see some of your tricks!"

Ode to a Soup Soloist While devouring his soup he gurgles and blows. Making weird sounds with his mouth and his nose. And so, like the lady with bells on her toes, He will have music wherever he goes. —Springfield Union.

The War-Worker Boss—"That's Mrs. Grabbit—she's a great war-worker." Bob—"Indeed!" Boss—"Yes; she's married four of her daughters to soldiers."—Boston Post.

It's Serious Business "Don't disturb your father, Jack," said a certain little party. "He's trying to write some jokes for tomorrow." "Jokes?" said Jack. "Then why does he look so solemn?"

How Many Has He Got? Clarence Fulrath says he froze two of his ears at the cemetery while attending the Verne Wilson funeral Friday.—Mt. Carroll, Ill., Mirror.

Not Fiction "What are you reading?" "A tale of buried treasure." "Wasting your time on fiction?" "No. This is expert advice on how to plant potatoes."—Dallas News.

A Pleasant Surprise "Look here! You didn't tell you were going to kiss my wife when you played in the society movies."



"No. Knowing how fond you are of her I wanted to have it come to you as a pleasant little surprise!"—Life.

Had Him Guessing "Mamma, Billy Smith is keeping chickens now, and I have declared war upon him." "What for?" "Well I want to make our back garden safe for the world."—Kennebec Journal.

Poetry as It Is She frowned on him and called him Mr. Because in fan he merely Kr. So on the following night Just out of spite The Naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.—Tampico Tribune.

Cubby Bear and the Lie Jackie Told

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"I AM going to Betty Badger's place this afternoon," Mamma Bruin said Cubby Bear. "Dr. Squilly Porcupine has just been here, and asked me to."

"Why?" asked Mamma Bruin. "Betty Badger's roof has fallen in, and she is sick, so cannot make a new one herself," answered Cubby.

"Do you think you can do it alone?" "Oh, Dr. Squilly asked Busy Beaver to build it, and I am to help him. Busy Beaver does not know the way to Betty's place—you know he does not often go far from his own home—but I have been there, and can show him where to go."

"I am sorry Betty is sick," said Mamma Bruin. "Tell her I will go to see her soon. Open the door, now, Cubby, and let in the sweet, fresh air!"

Cubby did as he was told, and was looking off down the shady path among the trees, when he gave a cry of surprise and pleasure.

"Mamma Bruin, come!" he called, and trotted off down the path to meet two bears, one large, one small, who were coming toward him. He had known them at a glance; they were Uncle Bear and Jacky Bear, Cubby's little cousin.

Mamma Bruin came hurrying along behind him, glad to welcome the visitors.

"I have brought Jackie to stay with you a few days," said Uncle Bear. "I am going further on, and will call for him on my way back."

"Oh, I am glad!" said Cubby. "But why did not my other cousin, Bonniebelle, come too?"

"Her mother did not want to be left alone," said Uncle Bear. "Now, Jackie, be a good little bear while I am gone, so you will not need to have your ears cuffed."

"We will have such good times!" said Cubby joyfully. "I wish you might stay all the time!"

After dinner, Jackie sat on the door-stone, waiting for Cubby Bear, who was helping Mamma Bruin, to come out to play. "Someone is coming this way," he said to himself, and soon the animal he had been watching stopped in front of him.

"Hullo," said Jackie. "I'm a little Jackie Bear animal. What kind of an animal are you?"

"I am Busy Beaver," was the answer, "and I came for Cubby Bear. He is going away with me this afternoon."

Jackie looked sober. Cubby Bear going away, when he had just come to visit him? Not if Jackie could help it! He glanced around quickly. The door was shut tight.

"No," said Jackie boldly. "Cubby is not going with you. He will stay here, and play with me. I am his cousin, and have come to see him."

"But—are you sure? Did he say so?" asked Busy Beaver doubtfully. "Dr. Squilly Porcupine said he promised to go, and it is not like Cubby Bear to break a promise."

"Yes," said Jackie stoutly, though his heart beat quickly, and he did not look Busy Beaver in the face. "Yes, he said so, and told me to tell you. So you might as well go away."

"That is too bad," said Busy Beaver, "but if he will not go, I cannot, for I do not know the way." And, turning, he started back toward his own home.

"There, I am glad he has gone," thought Jackie, "and glad Cubby did not see him."

Soon the door was opened, and Cubby Bear came out.

"Now I am ready to play," he said. "Have you seen anyone while you were sitting out here?"

"No-one," Jackie mumbled, wondering why, when one lie had been told, others had to follow if the first were to be kept from being found out.

They played "higgledy, piggledy," and laughed a great deal, but Jackie had a guilty feeling in his heart, and Cubby kept watching for Busy Beaver.

"It is strange he does not come," said Cubby. "Are you sure, Jackie, that no one came by?"

"Nobody," answered Jackie hastily. "Oh, well, it is early yet," said Cubby. "He will come later, of course."

Then, as the afternoon hours passed, he thought, "Perhaps he could not come today, and will be here tomorrow morning."

"Let's build a camp," said Jackie. "I know how. My papa showed me, and I will show you."

They looked around until they found two small trees which stood not far apart.

"These are just right," said Jackie. "See, their lower branches meet, and are high enough for us to go under. We will tie them together, so they will hold firmly. That is for our ridge-pole, and one tree will be at the front and the other at the back of our camp. Then we must gather a lot of long boughs and sticks for the sides, and have the sides sloping so they will come together at the top, and can be fastened

to the ridge-pole. Do you see what I mean?" Cubby saw, and the two little bears worked with a will. By supper time they had their tent-shaped camp finished, and called Mamma Bruin out to see it.

"May we sleep out here all night?" asked Jackie. "Perhaps you may some other night," said Mamma Bruin.

big raindrop landed, plump, in his left eye. "It is raining already," said Jackie, and scampered into the house.

It was, as Mamma Bruin said, a wet night. The rain poured down steadily all the evening. "My, such a rain! I am glad we are not out in our camp," said Jackie, "we would be cold and wet."

"Hark!" said Cubby. "Did I hear someone knocking?"

Mamma Bruin went to the door, and there stood four of Betty Badger's children, wet, shivering, and weeping. Mamma Bruin drew them inside, and closed the door.

"Our roof caved in," they said, all helping to tell the story, a few words at a time. "The big rain came. Our house was flooded. We had to go out. We came, all in the rain, to your house. Mamma Betty knew you would take us in."

"But where is your mamma now?" asked Mamma Bruin.

"She was too sick to come all the way," said the Little Badgers. "She is lying out in the rain, and our oldest brother stayed with her."

"Cubby Bear," said Mamma Bruin, "you must go for Dr. Squilly Porcupine, while I find Betty Badger and bring her here."

The three youngest of the Little Badgers were left with Grandma Bear and Jackie, and the other one went with Mamma Bruin to show her where to find Betty.

Cubby was afraid, going alone in the dark, stormy night to Dr. Squilly's house. He feared he would lose the way, and was glad when he started for home once more. Dr. Squilly with him, even though Squilly scolded angrily.

"Why did not you and Busy Beaver make a new roof for Betty Badger, as you promised?" he demanded.

"Busy Beaver did not come," Cubby told him. "I was waiting for him."

When they reached the house, Mamma Bruin had brought Betty Badger in, and laid her in bed.

"She should not have been in the water," grumbled Squilly. "She was sick enough before."

Cubby and the five Little Badgers slept calmly, but Jackie Bear was wakeful. He had heard enough said to know what trouble had been caused by the lie he had told to Busy Beaver that day, and he was frightened and sorry.

"Poor Betty Badger!" he thought. "Poor everybody! Such a time, and I am to blame for it all, just because I was a selfish little bear, and wanted my cousin to play with me all the time. My papa told me to be good, and I was bad instead. My ears must be cuffed!"

He raised one paw, and gave his ear a sharp rap.

"Ow!" he cried, under his breath. "Now the other one!" So he cuffed the other ear.

Still, even though he had punished himself, he could not sleep.

"Cubby Bear," he whispered, shaking his cousin by the shoulder. "Wake up. I must tell you something."

"What is it?" asked Cubby drowsily.

Then Jackie told about Busy Beaver's coming, and the lie he had told to send him away.

"But you will not tell the others, will you?" he pleaded.

"How can I help telling?" asked Cubby. "You would not want Busy Beaver to be blamed for breaking his promise, when he did not break it at all, would you?"

All through the long night Mamma Bruin and Dr. Squilly Porcupine were up, taking care of poor Betty, who was very sick indeed.

Morning dawned, calm and clear, and the sun came up over the top of the big mountain, shining as though nothing unpleasant ever happened.

"Betty Badger is much better," said Dr. Squilly. "She will soon be all right, I hope, but I shall see Busy Beaver, and tell him he is to blame for all this trouble."

"No," said Cubby. "Do not blame Busy Beaver. He came, and my little cousin told him a wrong story, and sent him away. But please do not scold Jackie. He told me all about it, and he is sorry."

Busy Beaver came again during the forenoon, to see if Cubby Bear would go with him to make the new roof.

"The five Little Badgers and Jackie can all go with us," said Cubby, "and we will have a good time together."

The Little Badgers were pleased to go, but Jackie hid behind Cubby Bear's bed, and would not come out while Busy Beaver stayed.

"No, no," he whispered to Cubby Bear, "I cannot see him. You must go without me."

So, after the others had gone, Jackie Bear sat by himself on the door-stone, and watched the clear blue sky, and the forest, so fresh and clean after the rain.

"I might have gone with them yesterday to fix Betty Badger's roof," he thought, "and we could all have had such a good time! Now, I shall have a lonely day, with no one to play with me. I have made much, much trouble, and there was no need of it at all! I shall never, never, never tell another lie!"



BY SUPPER TIME THEY HAD THEIR TENT-SHAPED CAMP FINISHED AND CALLED MOTHER BEAR OUT TO SEE IT.

Mamma Bruin, "but it is going to rain now. See how dark the sky is! It will be a wet night."

Cubby looked up to see the dark clouds, and a

The two little bears went early to bed, and lay listening to the rain as it beat upon the roof, and to the sound of the wind rushing through the tree tops.

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Crumbs of Comfort

The divine breath is everywhere.
A fresh mind keeps the body fresh.
Beware of no man more than yourself.
Many a train of thought carries no freight.
False praises are the privileges of the great.
Do not knowingly crush the humblest flower.
Superfluous wealth can buy superfluities only.
You cannot kill time without injuring eternity.
Religion is the best armor, and the worst cloak.
All human power is the result of time and patience.
The one thing worth arriving at is simplicity of heart and life.
No possessions are good except by the good use we make of them.
If only the western shutters are open, we can see but the setting sun.
The soul of God is poured into the world through the thoughts of men.
Only by toleration have we any insight into the deeds and desires of men.
There would not be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears.
Children are God's apostles, and are natural preachers of love, peace and hope.
Men's hearts ought not to be set against one another but set with one another.
Every simple deed of man is the beginning of an unending chain of circumstances.
It is possible for the soul to live in patient, joyful expectation of the eternal dawn.
The music of thought, conveyed in the music of language, has been called poetry.
If you would convince a man that he does wrong, do right; for men believe what they see.
As noonday light may be excluded by closing the eyes, so only a dark heart can shut out truth.
In one important respect is the poor man fortunate—his responsibility to God is so much the less.
Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.
Good-breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others.
We can only live one day at a time, and should not load ourselves with the cares of coming days that may never arrive.
Keep yourself simple, good, pure and serious; free from affection, a friend of justice, a worshiper of God, and kind and strenuous in all proper acts.
A valuable result of education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you ought to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like to do it or not.